

Chatelaine

SEPTEMBER, 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS





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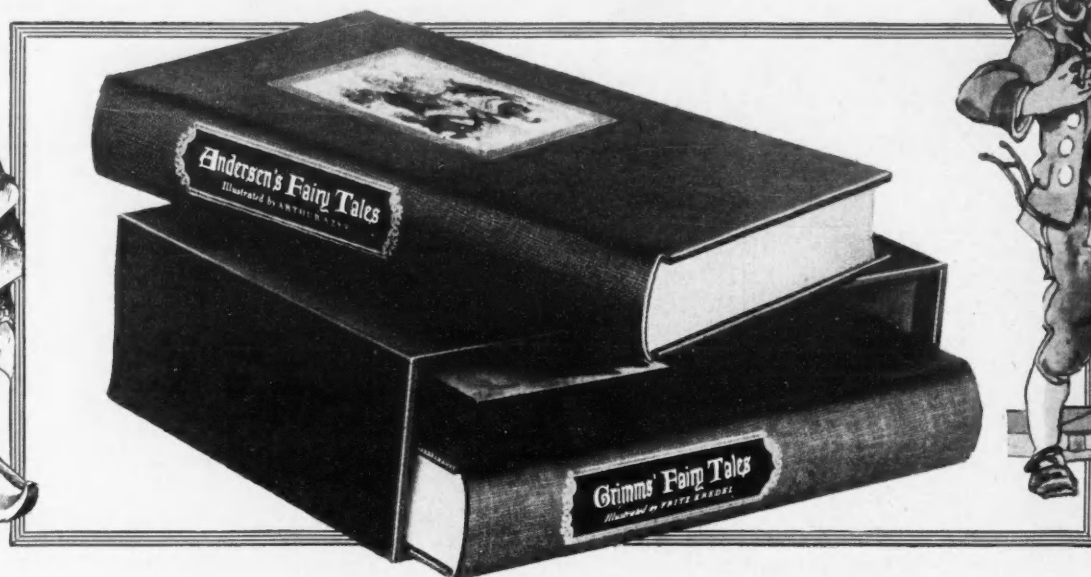
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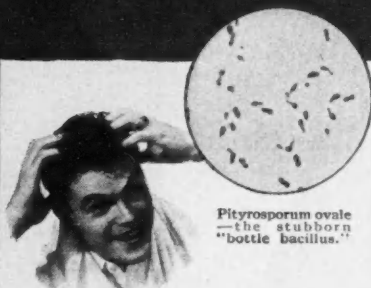
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Foreword and Footnotes

IT'S RECOGNIZED usage to call authors "brilliant" and "witty," and we see no reason why the terms should not be applied to one of the most important contributors in this issue: C. B. K. Van Norman, author of *Chatelaine House No. 4*, which you'll find presented on pages 12 and 13. Here, indeed, is a creation that sparkles with wit, sustains character throughout, and is a brilliant demonstration of modern regionalism made interesting for the whole country.

The man responsible, shown at right, needs no introduction to Vancouverites; for the past 14 years they have had ample opportunity to study his work and mark the special distinction it has added to their best residential areas. *Chatelaine* is proud to introduce him now to a Dominion-wide audience.

Born in Meaford, Ont., Van Norman received his early education in Ontario and Quebec, took his degree of Bachelor of Architecture at the University of Manitoba in 1928, and set up his office in Vancouver four years later. While commercial and industrial jobs form the bulk of his practice today, he is still faithful to his early love of house design, and the challenge to do common-sense modern with a graceful air—as in the case of our House No. 4—finds him immediately responsive.

During the war Van Norman studied the possibilities of prefabrication and as a result was invited by the British



Government to go over and advise on how best to adapt Canadian lumber to the U. K.'s permanent housing requirements. While there he developed a house made of Canadian timber which was approved by the authorities and will be used extensively in their long-term building program.

Associated with Architect Van Norman in *Chatelaine's House No. 4* is another Vancouver expert: Frances Steinhoff Sanders, C.S.L.A., formerly of Toronto. Her skill as a garden planner is revealed for all to see in the development of the grounds that so greatly enhance the livability and charm of our West Coast house.

Chatelaine is now 15 cents a copy

Effective with this issue, *Chatelaine's* newsstand price will be 15c. per copy. Though other magazines have increased and in some cases more than doubled their prices, *Chatelaine*, since its inception nearly 20 years ago, has sought to expand its services and broaden its appeal while adhering to the original price of 10c. It is only now that, owing to the increasing pressure of high production costs, the publishers find it necessary to announce the new price.

New subscription rates will be announced shortly.

IF YOU'RE a teen-ager with back-to-school-and-campus on your mind, there's bound to be a lot of fascinating local turmoil going on in re that perennial subject: CLOTHES. Our cover this month has a right smart solution for the problem: a simple symphony in pastels—which are going to be much worn, much talked about, this fall and winter. The pink of the well-cut shag topcoat is the tenderest, youngest tint imaginable; and what it does to a stronger color underneath such as our cornflower blue suit with its soft lines and tie belt is out of this world!

Coat and suit courtesy The Hudson's Bay Co.





Old Stock

by Gertrude Schweitzer

Illustrated by JOHN SCOTT

OLD MR. KREAM was always the first one in the store. He had a special kind of feeling when he fitted the key into the front door every morning—a special kind of glow, such as men who have children might feel when they've raised them to successful maturity. Old Mr. Kream had no children. He had only his store.

But this morning, as on all the other mornings this week, the door yielded too easily. Again the counters, which he had always uncovered himself and arranged to his own satisfaction, were in order. The waiting, early-morning stillness that he was accustomed to meeting, being the first to dissipate, was already broken by the purposeful tread of rubber heels the pungent scent of cigarette smoke.

"Hello, Uncle Joe."

The man who came from the back of the store to greet him was

young and clean-shaven and black-haired, while Old Mr. Kream had thick white hair and a neat little white goatee, but he had the same quick dark eye as Old Mr. Kream, the same finely cut, slightly pointed nose, the same mouth, firmly held, gentle in relaxation.

"You're early, Bill," Old Mr. Kream said resignedly. And his nephew answered, as he had been answering for a week, "There's no need for you to come down at this hour, Uncle Joe. Why don't you take it easy in the morning, get in around noon? I can take care of everything."

Old Mr. Kream snorted, and went back toward the office. He wanted to say, "I've been opening up this store for 50 years, and I guess I don't need any damp-eared whippersnapper to do it for me now. I'm not doddering yet. I still know more about running things here than you'll learn in the next two decades, and I can do more with my left hand than you can do with both hands and feet and your bright, new brain besides. Sleep until noon! Huh!"

But you cannot talk that way to a boy with a limp and a drawer full of decorations. You cannot pin his ears back, the way you'd like to, and show him in quick and certain terms that a year studying merchandising in school does not qualify him to take charge of everything and look upon a man with 50 years hard, practical experience as a senile idiot who ought to sleep until noon. Especially when his father is recuperating from an operation in the hospital, and has left the boy to you, asking you to be patient with him.

"You know how you are, Joe—quick + Continued on page 48

The whole town went shopping at Kream's, but no one guessed the three-sided conflict of heads and hearts behind the scenes.

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Here's Beauty
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In powder and perfume from the "Bond Street" Series you'll find a rare talent for turning heads in your direction. It is there because "Bond Street" is a perfume that speaks in noble accents... and because Yardley English Complexion Powder adds a final flawless touch to your complexion. There's beauty waiting for you in the "Bond Street" series, by Yardley, for lovely ladies.

From the "BOND STREET" Series
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OF LONDON

THE QUARREL was well into its second hour, and still going strong. Kim put in a word when he could, but it was really Nora's ball and she was definitely carrying it, brown eyes snapping, red curls bouncing in her wrath. Her righteous wrath, she would have told you.

"I don't care!" she was saying, for surely the nineteenth time. "She's just trying to get you back again, but you're too stupid to see it!"

"Don't be silly," Kim said wearily.

"Oh, is that so silly? You're not good enough for her, maybe!"

"Oh, lord," Kim said.

"How would you like it," Nora demanded hotly, "if I'd been married before, and your first wife—I mean, my second husband—Oh, shut up! I don't know what I mean!"

"You're tootin', baby," Kim drew her close. "Ah, now, honey, look. I've told you how it was." Mad-deningly, he began to explain it all over again—as if, Nora thought angrily, repetition was going to make it any better! "Claire's on this lecture tour, see, and due to play a one-night stand here today. But the hotel's booked up full. So when she called me long-distance to see if I could get her a room any place, what more natural than that I should ask her to spend the night here?"

"What, indeed?" Nora grew elaborately elegant. "Is this Hollywood? Did I marry you to be tripping over ex-wives cluttering up my living room?"

"Ah, darling, don't be like that. Claire's a good scout. You'll like her."

"I bet!" Sniff! "I bet we'll be thick as thieves."

"Well, you will. She kind of grows on one." He wiggled his fingers vaguely. "You know, like olives."

"Oh, keep still! Asking her here. Honestly, if I ever did anything so dumb—"

"Well, maybe I shouldn't have." Kim looked haggard. "But it's done now, so why get into a towering passion—"

"I am not in a towering passion!" cried Nora in a towering passion.

"Well, are you going with me to meet her, or aren't you?" shouted Kim, exasperated at last.

"I certainly am! I wouldn't stay away and have her think I'm jealous!"

"Well, come on, then! And for heaven's sake let's have peace for a while!"

Peace! Nora thought rebelliously in the car. If that wasn't just like Kim. Start something, and then act as if it were all her fault. But she'd fixed his little red wagon for him, all right. She'd pinned his ears

back—but good. Just let him bring any more of his wives around, she thought darkly, absurdly, as if he'd had dozens before instead of one.

He made her sick. And, anyway—

Well, maybe she was behaving badly, but she was really frightened. That ex-wife of Kim's! Claire Carson, the war correspondent. Glamorous, talented, famous. Why, they'd even heard of her in this old hole!

And now she was moving right in! Kim really should have known better. Oh, it would be different if he and Claire had parted hating each other. But they hadn't. They'd separated amicably enough. As Kim had said, "I just got tired of being married to a press bureau."

But of course Claire hadn't tired of him. She was still in love with him, Nora had long since concluded. How could Claire help it? Kim was so wonderful.

At the thought of how wonderful Kim was, Nora's heart dissolved. Ah, but she'd been happy. Not a care in the world until now. "Not a cloud in my sky!" she thought dramatically, enjoying her misery a little.

TRUE, THE honeymoon had held its usual small disillusionments. The tooth paste, for instance. Nora had been fanatically scrupulous from the first about replacing the cap, because she'd read some place that men held very strong views about this. But she'd usually managed to stick one of her fingernails through the tube, so that the paste emerged from surprising places.

Kim had been almost unbearably stuffy about it. "Darling, this is diverting, I'll admit," he'd complain, shaking his curly black head dubiously as he wiped tooth paste from the bathroom floor. "It adds the spice of novelty to an otherwise humdrum morning. But is it strictly necessary?"

But he should have talked. Him with his own feet of clay. She had never been able to get him to put a robe on after his shower in the mornings.

"Wandering through our storied halls," she'd scolded indignantly, "like a molting fan dancer!"

Their "storied halls" had consisted of a two-room-and-bath apartment in which everything either pushed in, pulled out, turned over, or shoved up. Home life had been exhilarating, to say the least.

"Some day," Nora had pretended to worry, "I'm absent-mindedly going to fold myself right into the plaster. And then what will you do?"

"Ah, I'll miss you, darling," Kim had assured her solemnly, rubbing his chin on the top of her head.

They'd grown surprisingly affluent that first year, moving finally to a larger apartment. Kim had had his job writing advertising copy, but at nights he'd tried his hand at fiction. Horror stories, for the magazines with thick pages and lurid covers.

She'd been terribly proud of him when he'd sold an occasional story, and he'd pretended to agree with her enraptured estimate of him. "Day you got me up to the altar, you were covered with horseshoes."

"You're exactly the sort of second wife I knew Kim would choose on the rebound. But you're not his type at all."

by Harold Lawlor

Illustrated by BRULE.

Nora, giggling, would make rude grimaces. "Oh, phooey! Oh, pooh!"

But in her heart she'd believed him . . .

And now, look. Claire was coming to spoil everything. Exotic, fascinating Claire. But she'd be awful, too—cold and feline, like the blond blackmailer in that movie last week.

Nora sighed, and stole a sidewise look at Kim, sitting there so aloofly behind the wheel, his eyes on the road. He was no help at all. She longed to tell him just how she felt about Claire. But of course she couldn't. He'd just think she was jealous.

"And I am," Nora thought honestly, miserably.

This was going to be awful.

IT WAS even worse than she'd feared.

Claire, on the steps of the train. Turning her blond head right, left, centre, smiling automatically while flashlight bulbs exploded, serenely confident that she was photogenic from any angle.

She wasn't exactly young, of course. She was even older than Kim, Nora remembered. Really old. Thirty-five if she was a day. But she had that polished look of perfection that seems impossible of achievement by a younger woman. Beside her, Nora felt fuzzy around the edges.

"Oh, my!" Nora thought in involuntary tribute. "Oh, the hat!" And the clothes. They made her own \$14.95 number look like something a cat had rejected in the alley.

Nora's heart sank still farther, though she hadn't thought it could be possible.

Then Claire was upon them, in a nagging, tagging puff of heavenly perfume, slapping Kim's back in comradely fashion, crying, "It's the boy!" in husky organ tones. "And this is Nora? Why, Kim! It's nothing but a tot! Hello, duck!"

In all the hubbub, Nora made a shattering discovery. Claire was still in love with Kim. It stuck out all over her like—like cloves in a ham.

Nora felt a certain grisly satisfaction in this confirmation of her worst fears. Numbly she suffered herself to be embraced by Claire. *Tot!* She felt about five years old, with egg on her chin.

But she'd keep her mouth shut if it killed her. For now, that is. For just now, in front of all these people who had come down to the station to see Claire Carson. You'd think they could find something better to do with their time. What was the world coming to? Never end a sentence with a preposition. To what was the world coming?

"Look, I'm raving," Nora thought, with dreadful calm. "My mind must be going."

She wondered if she ought to tell Kim of this interesting phenomenon. But just try to, in all this confusion. Flashbulbs were popping again. Claire was signing autographs, right and left, quipping merrily while. Kim was trying to juggle three pieces of luggage at once. They were all struggling to shove through bobby-sockers, and get to the car. Nora felt like the tail at the end of a kite. And when they reached the car, there was no opportunity to say anything.

For Claire was talking rapidly in a manner that seemed to be characteristic.

"... and McFarland said, 'So how about a book?' 'Good heavens, man!' I said, 'and me with this lecture tour staring me in the face?'"

"Honestly, kids, war was never like this. I've been going up and down the country like a canal boat mule. A book!" Scornfully. "Who do they think I am—the Iron Maiden? Not six hours sleep in a week, I swear it." She pulled out a compact and surveyed her lovely face gloomily. "The old pan's taking a terrible beating."

"You look wonderful," Kim protested. "I've never seen you looking so well."

He sounded extremely convincing. Nora listened despondently.

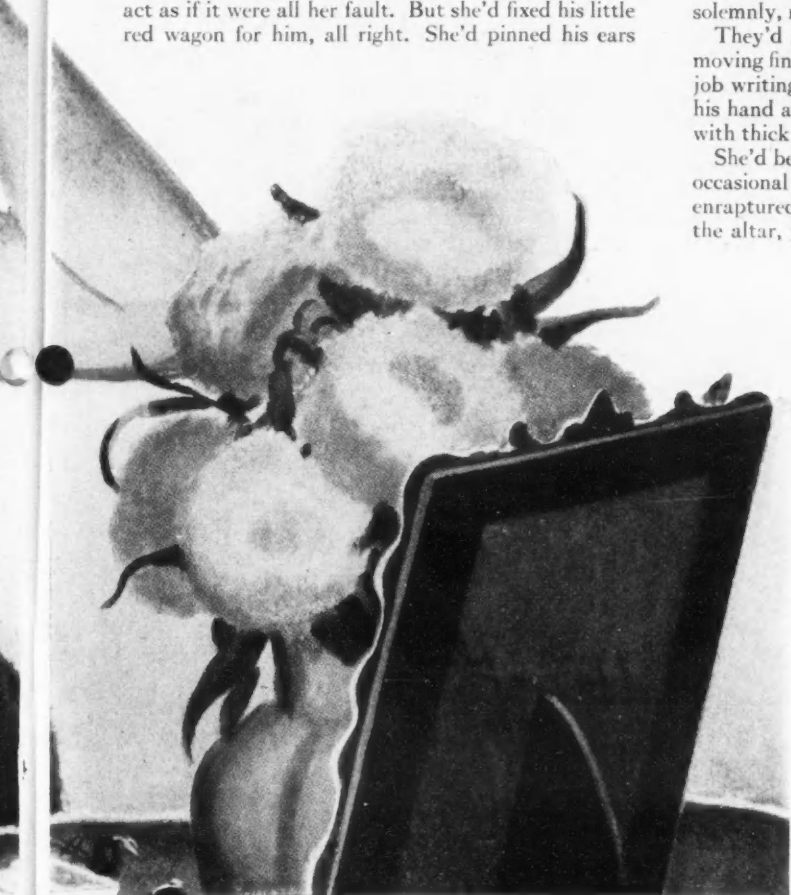
"You're positively blooming yourself, Kim," Claire was assuring him. "I think you're getting fat."

"The heck I am! *What!*" he cried indignantly. "Why, you're crazy!"

You'd think they were still married. It was all very depressing.

"And they say women are vain," Claire winked at Nora companionably. "Well, and so this is Nora. And does the brute

Continued on page 44



That Essential Ingredient

It was Claire Carson who called it that — Claire the war correspondent, Claire of the sharp eyes and agile mind, Claire who could still remember Kim's love and had come back to test it again. How could it possibly matter to her that Nora was now his wife?





THE SAILOR COAT. It's the most versatile of all shorties, and model Pat Crisall says hers is going places!



CREME de CHOCOLAT. That's the color of Vivian's wool crepe date dress. The half hat is yellow flowered.



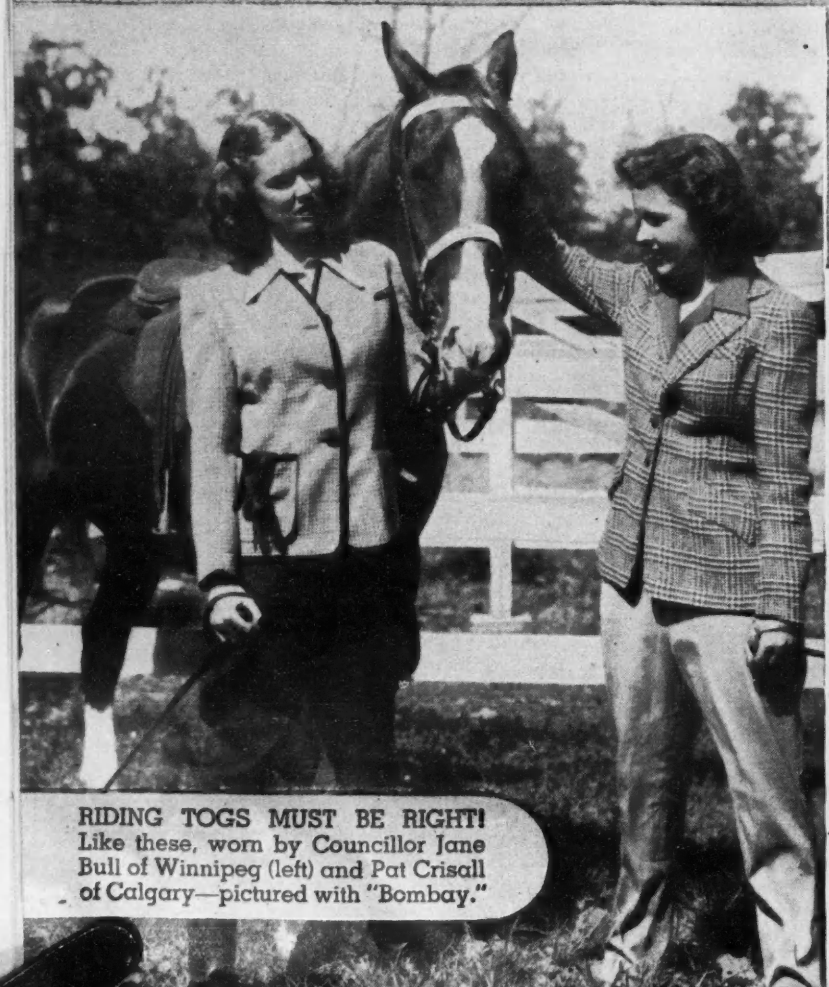
LET IT POUR! You can take it happily in this new all-weather waterproof in grey, yellow, white—like Barbara Ann.

EYES WEST! All six pairs of them, for *Sieur de la Verendrye*, carved in stone at the entrance to Manitoba's Legislative Buildings, gazes for all time across the lands he explored in 1738. For a day of carefree sightseeing our western Chatelaine Councillors picked clothes to match a happy mood. From left: Robin in two blues — ciel and navy; Barbara Ann in the pink of our cover topper; Pat wearing a classic brown suit with yellow sweater; Vivian reversing the order with bold yellow plaid skirt and brown sweater; and Jane in a new threepiecer in soft light green—wonderful with her brown eyes and hair. Clothes to enjoy!





WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER GET TOGETHER. Vivian Sykes, sleek and easy in her fine black wool pedal-pushers worn with a gay sash, entertains Councillor Barbara Ann Brown of Vancouver with some local lore. The studded midriff belt is but smart!



RIDING TOGS MUST BE RIGHT! Like these, worn by Councillor Jane Bull of Winnipeg (left) and Pat Crisall of Calgary—pictured with "Bombay."

Young Country Young Fashions

by **EVELYN KELLY, Fashion Editor**

All clothes courtesy of The Hudson's Bay Company

GO WEST, friends, go West—if you want to turn up some exciting new answers to a lot of current questions. Specially if they come from the file drawer marked "Teens: What to Wear and When." Because the West—that great half-continent bounded on one side by Ontario's northern bush and on the other by the gentle wash of the Pacific, and between those far-set delimitations pulsing with more variety in climate, in scenery, in people and in challenge to the individual than most of us encounter in half a lifetime—the West is perpetually young in mood and action. The teens, quick to respond to a sympathetic environment, know their stuff. They have a good life, and they love it—and the clothes they like to wear, and the way they wear 'em, come together in that easy, feminine, yet purposeful, young look which all Chatelaine Teen-Agers, cross country, have described as their target for fall '46.

How do we know? Because we asked them—questionnaired all our Chatelaine Councillors about the kind of clothes they want for dates and school this

season. The answers were unanimous (and you can tell grandpa he can stop fretting about Canadian unity, right now!). They want all-purpose coats, and they think a coat should be purchased before other items because it's the biggest investment. They want something new in sweaters, and "plaid skirts that won't make us look hippy." They all go for the wide midriff belts, particularly the studded ones, and this means sweaters *must* be tucked in at the waist. (Send that old Sloppy Joe to the rummage sale.) Best-beloved date dresses are the soft woollen pastels, but for formal evenings they're craving, with one mind, one voice, at least one long dress—a full-skirted pale taffeta, or a slick-cut white jersey.

They like going bareheaded, but with date dresses they want a bit of veiling or a clutch of flowers on a half-hat. With tailored things, small felt rollers win.

You can look around you, right here and now, and see examples from our teen-agers' scrapbook of new ideas, modelled by five pretty Westerners in love with their job! ♦

FIRST FORMALS FOR A BIG SEASON. Councillor Robin Munson of Edmonton (left) chooses a white rayon jersey, classic in line and in the gold nailhead studding. With it she wears a gold necklet, carries an evening vanity of white plastic. Barbara Ann Brown picks a rustling rayon taffet, aqua, with fitted bodice and very full skirt. Its matching bellboy jacket has long cuffed sleeves.



Illustrated by Carl Roberts.



Only a little over two years ago she would have closed that door to shut herself in with David for a moment like this. Such moments had been so rare during the first months of their marriage, and, even with the door closed, dominated by the portrait in the next room, by Sheila's turquoise eyes and blond perfection. More often, then, they'd spent their evenings at home in that drawing-room, with David a hundred miles away across the room and Karen feeling like a small brown bunny on a silver fox coat.

She didn't move to look at the door. She knew it stood carelessly open, just a door to a room she didn't particularly like, but left as it was, partly because it must have cost a small fortune to decorate, mostly because of Margie. The portrait, too, was for Margie. David's daughter had never learned to really know her mother, although she had been 15 and over when Sheila died, and Karen was glad of that. Now that she knew how small a part of her Sheila's beauty had been, it was a small thing to preserve the legend of that beauty for Sheila's daughter.

"Speaking of bunnies . . ." Karen stopped to laugh delightedly at David's bewilderment. He prided himself on being able to follow her thoughts, but the bunnies had him stopped. For that matter, David had never really known how she used to feel in Sheila's drawing-room. It was flatly impossible for David ever to understand how miserable and how jealous she had been those first months. It even seemed impossible, now, to her.

"Bunnies," she repeated firmly. "No fried rabbit for dinner. You see, I just remembered about your going hunting this afternoon, while I was calling on Margie and Butch at the hospital. Was it fun?"

"Oh," David said. "Oh, yes. No—no rabbits. But I found something else. I meant to tell you."

His jacket was within reach, tossed carelessly onto the straight chair by the desk. He put a hand into one of the pockets, drew it out. The dying fire blazed briefly to show the thing that lay across his palm, compact, snub-nosed, ugly, with the trigger guard and barrel choked with earth, and rust showing beneath the bits of moss that clung to it.

If he had struck her with it instead of holding it out to her she could have been no sicker. Hot black nausea swept over her and she had to fight to make her lips move; when they moved her whisper was only a rattle in her throat.

"David . . . David, I meant to tell you . . ."

THE WORDS were soundless and she stopped to moisten suddenly dry lips. She'd forgotten; these last few months had been so full and so happy she'd actually forgotten. But before that, during the nightmare-ridden weeks after Philip's death and later, every time the ugly memory had pushed itself to the surface of her mind, she had promised herself that she would tell David about Philip. Some day she would tell him how she had lied to him; some day when their love and their happiness had grown enough, when their marriage was secure. She had never meant to live the rest of their lives with a chasm of deceit between them; she had always meant to tell him. But she never had. And now it was too late. Now, after he'd learned that she had lied to him. This morning, even a few moments ago, she could have told him; not now.

She could never reach him now, even though her head + Continued on page 18

I Meant to Tell You

by EUNICE LEE CAESAR

THIS, THEN, was that rare and precious thing, a moment of utter contentment, recognized for what it was, and appreciated.

The study fire was dying down and the corners were shadowy, but the glow still lingered on the worn, dark-red carpet, the pine walls, the huge, deep blue leather chair and the books. It even penetrated the darkness beyond the window a few inches to show the huge soft wet flakes of snow that appeared and disappeared, endlessly, in the oblong of light.

In the morning, Karen thought, the place would look like a Christmas card, the red of bricks and the green of juniper trees showing in patches beneath the sparkling white, Englishy and enchanting. There was a gentle slope on the west lawn that would be a wonderful place for Margie's Butch and a sled a few years from now.

"You need some light." David's hand left her hair and reached, reluctantly, for the lamp chain.

"Knitting! Always knitting," he grumbled, settling back in the big chair, reaching again for the feel of her hair beneath his fingers.

She shifted on the white hearth rug to get the lamp light on her work and put her head against his knee again. "Just one more row, darling."

"Grandma! You've made enough of those things to supply a mission." He flicked, with a cautious forefinger, the tiny woolly white jacket.

"I know," Karen smiled. "Not every woman can be a grandmother at my age. I have to do something to deserve it." She snipped her wool, stuck the needles through the ball, and spread out her latest achievement to be admired. "Besides," she added firmly, "Margie adores them."

He grinned down at her. "Margie's tactful," he said. "Naturally, being my daughter."

She hooted, derisively, tilting her head back to laugh at him. He slipped his hand beneath her chin, cradling it, and the corner bookcase framed them in its glass door, them and the room.

"You and this room just suit each other," David said complacently.

"Darling!" Karen protested comfortably. "This room would give a decorator the screaming willies! Practically every color there is, and all types of furniture, just jumbled together. Besides that, it's actually shabby. Really!"

"I like it," David explained. "And I like you."

Karen rolled her head on his knee until the firelight caught her short curly hair, bringing out the copper glints in its brown. Her glance met David's in the bookcase door. There were no mirrors in this room. He was laughing at her.

"Pretty," he admitted. "No wonder you always pose on the hearth rug." He pulled the lamp chain again.

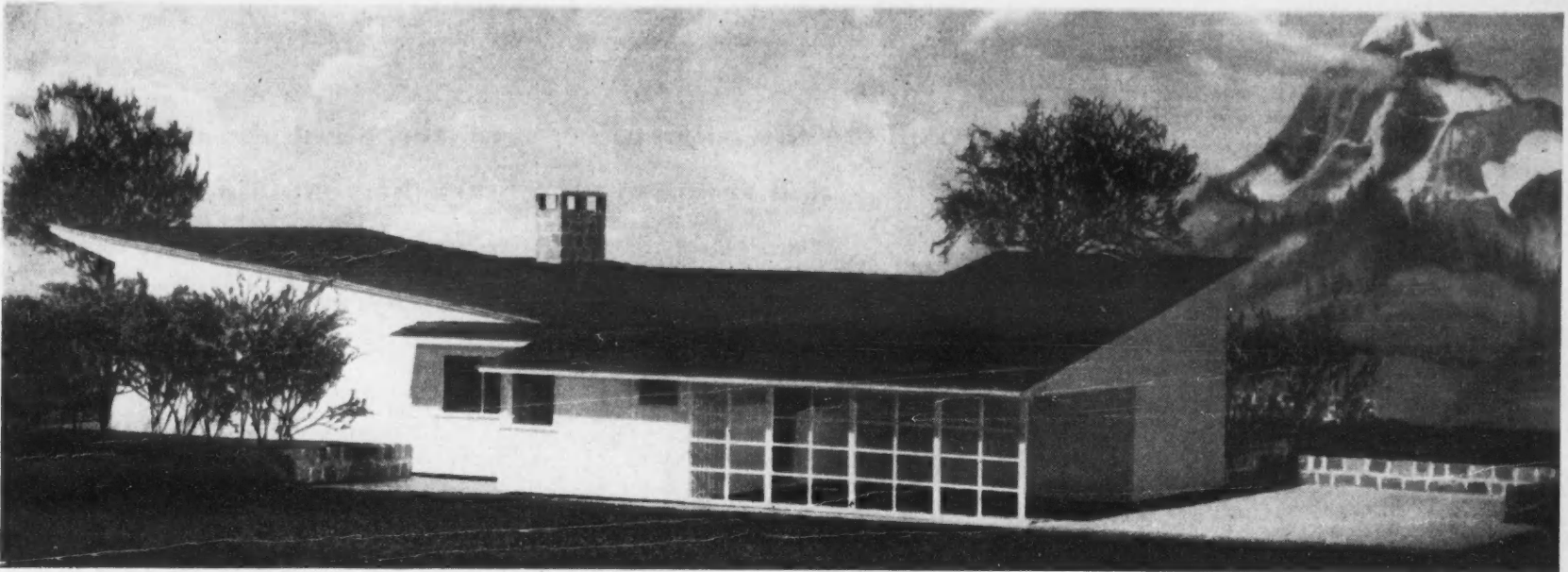
She wrinkled her nose at him, her glance lingering on his reflected face with its jutting brows, deep-set eyes and high cheekbones. The firelight touched the old lines on either side of his mouth and the new ones crinkling from the corners of his eyes showed the traces of old bitterness and pain and still-new contentment, so deep that it was almost fatuous.

David's pipe and her knitting, firelight and snow; it was like one of those corny chromos, Karen thought serenely, caught and held against the background of books.

If she moved only a few inches she would be able to see the door to Sheila's drawing-room. With its turquoise carpet, its blond wood and mirrored walls, it was as much Sheila's now as it had been when David's first wife was still alive.

She saw his face clearly for a moment as it was raised to hers, and in the same instant threw herself backward, pressing against the wall.





The car shelter is roofed but otherwise left open—a popular trend on the West Coast. The dip and flare of the roof bestows individuality.

Below: The approach from street—through entrance court where walk slants across lawn to front door set at an angle at the junction of wings.

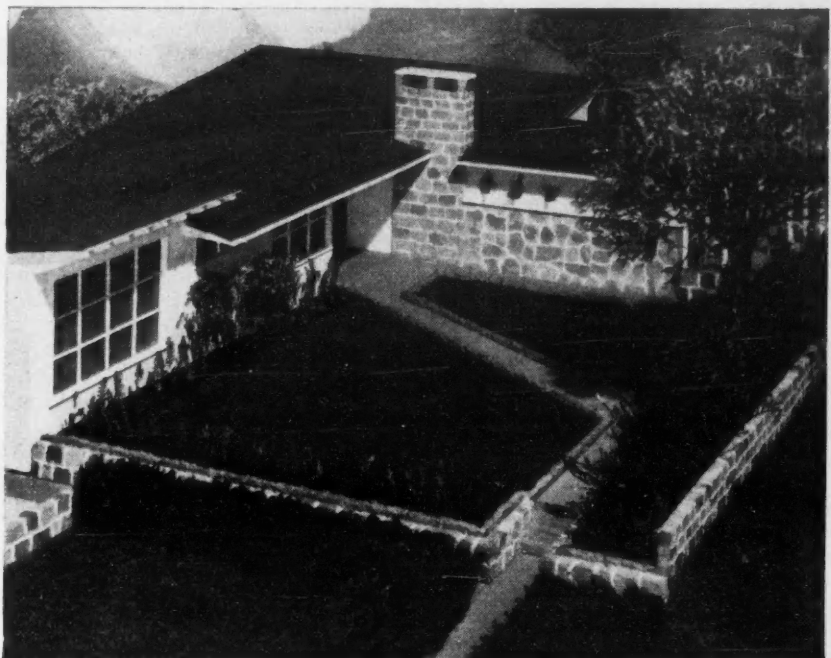
LIKE LOCHINVAR, young architecture's come out of the West! Influence of a thoroughly native building style which is evolving on our Pacific coast is making eastern Canada sit up and take notice. Recognition of its merit may affect postwar residential design throughout the country. Several young Canadian architects, each in his own way seeking the best solution of the housing problems of his clients, are responsible for this development, and one of them, C. B. K. Van Norman of Vancouver, was commissioned by Chatelaine to design House No. 4, illustrated herewith.

The dwelling contributed by architect Van Norman has spirited originality. Conceived along low, rambling "ranch house" lines, it is distinguished by the sound workability of its plan, the sensible choice of its materials, and the high interest engendered by its daring roof. Architectural furbelows are conspicuous by their absence; instead, stress is laid on such fundamentals as careful composition, sound proportion and simplicity of detail. In eye appeal it offers abundant evidence of a creative imagination at work, yet it is primarily a house to be lived in—planned, like the other houses in Chatelaine's series, for an average Canadian family of four or five persons, moderately well off. It is suitable for erection anywhere in Canada.

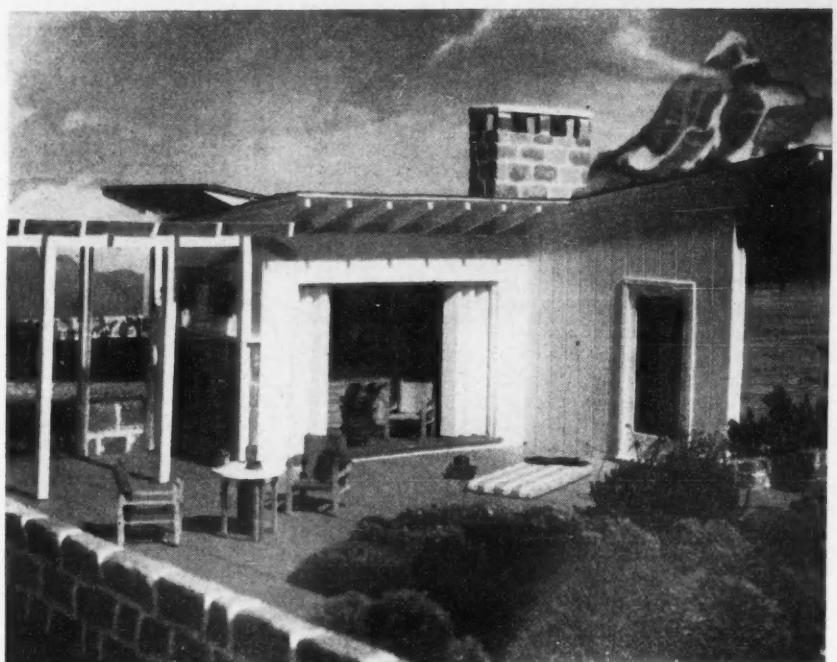
Though the house was designed for a lot having 80 feet frontage and 120 feet depth (a common size in Vancouver), it would fit any large urban or suburban site. It is assumed, for purposes of our Chatelaine presentation, that the location is on the south side of an east-west street and that the ground slopes gently from the front to the rear of the property. The principal rooms are concentrated at the rear so that southern exposure and a view of the garden may be enjoyed. Service quarters face the front and are conveniently close to the street. A wide driveway sets the building off to advantage and leads directly to a garage, roofed but with sides left open in tribute to the weather resistance of today's automobiles. On one side of the driveway, screened by a low stone wall, space is provided for off-street parking. Carefully chosen planting ties the house to its site. The garden—always an important feature of West Coast homes—is the creation of another Vancouver expert, Frances Steinhoff Sanders, C.S.L.A.

The open planning of the interior, permitting free-flowing uninterrupted floor areas, has resulted in full utilization of space. Rooms are distinguished by their generous dimensions and logical relationship to one another. Doors and windows have been located in accordance with the dictates of function, not by the demand for symmetry exercised by many traditional architectural styles. At the same time the importance of having adequate wall space for furniture arrangement has not been forgotten.

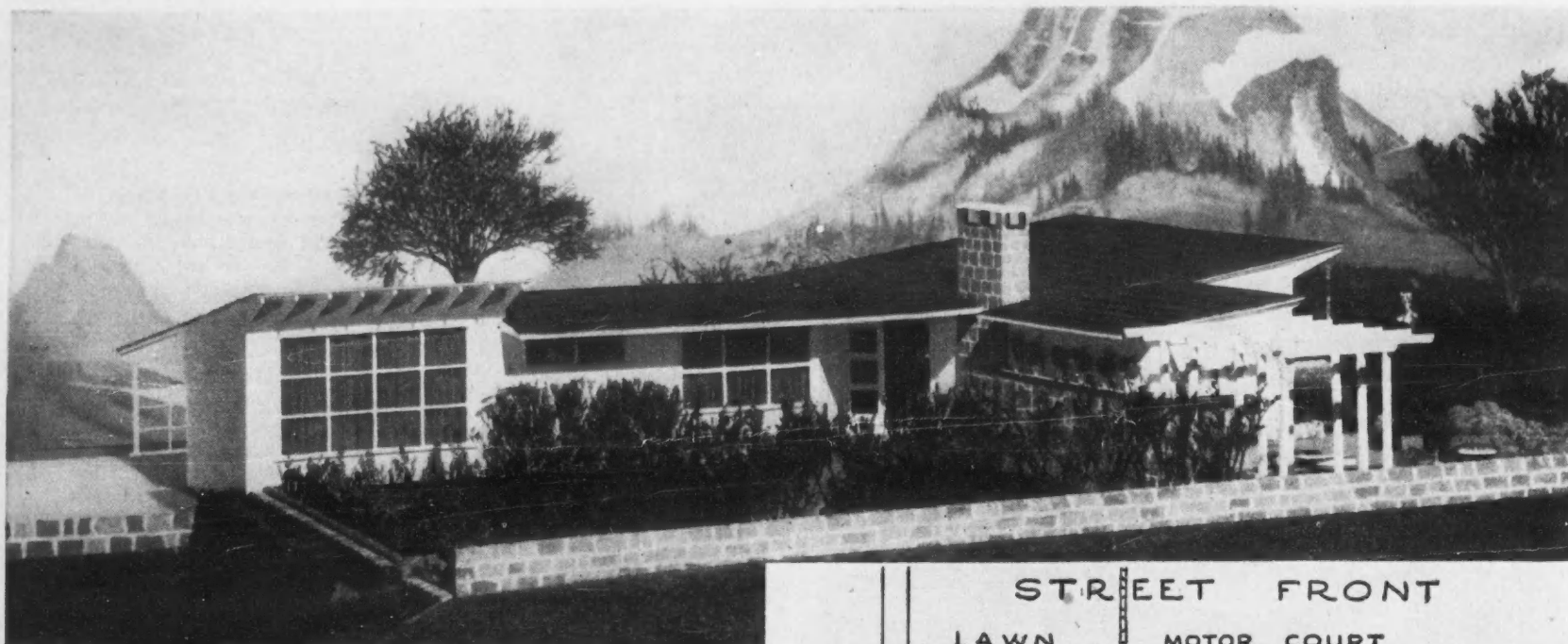
In plan the house resembles the letter "L." A combined living-dining room—an impressive 16 by 27 feet in size—stretches full across the rear of the building. The view to the south is framed by a virtually unbroken area of glass. The roof projects over this continuous window and the line of planting beyond the panes; it is supported + Continued on page 78



Below: Looking across heath garden to terrace and to garden room with its folding doors. The house is finished in white painted wood siding.



This is Chatelaine House No. 4 in the series of five houses designed by leading Canadian architects for the study and guidance of all our readers planning "to build." Working drawings are not available. Chatelaine's purpose in presenting these all-Canadian house designs is to stimulate interest in good architecture, reveal newsworthy advances in planning, use of materials old and new, and to point the way to better living.



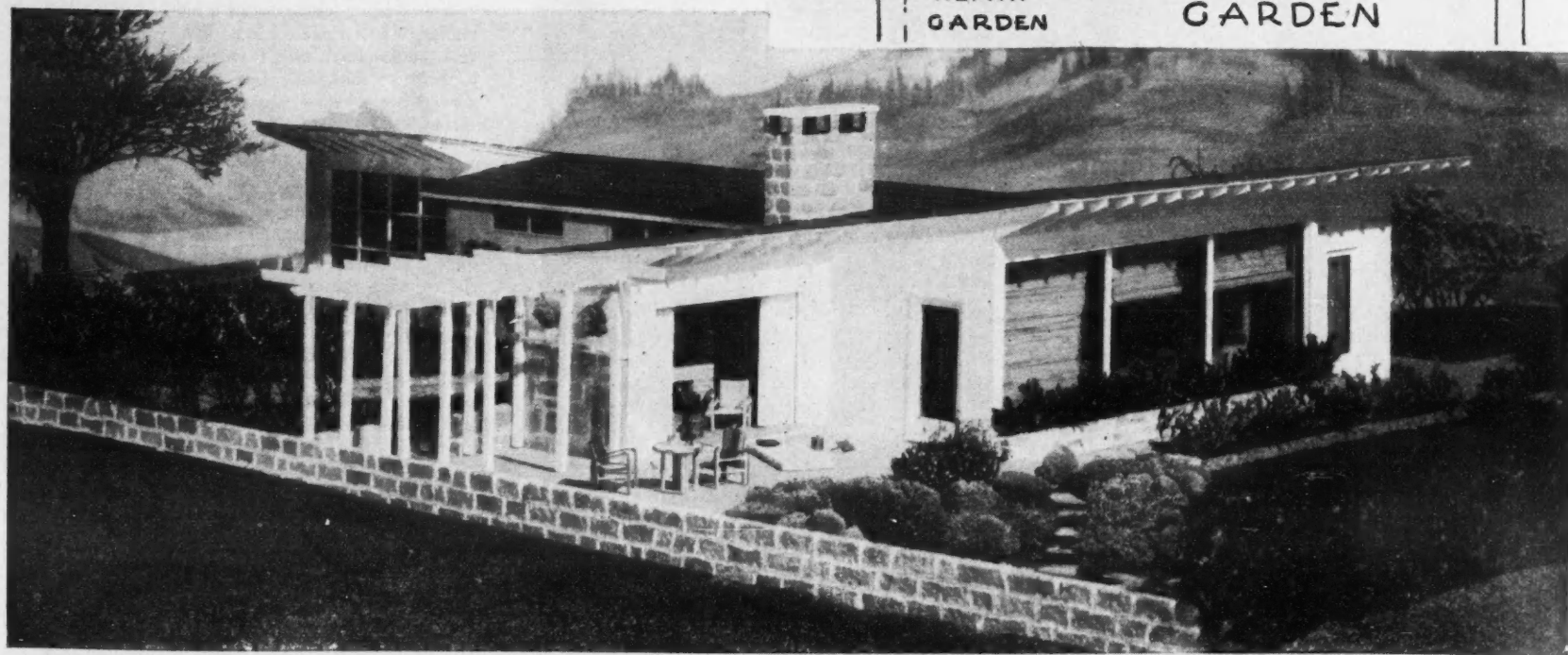
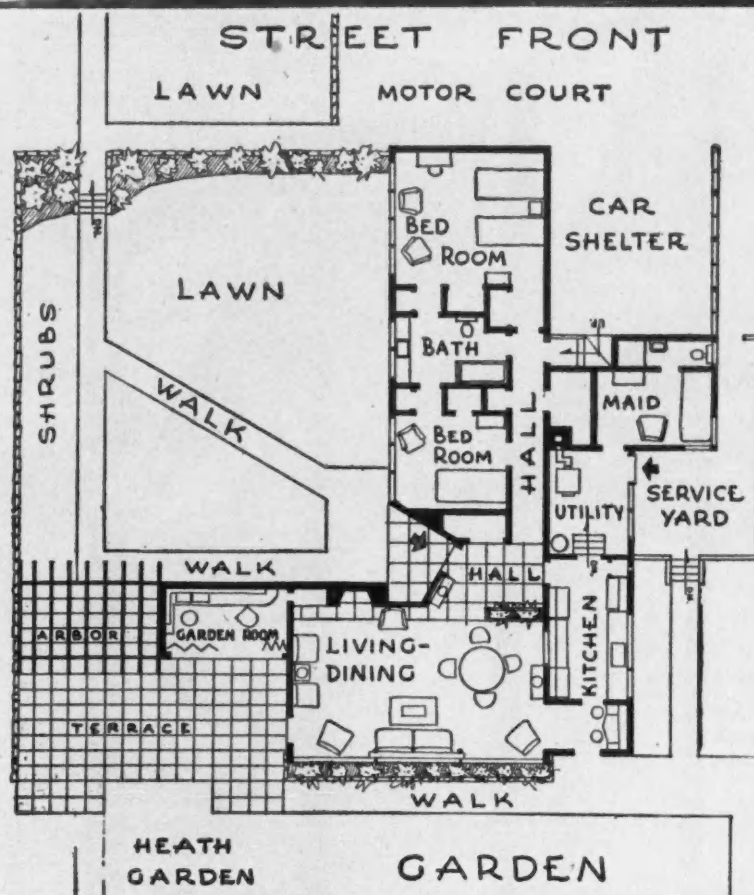
In shape the house resembles the letter "L," with living quarters forming base, service and bedroom accommodation the long shaft.

Chatelaine presents

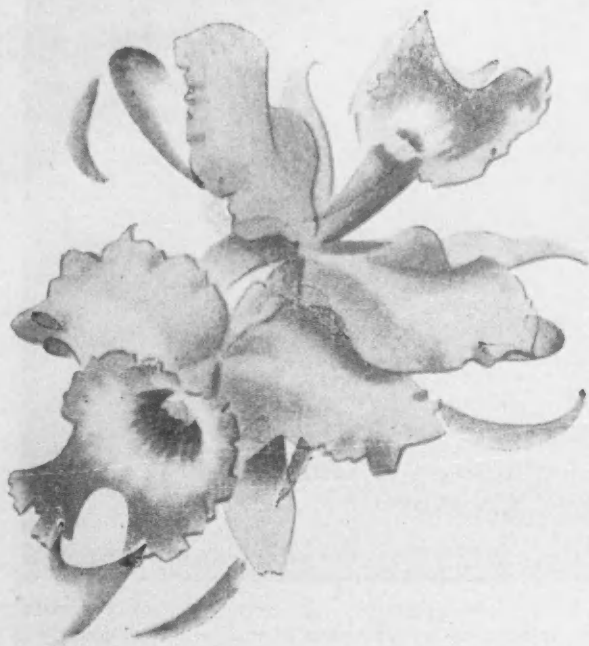
A House With Western Spirit

Designed by C. B. K. Van Norman, Vancouver Architect
Described by John Caulfield Smith, Architectural Editor

The terrace faces sun and garden. From left to right: arbor, garden room, and the big living-dining room with its three enormous windows.







**"Tell me the color of orchid," the blind girl demanded,
and the man who loved her explained
carefully, "It's the smell of clover . . . the
sound of Chopin . . . and the way you feel about Dan"**

The Color of Orchid

by Joan and Max Porter

Illustrated by JOHN COLLINS

EDEN let the door close gently behind her, and walked swiftly across the porch. At the steps she hesitated almost not at all; long enough, only, to let the fingers of her left hand play an imaginary scale on the rail, lightly and almost disdainfully. Descending the steps she held her head high, and from there to the fence her walk was casual and free, touched with the faint arrogance the blind sometimes achieve. She folded her arms across the gate top and settled herself to waiting. At times she turned her head indolently and without curiosity from side to side as if to bring the panorama of the street into her line of vision. A passer-by, alien to the street, could not tell the difference. He could not guess her reliance on the translation of sound into meaning, nor the piquancy of smells that flavored her conceptions; nor the feel of texture, of hardness, softness, of hot and cold that gave Eden her understanding. No, she was an exceptionally lovely girl leaning against a gate, and if he should by chance look into her long pale eyes and find them veiled, he would put the abstraction down to the fact that she did not know him, and nothing more.

So Eden stood. She turned then, hearing the clack of heels upon the walk, weighed their sound, and satisfied, half raised her hand.

"Stephen?"

Stephen Varick came toward her quickly, a nimble young man squinting against the blaze of sun. Humor lingered on his mouth, overshadowing the solemnity of his fine eyes, accenting the undeniable pleasure that flickered in his face at the sight of Eden. Their hands met, and spoke, and parted with a brief pressure of security. Eden linked her arm through his.

"You're late."

"You'll be glad, though. I got it." Stephen patted the package under his arm. "It was a job. It's such an old record most places don't stock it any more."

Eden laughed with excitement.

"Dan would be wild if he got home and found we'd smashed it on a picnic. Let's play it. The phonograph's on the porch."

Eden sat in the swing and stretched her long legs before her. She hooked her thumbs through her belt and shook her fine hair, and nuzzled her head into the pillow. Stephen dawdled over the business of preparing the machine, watching her over his shoulder. He marked the effectiveness of the splash of cherry cloth against her throat, adding this to his enormous store of pictures garnered through the years to be examined only in the privacy of his thoughts. He was a fair man, and wise enough to know they could not now be given voice.

Eden was a rather incredible person to watch. She had a trick of arranging herself in an attitude of supreme repose, in positions so still that the angles of her young, almost too-thin body were refined or charitably hidden by an unstudied grace. Her eyes

were closed, and the lids did not quiver to the sensitivity of light against them. Only her hands betrayed her. They were strong alive hands with short sensible nails, too thin for beauty in the accepted sense. They hummed, and hunted, and smoothed infinitesimal surfaces like nervous little people with a life of their own; and they shouted, if you looked closely, of Eden's dependence on them.

The record whirled, and scraped and plunged into the music. Stephen sat down beside Eden and pulled out his cigarettes. He placed the tip of one on Eden's wrist, but she flicked her fingers to indicate her refusal.

"Orchids gleam in the moonlight . . ." Stephen half hummed, half sang, and they sat for a moment in the stillness of the afternoon, approving.

"Stephen . . ."

Mmmm?"

Eden sat up suddenly. She leaned toward Stephen with an eagerness that startled.

"What is the color of orchid?"

She spread her hands in an impatient, almost grasping gesture.

"Oh, it must be magnificent. It's such a splendid-sounding word."

"The name belongs to a lovely flower," Stephen said.

"I know," Eden said sadly. She got up and with the surprising efficiency she displayed with familiar things, shut off the phonograph. They sat together on the swing, then, their shoulders touching, assuming a unity refined by many years of conversation.

"Now tell me," Eden demanded. "Tell me the color of orchid."

Stephen pursed his mouth searching for symbols.

"Well," he said, "it's like the smell of timothy clover, I think. Fields of it. Just one gives off so little perfume. Something small in orchid isn't particularly impressive, but a large mass carries weight and body. Grandeur, I should think. It's Chopin in sound . . . one of his clear, pristine things . . . very delicate."

He gave Eden a brief slanting glance.

"Lovely, lovely," she murmured.

"And to touch, fine filigree. Silver filigree because gold would be too warm." He paused and ran his tongue over his lips.

"Yes?" Eden prompted.

Stephen hesitated. Then, as if he had made a sudden and not pleasant decision, he drew away from her and released her hand.

"Emotionally . . . the color of orchid would be like your feeling for Dan."

He said it quickly and painfully, and Eden gave no sign that she had heard. Her hand, warm from the hollow of Stephen's palm, was for once still. Her fingers curled in a hopeless beseeching to deny the sudden barrier between them.

"Yes," she said. The word hugged her mouth, wavered, and ripped into the silence between them.

"Yes," she said again. "Stephen, have you known from the beginning?"

DAN UNGER rode down the street on his new bicycle. He practiced steering with one hand, and then with none at all. He peered, meanwhile, at the offerings of the new neighborhood with the tolerance of 10-year-olds who, given a sufficient number of trees to climb, gutters to avoid or cherish as the mood strikes, and space, find all places acceptable and good. His front wheel wavered when he saw the two children bending over near the hedge, and he brought the wheel to an inexpert stop.

"What are ya' doin'?" Dan said.

The boy brushed a green hand over his forehead and regarded Dan with solemn eyes.

"Burying a bird."

"Dead?"

The boy looked at Dan and his lips formed a scornful: "Pah!"

"Of course! Who'd bury a live bird!"

The little girl sat back on her heels and held a whispered conversation with the boy beside her. Dan stood uncomfortably, watching the shaking of small heads, bristling at first at the feel of the weight of their judgment. Then, bargaining acutely with himself, he made his gesture.

"Wanna ride my bike?"

The little girl turned her face toward him, and the radiance of her smile circled around Dan, and lit upon him like a fatuous halo.

"Could I, Stevie?" She appealed to the boy. Stephen blew out his lips to give Dan to understand the importance of his position.

"Well, okay, Eden," he said judiciously. "I guess it'd be all right."

He took her hand and they walked together to the bike. She stood for a moment beside it, excitement shivering in her face, and then began a methodical search of it with her + Continued on page 64

"Steve, what do you think I'll be like in ten years?"

"Oh, fat and complacent, and busting out at the seams with smugness."



Dinner-in-a-Dish

**Fifteen Garden Vegetables and Beef Stock
Make for a Really Satisfying Meal**



Just reach for a spoon, dip in and — let your appetite be your guide! For in Campbell's Vegetable Soup you're looking at a dish to keep that appetite company all the way. Vegetables? Loads of 'em. Fine garden vegetables — 15 different ones all mingled in a rich, deep-flavored beef stock. Yes sir, here's a soup you'll want to stay by, and a soup to stay by you! Had it lately?

***Campbell's* VEGETABLE SOUP**
Made by Campbell's in Canada

I'm here, I'm there, I'm everywhere
I make the winning shot;
Then home I swoop for Campbell's Soup —
It, too, just hits the spot!



Women the World Over

by CHARLOTTE WHITTON, C.B.E.

Look north, south, east, west from an air-locked Canada and you will see the emerging strength of womankind as a political force. One half the human race is astir as never before. Are we on the eve of a global matriarchy? Or will the men accept us in an equal partnership for the working out of peace?

THE HAND that rules the cradle may rock the world; it can if it so chooses. For the world is on the eve of a matriarchy if women the world over choose to unite in their actual numerical supremacy and enlarging political power. Will they? Or will they prefer, in the family of mankind, as in their own households, to work in a more effective, understanding and practical partnership with their men to the furtherance of better living in a better world of free peoples? There need be little doubt which course women the world over would prefer, but will even woman's perduring patience outlast man's enduring obstinacy and resistant grasp upon exclusive power?

The world has undergone cataclysmic change in the last 10 years: the social structure of the nineteen-thirties is shattered and not even the plans of the new edifice are clearly drawn nor humanity certain or at one in its aspirations and its hopes. But as sure as the swiftness of air power and as definite and potent as the fact of atomic energy is the rousing of a spirit of determination among women everywhere, a spirit that will not fail this time, in the despair and inertia of frustration, but is already surging upward and outward to release and effective power. For, this time, circumstances are different; women do not stand at the door and knock, as they did in the years and early aftermath of the first great war, obtaining the franchise too late and in too few nations to affect the setting of the new spirit of man in the old and outworn molds from which it was bound to erupt with world disaster.

In 1914 only four countries had admitted women to full electoral rights: New Zealand 1893, Australia 1901, Finland 1906, Norway 1910.* A quarter century later, when the second war broke, 45 nations had accorded men and women equal political status. But

several potent states still withheld the franchise, among them France, Italy, Japan and powerful South American republics. War has changed much of this, as its devastating casualties have accelerated a shift already under way, transferring the balance of population into feminine hands.

It Is a Woman's World

It is today a woman's world if women desire to recognize their responsibilities and their opportunities. It is so actually and factually. If we omit from the world's population totals, say, 200 millions covering the dwellers in Africa's and Asia's interiors, various nomad peoples, etc., there are two billion people who would comprise the modern "civilized" world. And, whether in the United Nations Organization or not, there are 43 countries with whom the governance of the world would most directly rest.

These 43 nations are distributed, 28 in Europe; four in Asia (China, India, Japan and Turkey); one is sprawled across both continents (the great Union of Socialist Soviet Republics absorbing two thirds of their combined areas and 12% of their combined populations); two in Africa (Egypt and the Union of South Africa); Australia and New Zealand; two in North America (Canada and the U. S. A.); four in Central and South America (Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Chile). Women actually outnumber men in 31 of these 43 states, and these 31 represent more than half the world's population and, overwhelmingly, the balance of power—politically, economically and socially. Women form over half the population, an even heavier percentage of the voting power in the U. S. S. R., the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Germany, all of Scandinavia; Finland; two of the Baltic states; in vitally placed Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Turkey; in Poland, Greece, Yugoslavia; in Hungary and Austria, in Czechoslovakia. In Egypt, potent to Mediterranean control; in Mexico, a nerve

centre of the Western Hemisphere; in Chile, pivotal in South American policies, women are predominant. In China recent statistics are not available, but after the slaughter of 20 long years of war and the inroads of famine, if women do not now outnumber men, they do predominate in their numbers and the ordering of civilian life. Women greatly exceed men in Japan.

And there are important reservations even in the 12 countries wherein men outnumber women. The four European states are not powerful—Rumania, little Latvia, Eire and poverty-stricken Bulgaria. In India, the most heavily male country in the world (possibly explaining its chronic turbulence), numerical strength does not necessarily indicate political power. Women, in large numbers, are politically effective in the 11 British provinces in which nearly three quarters of India's people dwell. In South America's two titan states, Argentina and Brazil, statistics and actual fact agree; women are the lesser force numerically, politically and socially, though energetically extending their power in public opinion and political action.

Canada Is Highly "Male"

The five ranking powers in which men outnumber women are the United States of America and the four senior British Dominions—Canada (the most highly "male" state in western civilization), Australia, New Zealand and South Africa (European). The youth of their settlement and the inevitable dominance of men in immigrant-receiving lands explain the larger number of men in these countries, but things are not what they seem. In Canada, and to some degree in the United States, the importance of primary industries, like lumbering, mining, prospecting, fishing, etc., and the climate and geography demand a mobile male population—and by that very fact unable to qualify for the voters' lists. A Gallup poll in the United States + Continued on page 58

*The first unit of government in modern history to enfranchise women was the State of Wyoming in 1890, before it entered the Union of the U.S.A.

"Rise up, ye women that are at ease . . . be troubled, ye careless ones."

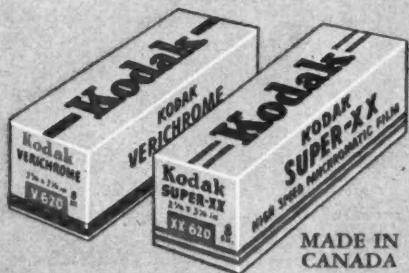
Kodak

*The miles
of separation
disappear*

When the letter brings the latest snapshots, the miles disappear... the separation dwindles away to nothing. It is you *in person* who step out of the envelope and extend your greeting.

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want tomorrow, you
must take today



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*"Nope, I won't trade. Mom put
Swift's Premium Bacon
in this sandwich!"*



Bacon in large quantities is still needed overseas, and you may not always be able to get Swift's Premium. But when you do, you will find its superb quality is being rigidly maintained. Swift Canadian Co. Limited.

Tune in The Breakfast Club every morning. See your local paper for times and stations.

I Meant to Tell You

Continued from page 10

was still against his knee. He was back behind the wall he had built against Sheila and against love.

She could not see his face, but she knew how it would look. It would be again the face of the man she had married, the David whom Sheila had taught to distrust even his own daughter. How like that earlier David to let her go on living in a fool's paradise while he waited for a perfect moment to shatter their life together! He'd been waiting for hours to tell her what he'd found out, and while he was waiting he had been acting, pretending that all was the same between them! Maybe, she thought numbly, he'd waited a few more hours to give her a chance to tell him. If only she had, just a few minutes ago; if only she had told him everything while she could still do it of her own accord!

She could hear the tick of the mantel clock, just as she had been hearing it while she sat there knitting, ticking away those last precious minutes.

Blindly she put out her hand, felt the weight drop into it. The catch was rusted, but it opened when she pressed it. Stale tobacco spilled loose from rotting paper to fall into her palm.

She turned the cigarette case over, her fingers tracing her name. Karen Ann Somerville. David had had that engraved for her. The other side she'd had done herself, after they were married. Mrs. David Carter.

She had been enchanted with the cigarette case the first time she had seen it, she remembered, and David had given it to her on the spot. She had been easily amused, back in the days before she had belonged to David, and she had been completely intrigued with a cigarette case that looked exactly like an automatic but shot only a cigarette when the trigger was pulled.

"For Pete's sake! I won it on a punch board! Of course you can 'accept' it!" David had said impatiently when she protested, and slipped the case into her jacket pocket. No matter how much he hurt her, she'd never been afraid of him after that.

She'd almost jumped out of her skin that rainy March day nearly three years ago, though, when he had stepped out of his office just as she was coming out of the girls' washroom with a lighted cigarette. She'd stayed after hours to retype the letters she'd botched that day, and she had been so sure that she was alone on the fifth floor that it had seemed silly to stay stuck in the washroom to finish her smoke.

David said, dryly, "Good evening," and Karen jumped a foot. She stuck the cigarette behind her and said, absurdly, "Hi!"

The girls in the outer office called him Heathcliff, for obvious reasons. Karen would rather have had anyone else, even the big boss himself, catch her breaking the rules.

She backed against the wall and the

cigarette burned her and she jumped again and dropped it. David's chuckle startled her almost as much as his sudden appearance had done. She hadn't thought he could laugh!

"It isn't funny," she protested, putting her foot on the cigarette. "That was my very last one and I still have nearly an hour's work to do!"

"You'd probably do it much better without cigarettes," David said unfeelingly. "However . . ."

He produced his case and pulled the trigger. "Do you do that for your liver?" he enquired politely as Karen jumped again, and struck a match on a No Smoking sign to give her a light.

Karen laughed. "That—dojigger—startled me," she explained. "It's cute. Let me do it once?"

She shot all the cigarettes out, one by one, as David watched amusedly, then put them back.

"Keep it," he said carelessly, when she handed the case back, and slipped it into her pocket when she wouldn't. He walked past her to press the button for the automatic elevator, turning to glance back at her while he waited. Karen paused, her hand on the office door knob, smiling shyly at him.

You couldn't call him handsome, she thought, but he was fascinating, with his lean hawk face, his dark sombre eyes. She knew very few men, none intimately, thanks to having been raised

by an old-fashioned maiden aunt. Perhaps any man could leave her thrilled and breathless, like that, but she didn't think so. She'd really worked at acquiring the thin layer of sophistication that hid her essentially small-town reactions from amused eyes, and David Carter's momentary nearness had stripped it from her and left her defenseless. She knew she was

flushed and bright-eyed but somehow she didn't care.

Even though he had frightened her a little, she had thought, the first time she saw him, that David was the sort of man she'd eventually love. He fitted so well into the dreams that had been born in her aunt's fringed and antimacassared parlor, surrounded by mid-Victorian novels. She'd always liked Bronte heroes, in spite of the bedrock of sound common sense that made her laugh at herself.

Anyway he wasn't really so bleak and forbidding. He was sweet, beneath that sardonic exterior. He was concerned now, evidently, about leaving her here alone. He was going to offer to take her home, and she'd go! She'd come early enough in the morning to finish her work.

David said, "You shouldn't work so hard at that starry-eyed naïveté line of yours. You overdo it." And disappeared in the elevator.

THREE QUARTERS of an hour later Karen turned disgustedly away from the mob trying to board the six-fifteen bus and began the 10-block walk to her boardinghouse. The rain had turned to sleet and the sidewalks were dangerous,

Coming of Age

By AMABEL KING

+

Polish the sword and hang it high;
Build a museum for cavalry.
Science has written across the sky
Finis to outworn soldiery.

Silence the drum and scrap the tanks;
Pack away the trifling gun.
Man has done with youthful pranks,
Now for him one world—or none.

*Easy on sugar...
easy to make*

RICH...LIGHT...TENDER - MADE WITH MAGIC

● They're sweet... they're sumptuous... they're easy to make! A really-and-truly dream dessert, these Magic Chocolate Cup Cakes are a happy ending to any meal.

The real secret of their fluffy, feathery texture is Magic Baking Powder. Pure, wholesome, dependable... Magic always helps insure perfect results. Get Magic today.

MAGIC CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar

2 eggs
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Chocolate Frosting
10-12 halved maraschino cherries
10-12 almond nut meats

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar; mix well. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add milk and flour alternately to creamed mixture. Add vanilla extract. Bake in greased cup cake pans in 375°F oven, 20 minutes. Cool, top cakes with frosting. Garnish with cherries and nut meats. Makes 10-12.

SUGARLESS CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Put 2 egg whites, ½ cup light corn syrup and ¼ teaspoon salt in double boiler. Beat 9 minutes with rotary beater, or until fluffy. Remove from heat, carefully fold in ¼ cup sifted cocoa. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Makes enough to frost 10-12 cakes.

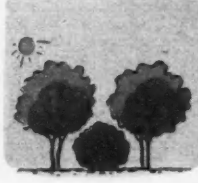


CHARLIE McCarthy

RAISES A
RACKET

during the dominion
wide swing to
Chase & Sanborn
Coffee!



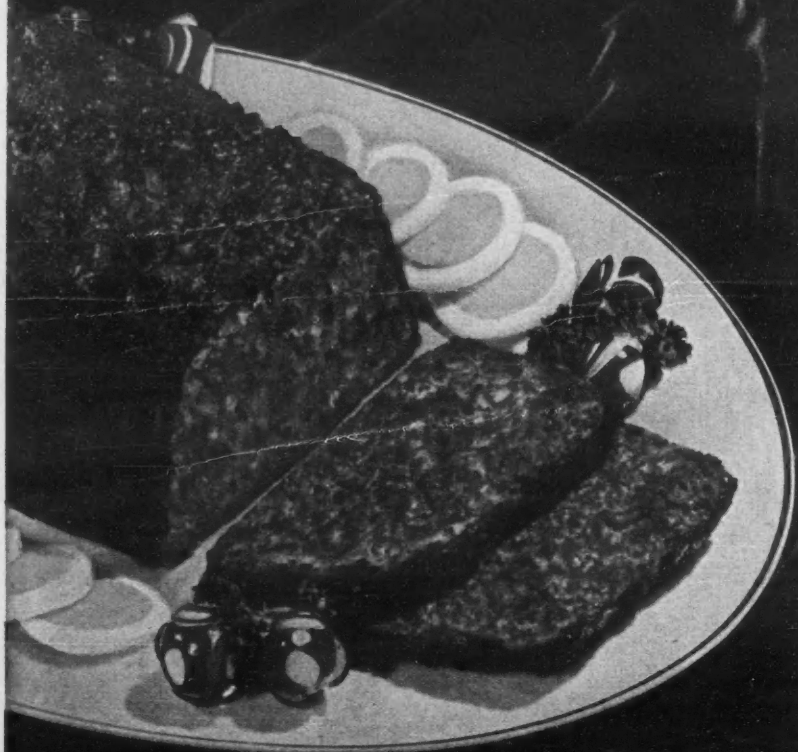


IN COOL, DEWY SHADE---UNDER AN AWNING OF TALLER TREES---THESE FINE COFFEE BEANS IN THEIR GAY RED JACKETS SLOWLY STORE UP THE RICH "SHADE-GROWN" FLAVOR THAT CANADIANS LOVE IN CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

TASTE THE
"SHADE-GROWN"
FLAVOR. SEE WHY
IT'S WINNING NEW
FRIENDS SO FAST!

For a VELVET BLEND



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YOUR old-favorite dishes will surprise you with their new smoothness when you use velvet-smooth Carnation Milk in cooking! Carnation blends so well with other foods... it whips... it freezes... it's so economical and convenient. Try this recipe, today, and just see what a difference Carnation makes. You'll be a Carnation cookery fan from now on!

VELVET-SMOOTH MEAT LOAF

"Some like it hot—some like it cold!"

1 pound fresh ground beef
1 egg • 1½ teaspoons salt
1 tall can Carnation Milk
2 cups soft bread crumbs
½ cup finely chopped onion

Blend meat, egg, salt, onion, milk, and bread crumbs. Turn into a well-greased loaf pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven (350° F). Serve hot or cold. Plenty for 6.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND OF EVAPORATED MILK.

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FOR MUSIC with a velvet blend—the new "Contented Hour," Monday evenings. Dominion and NBC Networks—see newspapers for stations and time.



FOR BABY, ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, an excellent source of vitamin D—universally approved for babies and children.

She was watching her footing and did not see David's car draw up to the curb ahead of her, nor know he was near until he took her elbows in his hands.

"Get in before you break your neck," he said.

Karen said, with icy dignity, "Thank you, but I much prefer to walk!" She found herself sitting in the car with the door closed before she had finished.

"In that case," David said calmly, sliding under the steering wheel, "why did you wait to leave the building until you saw me come out of the restaurant across the street, and then start walking home just as I drove by?"

"I never—" Karen gasped. "Why—if you aren't the most conceited—"

"I am not in the least conceited," David said calmly. "I know very well that if all the boys weren't away at war—if Jerry Hayes, for instance, were still in the office across the hall—you wouldn't be trying so hard to attract my attention. But Jerry isn't here, and I am, and there are about 10 girls for every unattached man in this town; consequently, fellows like me are getting a play from girls like you. I understand it perfectly." He stopped for a red light and turned to look at her. "You aren't going to deny that you were giving me the old come-on back there in the corridor, are you?"

She tried to meet his eyes and failed, and found that she could not answer him any way but honestly.

"But not—the way you said," she stammered, feeling the warmth surging from her throat to her temples. "Not because you're one of those few men. Just because you're—you. I—I'm crazy about you."

She hadn't known she was going to say it. She listened to herself in shamed dismay, and waited for his reaction.

David turned back to the wheel as the light changed, shaking his head admiringly. "What a line!" he murmured, and gave all his attention to his driving.

Karen sat in flaming silence until he parked in front of her boardinghouse. She was tugging at the door handle when he reached for her.

"As long as you're crazy about me," he said, "we ought to do something about it."

His voice was light and mocking, but his hands were ruthless and compelling, and his lips on hers were like a match to a candle. Shame, fury, resistance were like wax to the candle's flame. She hadn't known she was going to tell him, back there, that she was already in love with him; she hadn't known, yet, that it was completely true. But it was. She was crazy about him—literally—and there was nothing she could do about it.

There was absolutely nothing she could do about it, then or later. David hurt, shamed, bewildered her, but when

he reached for her she went into his arms. She could not help herself. She clung to him, limp and shaken, and he muttered, "Lord, you're sweet!" as if it hurt him.

He never said he loved her. Always, when they talked, he maintained that cynical bored aloofness that was so oddly at variance with the violence of his lovemaking.

"Do you have to talk?" he would demand roughly. And once when she buried her face against his shoulder and whispered, "Oh, David! David, I love you so!" he said, deliberately insulting, "And very nice loving too!"

She slapped him with all her strength, and spent a sleepless night vowing never to let him touch her again. It was the next morning that she heard, for the first time, about Sheila, and thought that she'd discovered the key to David.

Florence, the stenographer at the desk nearest Karen's, looked up and giggled as Karen sat down.

"Saw you out with Heathcliff last night," she whispered loudly. "How come you rate our one and only eligible male—and what on earth do you want with the old sourpuss?"

Miss Ronan, David's secretary, paused on her way to his office to look reprovingly over her glasses.

"That Heathcliff business isn't so funny as you girls seem to think," she said. "You're all new here. You never saw David Carter's wife."

Florence stared. "We never knew he had one!"

"It's not," Miss Ronan told her loftily, "exactly a matter for office gossip! Sheila Carter was the loveliest thing I've ever seen in my life and it hasn't been much over a year since she died tragically and suddenly. She was drowned in an accident on Lake Huron, during a terrific storm, a year ago last October."

"Oh," Karen whispered, more to herself than to any-

one else, "I didn't know!"

David had never talked about himself. For all that their affair had been so headlong and tumultuous, she knew so little about him! She'd worked near him only a little over a month, for that matter. She'd managed one year of college, after she'd graduated from high school, and then she'd been forced to give up everything else when her aunt had become ill. Two years she'd spent at home, caring for Aunt Ellen; then, after she'd lost her, she'd tried a dozen different jobs before she had decided to take a business course. She hadn't, she thought ruefully, been too good at any of them, and she was no better as a stenographer. Aunt Ellen had raised her niece to be a homemaker. She'd dreamed of making a home for David, until last night.

"Oh, yes," Miss Ronan went on, "Mr. Carter has reason to be moody! He

House on a Hill

By ANNE MARRIOTT

All the adventurous winds that sweep the sky
Sing in its wide-flung windows, blithely away
Clear-colored curtains, blowing out my cares.
In this place no dark fear or grief can stay.

Around the sturdy rocks the patterned fields
Slope smoothly to the old quiet farms below;
Above my roof soft, endless cloud shapes pass;
In all my eaves the free birds come and go.

Close to eternal sky I make my home,
And though the world's wild storms may rage and beat
On my stout door, I face them unafraid.
The strong hill stands unmoved beneath my feet.

M^cCLARY

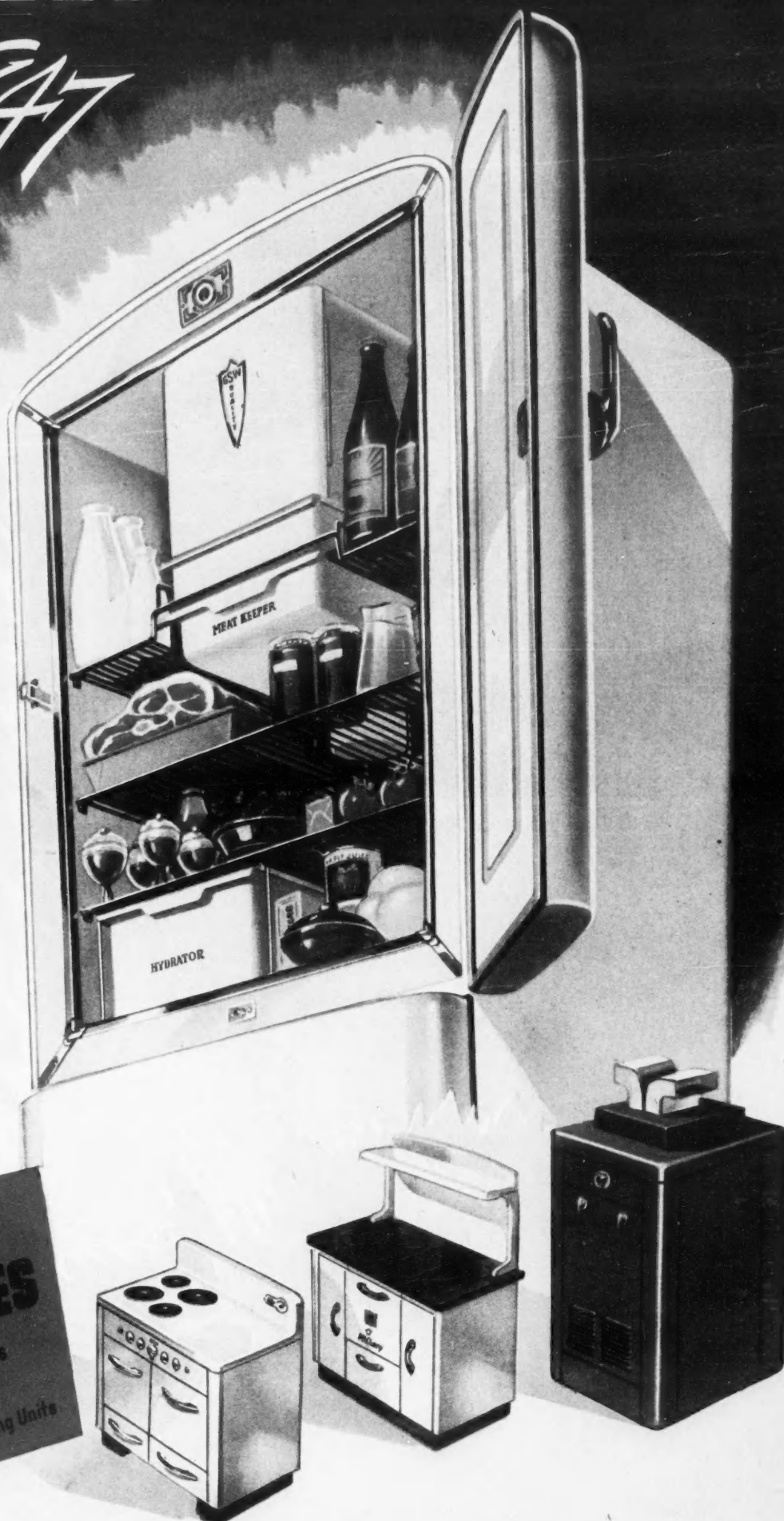
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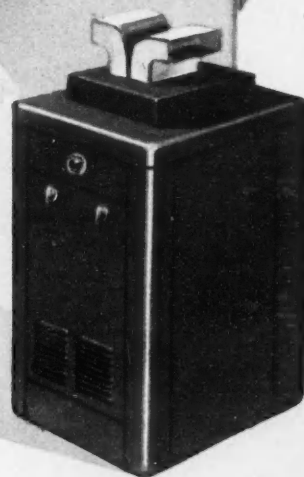
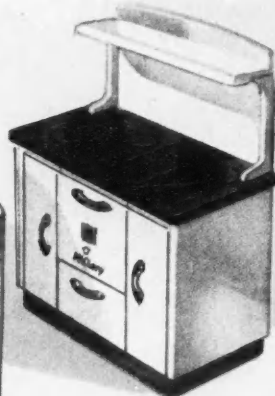
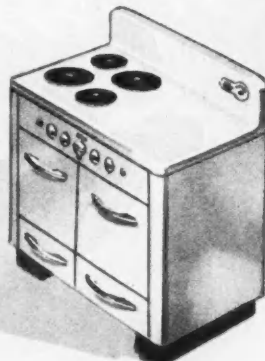
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lives all alone in the beautiful home he bought for her. He has a daughter who is—why, Margie was 16 her last birthday, but she is away at school. She was away when it happened. In fact, she hasn't been home very much since she was tiny. I think when his wife was alive he wanted her all to himself, and since then—why, Margie is too much like her. He can't bear to have her around."

"Well, what do you know!" Florence demanded, in an awed tone, but Karen scarcely heard her. That explains it, she was thinking. That explains David. He wants me, needs me, but he doesn't want to forget her.

She slipped her typewriter cover off and stared, unseeing, at the keys. He hated feeling disloyal to Sheila, that was it. He protected her memory with his ugly cynicism about love and women in general. He hadn't wanted to fall in love again—but he had, she thought exultantly, in spite of himself.

She was waiting for him at the parking lot when he came for his car that evening.

"David, I wanted to tell you—that is, I'm sorry I slapped you. I guess I'd no right to feel insulted. After all, I have thrown myself at you, I know that. But it's true, what I said, David. I love you."

It was the hardest thing she'd ever done and she couldn't even tell how he felt about it. She couldn't read his face. She could only wait while he looked at her with that shuttered glance of his.

Finally he asked, briefly, "Do you want to marry me?"

She said, "Yes, David."

A COAL popped loudly in the fireplace and Karen jumped. She thought David's hand, hanging from the chair arm, stirred, but whether toward or away from her she could not tell. She could not make herself turn to face him.

She had been so sure she could make him happy, that eventually they would be happy together, in spite of Sheila, in spite of the difference in their ages, in spite of everything. She was older than most girls her age, she thought; old enough to know what she wanted. And what she wanted, above all else, from life, was marriage, love, a home. She was starkly honest about that. Everything she'd done all her life had been only marking time until David came along. She was so very certain that he was the one for her, and she had thought that she was strong enough and wise enough to be patient and understanding until he came to feel the same way about her.

She was so sure that she understood him—and she hadn't. She had taken Miss Ronan's sentimental outburst at its face value and when David was harsh and hateful and unapproachable she blamed Sheila's lovely, restless, haunting ghost. She would look at Sheila's portrait and think that with David comparing her with that, remembering the perfection of that marriage, it was even harder for him than for her.

Those first weeks in David's house had been almost unendurable. If she hadn't been so very sure that David loved her, and that he hated himself for loving her, she could never have stayed. She'd planned to have Margie with them, but David had curtly insisted on leaving her where she was. Karen told herself miserably that it was because he

could not bear to have her, Karen, taking Sheila's place.

It seemed to her now that she'd been incredibly stupid. She should have guessed the truth. She should have used her brains to reason out the real story behind David's ugly cynicism. If she had—if she'd had the least inkling of what was wrong with David—she would never have been as easy and friendly with Jerry Hayes as she was. But she hadn't known—not until Jerry told her.

Jerry, big and blond and full of the devil, with a repaired shoulder and an understandable determination to make up for all the good times he'd been missing, had returned to his job in May, a month after Karen had left the office to marry David. Although he was younger than David the two were friends in the inexplicable way that men are friends, so often, when they are completely opposite types. Jerry spent most of his evenings with them, with and without David's invitations. He was flippantly open and obvious in his admiration for Karen, persistent and endearing in his efforts to bring David out of his shell.

He was, Karen was convinced, exactly what David needed, and she made him welcome. If she had ever remembered the remark David had made, once, about her not noticing him if Jerry Hayes were back, she had dismissed it just as she had David's increasing reserve. David didn't want to let himself love her, she had thought, wisely, and this was just another cog in his defense mechanism. It had never even occurred to her that David might be unsure of her. How could he be?

She shut her eyes for a moment, still seeing the rosy ash of the coals against her lids. She had been so clever, ignoring David's moods, flirting a little with Jerry, letting David see that while she was not so beautiful as Sheila, she was far from unattractive. She'd been so darned smart!

THEY HAD been married four months and July was nearly over the night she learned the truth about Sheila. Four months, and her marriage, she thought bitterly, was still just a legalized affair. She'd thought that surely they would have Margie with them during the summer vacation, thereby helping herself to feel a little more like David's wife, but David had sent his daughter, instead, to summer school—an exclusive little place in the East.

It was a dreary evening, with grey skies and drizzling rain. Karen turned on all the lamps in Sheila's drawing-room, determinedly keeping her eyes away from the portrait—trying to keep the assurance with which she had left her mirror upstairs.

She had looked rather well, she thought—upstairs. Her new evening dress was chalk white and, by comparison, her coloring was vivid—brown of hair and eyes, deep crimson of lips, and the smooth creaminess of her light tan. She paused before one of the full-length mirrors to smooth the wide tight belt that made her waist so absurdly tiny. Not bad. But, of course, compared with the portrait . . .

That was the most comforting thing about Jerry Hayes, she thought . . . as far as he was concerned the portrait might as well not be there. Sheila might never have been. His eyes and manner,

✦ Continued on page 26



Fed up on parleys, conferences and crises? Need a new hobby
that'll make you forget yourself, give you fresh air
and exercise and a little more general education . . .
all for free? Then here's your dish:

Try Birding

by Robert Thomas Allen

Drawings by BILL MALTMAN

ONE OF these days you're going to run across a queer character standing motionless under a tree, peering into the branches through a pair of binoculars. It's liable to be a grandmotherly old gal, a portly Public Figure with push-broom brows, a businessman, a bum, or a young lady with lipstick nicely in place.

Stick around long enough to watch what goes on. You may make the acquaintance of a hobby that will gladden your spare moments until you get written up as a nonagenarian.

That bemused figure under the tree is watching birds. There are tens of thousands of men, women and children doing the same thing throughout North America, and right now they're all as happy as a horned lark (*Otocoris alpestris alpestris*) because September is the month of the big autumn migration, the world series of bird spotting.

It probably started when one of our hairy forbears sat blinking in the sun outside his cave, and noted with mild interest that the bird in the bush to his left was blue with a rose-colored breast, whereas the one in the cedar to his right was a peculiar, soft brown tone and had a topknot.

Today there's hardly a hamlet without at least one

bird expert, and most places of any size have a bird club whose members hold organized field trips, lectures and movies, and otherwise pool their knowledge of North American birds for the sheer fun of it. The two migration seasons, the spring and fall, are the peak periods, with lots doing all summer long, and enough activity in the winter to make things interesting.

Birding has a lot to offer. If you've been practicing graceful walking with a book balanced on your head, forget it. Try stalking birds; you'll unconsciously learn to move across the ground with the poise of a cat. The sun and fresh air will give your nervous system a first-class treatment, all for free. You'll do more twists, bends, grinds and bumps trying to get a good look at an oven bird than you'll do in a week of getting-up exercises, and all in the spirit of fun.

But birding's chief reward is the mental relaxation it provides. You'll come home rested and content; you won't be gnawing at your nails because you trumped your partner's ace, or lost your temper, or because the local Wildecats blew in the last innings. You won't, because you just went out to have a look at a few birds. And unless someone has sprayed the countryside with DDT, you're sure to see enough to keep you happy.

Recognition and naming of birds is only one branch of bird study, but it is the one that holds the interest of most amateurs. And as there are somewhere around 800 distinct species of wild birds in North America, with an additional 400 subspecies, or climatic varieties; and as most of these have a different plumage for male and female, adult and juvenile, and undergo seasonal plumage changes as well, it should keep you busy for quite a while.

At this point you are probably squirming in your chair and asking: "But what's it all about? What are you trying to do? How do you score?"

The object in birding is whatever you make it. Ornithology is a branch of natural science, and it can be an important life's work. But for most amateurs there is no other goal than the sport of identifying the various kinds of birds, except that you can make a sort of game of it by listing the number you spot on

any one outing and trying to beat your own score.

How do you observe birds? The obvious retort is that you go out and look at them. But let's see.

The early morning is probably the best time, but it is by no means the only one. Old veteran birders are likely to get up out of their chairs any time, sneak a bird guide and a pair of binoculars into their pockets and say something like, "Uh—think I'll go for a walk." Trying to be nonchalant about their husband's or wife's unsympathetic glance, they slip on a pair of old pants (nowadays, that means both sexes, probably) and, if they've been padding around the house in their bare feet, a pair of shoes. Sturdy hiking boots are ideal, but if you're sloppy about your clothes the way I am, you'll wear your street shoes and promise yourself that you'll polish them up in the morning if you happen to get them muddy, which you always do.

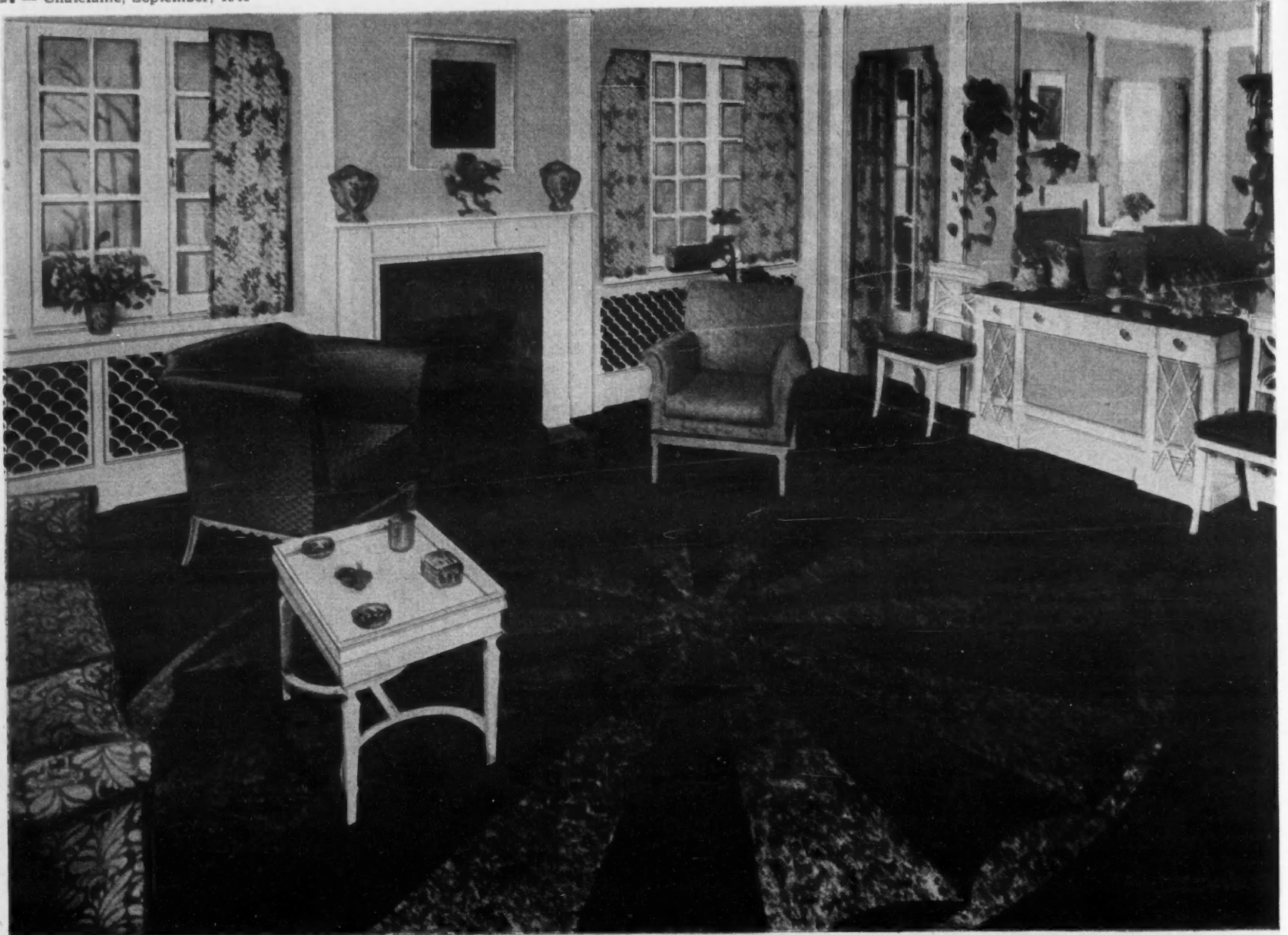
Binoculars are essential. Lots of birds are difficult to approach to a point where you can identify them with the unaided eye. If you're thinking of buying a pair, by the way, don't get them too powerful. The stronger the glass, the more the image darts around on your circle of vision. Ask for 6 x 30 (that means six power, 30 mm. across the outside lens). They give plenty of light and field, + Continued on page 32



Hold that note! Many bird songs are easy to identify once you've learned to listen.

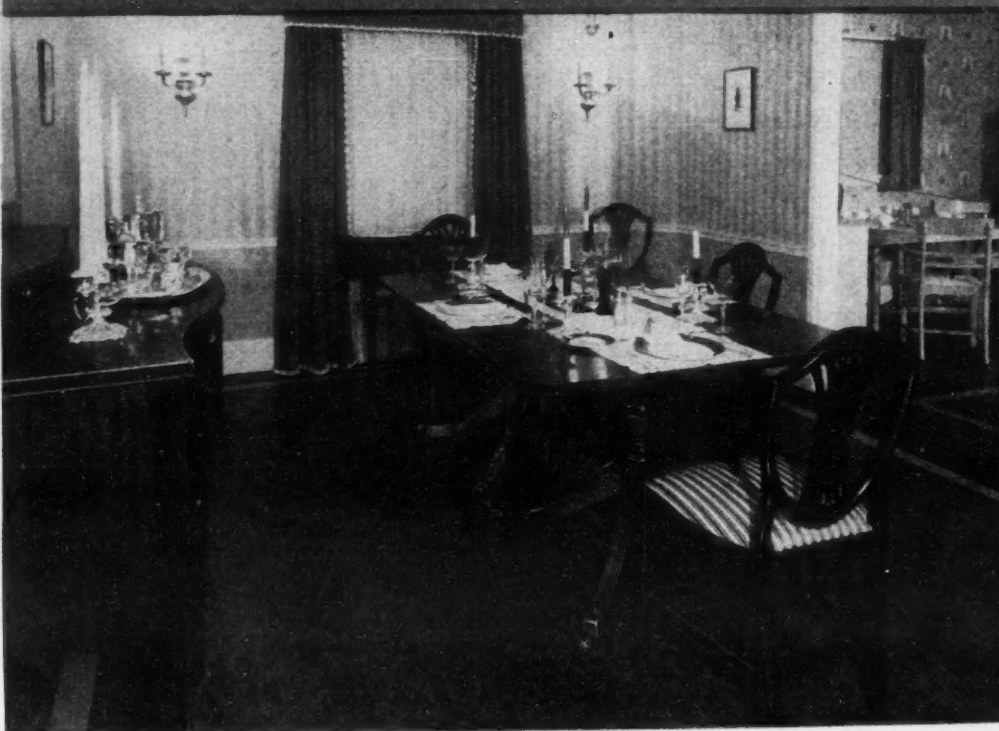


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This is the first anniversary of Eagle-Lion. Shortly after the founding of Eagle-Lion here, the first of the new film hits from the J. Arthur Rank Studios had its Canadian premiere. These unusual motion pictures have since set records in theatres throughout Canada; have created a new type and volume of audience interest and a coast-to-coast following for a brilliant bevy of London stars.

★ ★ ★

The same sensational upsurge in interest was also taking place in other countries. One result was to set up a chain reaction in Hollywood, — bid after bid for each of the top-flight players in these Eagle-Lion hits. Under a new reverse lend-lease arrangement, some of them are taking short-term starring engagements in Hollywood between London engagements.

★ ★ ★

One of the first was Rex Harrison, seen above and now about to star simultaneously in London and Hollywood successes. Eagle-Lion will shortly present **NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN** in which this blithe spirit of the British studios makes his way lightly through an odyssey of amorous adventure during the mad twenty-thirties. He has the extremely photogenic assistance of Lilli Palmer, Jean Kent and Margaret Johnston. His first Hollywood hit has just been released.

★ ★ ★

DEAD OF NIGHT arrived from London in time to become New York's favourite hot-weather chiller. "Time" describes the effect as "the same sort of spine-cooling thrill you get from listening to a group of accomplished liars swapping ghost stories".

★ ★ ★

This is the film with Michael Redgrave among its stars and Michael Redgrave was picked by a Canadian screening-room jury last spring as the new star most likely to be discovered next. The Canadian public is now vigorously approving this advance verdict.

★ ★ ★

Eagle-Lion Pictures at your Favourite Theatre

"How would I ever explain to David if I let you catch pneumonia?" he asked solemnly, and then laughed. "For that matter, how would I ever explain bringing you up here? But we won't worry about that—see, that's the advantage of living in such a modest establishment, no doorman, no desk, janitor minding his own business in the basement, automatic elevator. Sound sinister—I hope? Look angel puss, there's nothing to be nervous about. I can't say I'm sorry about that kiss, but, as for following it up—why, you know that I—you know David and I—"

"I know. I'm not that silly! You—you're sweet, Jerry." She sank into a chair and stuck her wet feet out in front of her. "It's just that I—just that David and I—" she stammered, and began to shake.

"Hey, take it easy!" Jerry said, as he knelt to take off her sandals, but her tears couldn't be held back any longer. "Never mind," Jerry murmured soothingly. "Here, you can cry on Uncle Jerry's shoulder—and platonically, too! Boy, is this ever something new for me! Now spill it! But wait—you're cold! Your hands are like ice."

He brought a blanket to wrap around her, started a blaze in the fireplace, and made a hot toddy for her while he listened.

"You're right, angel puss," he said, soberly. "Sheila's ghost is jinxing your marriage. But not the way you think. Not because David still loves her. He hated her guts years before she died."

"You're crazy! That picture . . . his daughter . . ."

"The portrait is to remind him not to be such a fool again," Jerry said gently. "And look, lame-brain, if he couldn't bear to have Margie around because she is so much like the woman he loved and lost—according to your goofy theory—would he keep the portrait? Nope. The truth is, David has never been quite big enough to forget that he might not be the kid's father. That's what I said!" he nodded solemnly. "Sheila was the loveliest woman I ever saw, even making all due allowance for my having been at the most impressionable age—I was in high school when David married—and David did worship her. He wasn't quite 20 himself, when they married—younger than she—and for nearly three years he idolized her. And she was a tramp. She was spending a week end with some fellow in that cottage up by the lake when she was drowned."

"Oh, Jerry!" It was like shaking a kaleidoscope, getting an entirely different design with the same fragments. "Oh, poor David! Then he really doesn't trust me—doesn't trust any woman; he can't believe in love and loyalty and things like that, because of her."

"She sucked him dry," Jerry said, savagely. "I suppose you know about the bills he's still paying and the debts he still has because of what it cost him to hush up the scandal over that sailing accident—and all the rest of it. He kept himself broke trying to keep Margie from knowing what her mother was, all her life . . . she still doesn't know. That's the kind of guy he is." He stared at her owlishly. "Poor David?" he said, as if she'd just spoken. "S'matter with you? The guy's a darned fool. Hurting you like that! Never had anything but

Continued on page 35

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

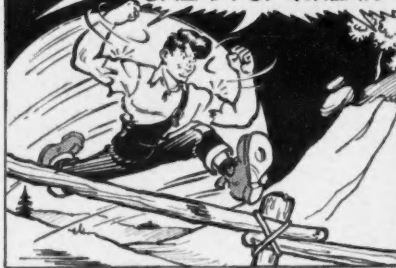
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I Meant to Tell You

Continued from page 22

as well as his gay flattery, said constantly that he considered David a very lucky man, and he plainly assumed that David agreed with him.

Now she felt Jerry's admiring gaze before she knew that he had come in. For a moment, illogically, she felt that it was David's. In the mirror she saw her own face light up in the split second before she saw Jerry's face reflected over her shoulder. And then, easy assured hands on her shoulders, he swung her around.

"Jerry! I didn't hear you!" She let her hands lie on his dark sleeves. "I wasn't expecting you."

"Liar!" he grinned. "Who else would you be looking like that for? You know you're all dressed to go stepping, and you know old Dave would never take you out if I didn't come around and drag the two of you off! I told him I'd be over this evening. Where is he? On second thought—never mind! The way you look tonight, I'd like to lose him!"

"Oh, hush!" Karen went, laughing, across to the study door. It was open, and David was standing in it.

"I've work to do," he said, briefly, before she could speak. "You two go without me." He closed the door.

Jerry said, "Okay! Catch me missing a chance like this!"

But Karen wouldn't go. Not because she thought then that David would mind, nor because she took Jerry's foolishness seriously; simply because she didn't want to go without David. Jerry coaxed, but she was firm. When she finally saw him to the door he turned, at the last moment, and swept her into his arms.

"Shouldn't expect me to come all the way over here and be satisfied to get the brush-off like that," he grinned, as she leaned for a moment, surprised and unresisting, against him, and kissed her. And then, as she pushed roughly away, "Ah, Karen, don't get mad! After all, you were looking in the mirror when I came in—you saw yourself. How can you blame a guy?"

"I'm not. I'm not angry," she said breathlessly. "Now scram. I'm going to see if I—if I can help David with his work."

"Same old story," Jerry mourned. "I get 'em in a loving mood and some other guy gets 'em. It always happens to me."

"It's too bad about you!" Karen scoffed, and, surprised, heard herself giggle like an excited schoolgirl as she closed the door on him.

Jerry's nonsense was so absurdly right. She couldn't deny that his unexpected kiss had stirred her, but the warmth, the breathlessness, were for David. She had early learned to let David come to her, but now, flushed and exhilarated with this new intoxicating assurance, she went to him. Hadn't Jerry, for all his experience and blasé manner, told her—well, practically told her—that she was so lovely he couldn't resist her?

The study door was open again. David was in the big chair and she dropped, bonelessly, into his lap. He did not move.

"Just how many men," he asked, with concentrated venom, "do you want in one evening?"

"David!" Karen sat erect on his knee. "You've no right to talk to me like that!

I suppose you saw Jerry kiss me. He was just fooling. It didn't mean a thing."

"Didn't it?" David laughed shortly. "Look at you!"

She put her hands to her hot cheeks and met his eyes with painful honesty. "It made me want—you to kiss me," she whispered, trying to collect the tattered remnants of her self-respect, pulling herself to her feet. "But—if you don't want to—"

David said, "I don't." He stooped to pick up the papers she had knocked from the chair arm, and uncapped his fountain pen.

She stood before him, shaking. "You don't really care because Jerry kissed me," she said. "You're only pretending . . ."

"I am not pretending anything," David said, with deadly quiet, "and I don't care what you do. I've watched you making the same sort of play for Jerry that you did for me, but it was only what I expected, as I told you long ago. However, you might have the decency to leave me alone now."

Karen's fingers clinched on a heavy glass paper weight. She lifted it in one swift uncontrollable motion, then let it drop.

"You don't mean that," she whispered. "You're trying to hurt me. You—you want to get rid of me . . ."

David said, "That's right."

IT WAS raining harder, outside. She was wet and uncomfortable before she'd walked a block, and wished that she had at least stopped to get her raincoat. But she wouldn't return for it, not after she'd walked so stiffly from the study to the front door, after she'd closed it behind her with such quiet, dramatic finality. She stopped under an awning, staring unseeing at the street, then widened her eyes and stared again at a car parked at the curb. Jerry's car. He finished fastening a tire on the rear tire rack and looked up, wiping his hands on his handkerchief, just in time to meet her eyes.

"Karen! Good lord, you're soaked!" He opened the door as she crossed the sidewalk. "Here, get in, quick!" He slipped in beside her. "I'm pretty damp myself. I drove away from your house on a flat—got this far before I noticed it. Hey, what goes?"

She parted her lips to tell him and found that she couldn't. He'd know soon enough, because she couldn't go on kidding herself that David loved her, not after tonight. He'd never said he loved her. The whole business had been wishful thinking on her part and that was over. But she couldn't talk about it; she couldn't talk about David to Jerry.

She reached over and turned on the ignition. "I saw you—from the upstairs window," she lied. "I changed my mind about going out, and as long as you were still within reach . . . I guess I should have worn a wrap."

She couldn't tell if he believed her or not but he stepped on the starter. "I guess you should have," he said. "You'll have to change your clothes now, won't you? So will I. I'm dirty and wet."

"No, I'm not so very wet," she said hastily. "I—I'll just go along and wait in the car for you while you change."

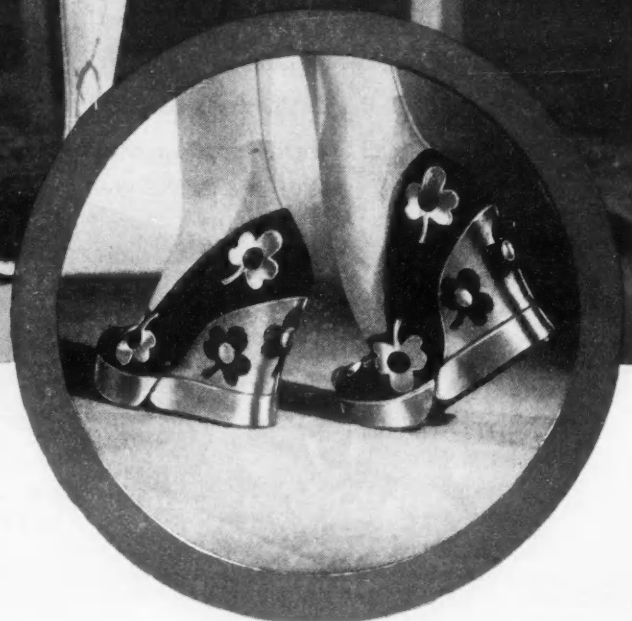
But when they had parked in front of his apartment building he made her come up with him.

Chatelaine Fashions



Dress by Rae Hildebrand

THOSE GOLDEN SLIPPERS . . . light as a flower petal . . . unbelievably flexible . . . are the kind Salome's dancing feet would have loved! They were hand-made, here and now, in Canada, by the Montreal designer, Del Grande, who took his motif from the Guipure lace, in flower design, bordering a black crepe dinner frock. The black suede and gold kid are alternated in flower design appliques that bring new beauty to footwear fashions. Hinged trickery dividing the sole and heel gives freedom and comfort to feet that dance for hours and hours, and the very high platform adds inches to the wearer's height. An advance sign of the new season of glittering elegance and patiently perfected detail! ♦





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with comfort, wear Flexees foundations
with everything they wear.**

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STAY-AT-HOME. Joseph Whitehead manipulates wide striped surah, black and white, in these stunning lounging py-jamas. Trousers are the new length ending above the ankle.

THE CUTAWAY. This is Hattie Carnegie's "Berry Wall" silhouette: a cutaway black wool coat buttoned over a white satin blouse and a striped grey and black wool skirt. But slim!



The Directoire influence has lasted . . . in cravat collars, deep dandy-cuffed wide sleeves, and cutaway jackets (right from suits to formal dinner gowns).

The Ecclesiastical feeling is noticed in very slender, swathed dresses, slashed and sashed. Shades are rich, velvets and brocades are priceless-looking, and sleeves long, full and flowing.

Although the new mood in New York styles is lavish, tuned to fun and gay life, there's an underlying message, stressed again and again by designers and various commentators: "These are American fashions, designed for the American woman, and the American way of living!" And that is the true test of a strong fashion industry in any country . . . the fact that the fashions do interpret that country's pattern of living in original designs.

Suits and dresses are either softly tailored or completely "dress - up." Always they give the appearance of having a great deal more yardage, but without being bulky. This is because of highly developed skill in cutting, handling a line or a curve to give a bodice fullness or skirt drapery through pure geometry!

Pockets, hemlines, jackets are very important. Pockets, large ones always, are shown even in evening skirts. On suits, many of the pockets are double deckers of fur and fabric. Hemlines are about mid-calf, and uneven lines are seen in most of the collections. The tunic-length jacket is favored, with the flattering cutaway type promising to be a leader.

Necklines and sleeves are completely new. The Elizabethan cowl and hooded effect is always combined with a deep flowing sleeve, tagged by one famous designer as the "Barrister's Sleeve." Some of these flowing sleeves are lined back in rich contrasting colors. The Gibson Girl sleeves, long, tight, with puff-top shoulder treatment, are also high-fashion notes for the coming season.

Furs follow suits, dresses and evening frocks in elaborate designs. Fur coats have their sleeves full and flowing, with little fur-wristed undersleeves, or sometimes they're conceived as great overlapping tiers that form wonderful petal-like sleeves.

Mink mutations with such fabulous names as "amber chiffon," "star sapphire," are swathed from shoulder to ankle to make priceless evening wraps. One wrap in particular, of amber mink, turned out to be a two-piecer—a tunic-length coat and a wrap-around skirt! Nice to be a billionaire's missus this year!

The art of co-ordination, which in years gone by belonged to Paris, and to Paris only, is now just as distinctively New York's. Belts and buttons must be perfect in color, shape, material, for the simplest of woollen dresses. Bags and hats must be just right for each ensemble. Many leading New York designers insist that it is not enough to create merely a suit, or coat, or dress. Instead they carry their creative ideas right into the accessory world of hats, gloves, bags, belts and so on, so that the final presentation to the eyes of the public is a perfection of accessorizing right down to the last dome fastener! ♦



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SUPPLIES of these long-life sheets are still short . . . so many women want "Canada's finest". But they're worth the wait . . . and tomorrow may be *your* lucky day.



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PILLOW SLIPS • TOWELS • FACE CLOTHS

Manhattan's New Mood

by EVELYN KELLY, Fashion Editor

The fabulous skyscraper city is all set for its first big season of fun, frivolity and femininity — as the new clothes by its leading designers testify

NEW YORK opened its arms to fashion scouts from all over the United States and Canada recently, presenting autumn and winter collections of world-famous houses in a great and colorful burst of pageantry.

This vast, wonderful city, playground of the modern age, is caught up in a postwar wave of fun and festivity—a new mood reflected in all the creations for 1946-47 wardrobes.

The theme or inspiration is worked out by various designers in high-priced, flawlessly done garments, according to each designer's idea of what makes for elegant living. These themes and inspirations are well worth knowing, for with the flip of a garment cutter's wrist, and the turning of hundreds of machine wheels, these are the fashions that will be translated for American women in more moderately priced lines during the next several months.

Here are the trends to watch for:

The Medieval and Elizabethan, inspired by Old Vic Company's Shakespearean plays . . . the greatest influence of which is traceable to the love scenes from "Henry V!"

The Early Twenties, giving us gorgeous robes de style in satins and taffetas, inspired by the beauties of the Folies Bergere.



THE DARING NECKLINE. But veiled with a pink chiffon and net "modesty" and one huge pink rose — a device seen on both afternoon and evening frocks. Here it's used on Hansen Bang's short black crepe dinner dress. Note lacy gloves.

COPPER AND BLACK plaided homespun coat, by Trigere (above), shows clever play of fabric in bias-cut sleeves. Note the bulky pockets and turned-up collar — significant signs in the new coats. A tie of fabric finishes the collar. Such up-turned collars are always shown encircled either with self fabric, jewellery, or scarf.

was playing. What kind of a hawk? Did it have feathers right down to its feet? Then it was one of the rough-legged hawks. Its legs weren't feathered? More details are needed. A sparrow? Did it have pink legs? A cinnamon bill? A white line over its eye? Was its tail forked or rounded? A flycatcher? Did it pump its tail when it perched, or did it sit still? It might mean the difference between a phoebe and a wood pewee.

Mention of needlelike and conical beaks, golden eyes and pink legs might lead you to conclude that you have to get close enough to our little feathered friends to catch them by the neck. But you'd be surprised at how practical these points are. The cinnamon-colored bill of the field sparrow will be one of the first things that strikes you about this species, even before you find it listed as an identification mark. The same applies to the straw-colored eyes of the grackle. They can be seen almost as far as you can see the bird.

Bird songs and notes become increasingly useful as you get more accustomed to the business. In fact, it is generally by the song that the presence of a bird is first detected. But never was there a subject upon which there was more confusion. To each person a bird says a different thing. You find such statements as this, from one of my books:

"The song of the veery, which is quite unique, has given the bird its name. It consists of a rolling, half-whispered, half-sung, weird-sounding strain, which can be passably imitated (after some practice) by whistling and singing at the same time the syllables *a-rbee-u, rbee-u, rbayu, rbayu.*"

After some practice is right. After some practice, a tonsil operation, and a slight growth of feathers!

Nevertheless, many bird songs are easy to identify once you've learned to listen. The cry of a plover, the trill of a wren, the shrill piping of an oriole, the beautiful, liquid song of the brown thrasher. Some birds tell you their name; among these are the pewee, the phoebe, the jay, the chickadee, the bobolink.

Flight is another distinguishing feature with which you will become familiar. The goldfinch has a distinctive undulating flight that can be recognized at a distance. The swooping of a swallow, the bounding flight of a woodpecker, the flitting, quick dash of the flycatchers, the fluttering and diving of a nighthawk—they're all easy to pick out. If you see a bird running up and down a tree exploring the crevices, chances are it's a nuthatch, a creeper or a warbler. A bird hanging upside down from a twig is probably a chickadee. A bird walking along the ground is most likely one of the thrush or blackbird family. You'll be amazed at how exciting this bird game can be.

You're mooching along a wooded slope. You hear a shrill piping call ahead that sounds like "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher." You freeze, get a bead on where the sound has been coming from and move cautiously toward it. Your eyes explore every moving leaf above and on the ground. The song comes to you again, this time closer. It seems to issue from that silver birch. You catch sight of a bird dropping from the branches to the ground. You move up slowly, half crouched, carefully choosing your footsteps on stones, grass, moss. You can hear the bird

rustling in the leaves ahead. The sun's behind you. It should give you good lighting. You finger your binoculars impatiently.

Then you catch sight of a graceful little brownish bird running along a mossy log. Your fingers are automatically focusing your binoculars as you raise them cautiously to your eyes. There is a rapid fluttering. Your binoculars and your heart drop together. The bird is gone!

Again comes the call, "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher." You start all over again, doubling your caution. You cross a little spring, ease yourself over a fallen pine. A mosquito spears your neck. You try to swat it *slowly!* Again there's a secret rustling in the leaves ahead. For the second time you see your quarry—about 15 feet off. He raises his head quickly. You whisper a supplication for him to stay where he is—just a moment, please!

With your glasses to your eyes, you're in for some excitement. You've never seen this one before! What is it? About the size of an English sparrow, only more slender. Olive brown above. White below, striped with dark brown on the breast and sides of abdomen. It moves along the log. It walks, instead of hopping like a sparrow. It has pale pinkish legs. It bobs its tail up and down. It turns its head toward you and you're treated to the sight of a jewel-like patch of orange in the centre of the crown, edged on each side by a narrow black line.

You watch, enraptured. When he moves off down a little gully, you hike for the open road, sit down on a rock, pull out your guide, and start the search for his name.

This part of the game isn't as tough as you think. If you know your bird pictures fairly well, you've already narrowed the possibilities down. Otherwise you start the process of elimination. If you're not a downright Mortimer Snerd, you'll know it wasn't a heron, hawk, duck, gull, parrot, pelican, albatross, flamingo or ostrich. You'll soon find yourself browsing among the Order of Perchers. You'll probably find yourself by mistake among the thrushes, but your guide will steer you off that and you'll eventually narrow it down to an ovenbird, so named because it builds its nest on the ground and leaves it open at one side like a Dutch oven. Well, well! An ovenbird! You feel good.

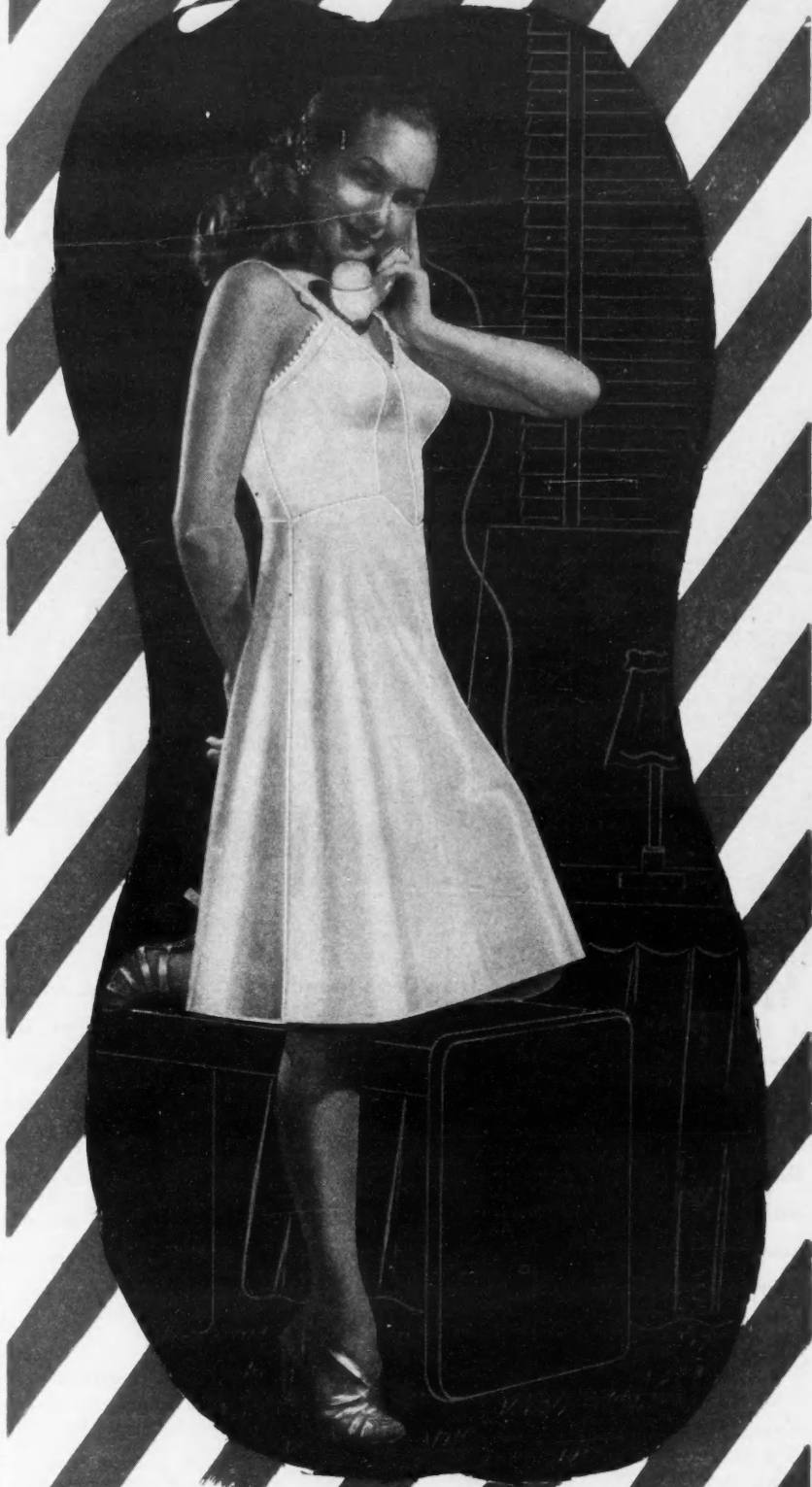
It's not always like that. Sometimes, especially during migration, you'll get in a certain thicket and, without moving an inch, spot so many spectacularly colored, darting little birds that half the day will slip by without your being more than vaguely aware of it.

You'll begin to learn something about the scientific classification of birds. The system in use today was originated by Linnaeus, the Swedish botanist, in 1758, and has been followed by zoologists ever since. The whole idea is tied up with evolution, but we don't need to go into that here. The point is that all the birds, Class Aves, in the world are divided into a number of large groups called Orders, Orders are divided into Families, Families into Genera, and Genera into Species. The smallest division generally accepted is the species. To you this simply means the "kind" of bird. A robin is one species, and a

• Continued on page 92

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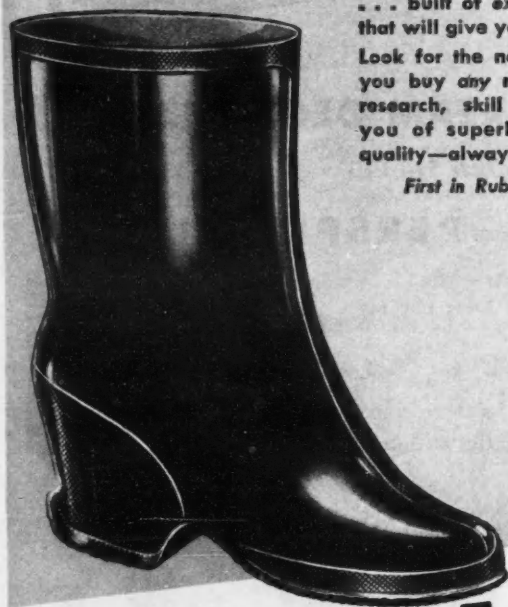
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B.F. Goodrich FOOTWEAR

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Try Birding

Continued from page 25

and sufficient magnification for most purposes.

There are all kinds of good bird guides on the market, slanted to every major ornithological area. These books are edited for the convenience of the amateur, giving a brief description of the bird as it appears in the field, its habitat, its song, range, nesting habits and the size and coloration of eggs. The bird watcher's Bible is Roger Tory Peterson's "Field Guide to the Birds." I have made good use of the two books by Percy A. Taverner: "Canadian Land Birds," and "Canadian Water Birds, Game Birds and Birds of Prey East of the Rockies." Chester A. Reed's two pocket guides are also valuable, and there are many others.

Now, where were we?

You are out of the house, with your bird guide and binoculars carefully concealed, because ordinary people like milkmen and policemen are liable to think you a bit wacky if they suspect what you're about.

You head for the nearest bit of open land. And don't get the idea that you have to go miles away. You'll find that city parks, ravines, cemeteries, even a wooded slope behind your own back garden, will provide a surprising number of wild birds once you're on the lookout for them.

Now you just prowl along. But you learn to prowl a certain way. You don't worry about how far you go, but how well you cover the ground. You get used to detecting quick movements among the leaves of trees, against the sky, along the edge of the road in the deep grass, along telephone wires. You develop a sense of where to look for certain types of birds: Sparrows (and I don't mean the English sparrow, which is neither English nor a sparrow, but a weaver finch, belonging to a group originating in Africa) in fields and along the roadside; plovers in pastures and plowed land and along beaches; thrushes in deep shady woods; sandpipers along the shores of streams.

You don't make any sudden motions. You move as if you were under water. When you spot a bird, you raise your binoculars slowly. You'll be surprised at how close you can get to most birds if you take it easy. Walk quietly and smoothly. Keep off dead leaves and twigs. Sometimes you'll do best by standing still.

AT FIRST you may be baffled by the enormous variety of birds. But you'll soon learn to delegate them to certain large groups; such as warblers and vireos, flycatchers, thrushes, creepers, wrens. Many birds practically identify themselves: the cardinal, all red with a topknot and a black splash around the beak; the scarlet tanager, red with black wings and no topknot; the flicker, catbird, oriole.

The person with a slight rough-and-ready acquaintance with birds has less trouble than the one who gives them a little study. To him there are black-birds, gulls, "canaries" (usually every yellow bird is a "canary"), hawks, and so on.

But the real student! A hawk! It's like telling a baseball fan you saw a baseball game, but you don't know who

They pass the word along...



and the
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ENTHUSIASM about Tampax is likely to be contagious. A surprised and delighted new user tells a friend, and the friend tells a friend, and on goes the word about Tampax monthly sanitary protection. So much *can* be said, such as "you feel so free"—"no belts and outside pads"—"no odor"—"no chafing"—"no bulges or edge-lines"—"and you can wear it in tub or shower."

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Are you in the know?



What's best for keeping earrings bright?

- ☐ Colourless nail polish
- ☐ Ammonia and water
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They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earlobes to a thin coating of colourless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time safeguard your daintiness with the additional protection of Quest, the powder deodorant specifically developed for sanitary napkins. Quest absorbs moisture and destroys odour completely. Its soft silk texture prevents chafing too. Large size 35c.



A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's

- ☐ Wedded to flat heel shoes
- ☐ A frilly dilly
- ☐ Posture perfect

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun fussy, frilly clothes. Above all, never be a stoop droop. You'll look smoothest if you're posture perfect. Poise comes too when you rout the panicky little cares of problem days with the assured comfort of the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's so dainty, light and secure that there's never a hint to disclose your secret . . . never a doubt to disturb your assurance. Each 25c.



I Meant to Tell You

Continued from page 27

sympathy for him, till now. A guy's got a right to be a—misogynist, but what right's a misogynist getting married?"

"He couldn't help it," Karen said softly. "You see, he loves me. I was right about that, anyway! At first, I mean. Until tonight. I let him make me believe he didn't, tonight, when I walked out. But now . . . Oh, Jerry, look what time it is!"

"You're going back." He nodded lugubriously. "I would have to open my big mouth! Not that I'd have had a chance anyway—never anybody but David for you. Darned fool ought to know that! Smarter than I thought, though; he knew I was falling for you—and I didn't know it until now."

"Oh, Jerry—"

"It's all right," he said magnanimously. "You go on back to David and be happy. I'll take you back, and you let him think you were just walking—don't ever let him know you were here. You've got to be very careful until he learns to trust you—" He broke off to listen. "Somebody coming," he whispered. "Guy across the hall, I bet. Gosh, we can't have anyone finding you here! That would finish old Dave—end everything." He raised the window. "The fire escape is the only place for you. If that's Pete—and I don't know who else it could be at this hour—he will be all over the place." He lifted her across the sill. "It's still raining, darn it. You'll get wet again. Lordy, will I ever be glad to get you home again!"

"And that goes double!" Karen whispered back. She sat down on the edge of the landing to pull her shoes on, feverish with dread that someone would see her, knowing exactly now how David would take it if he knew her whereabouts. She hadn't been thinking clearly—she hadn't been thinking at all—when she had come home with Jerry, but even if she had been it would have made little difference, so convinced had she been that what she did meant nothing to David. Now it was different. She had everything to lose if she were caught crouching on a fire escape outside Jerry's apartment.

And then, as if her very dread had materialized, a black silhouette appeared against the yellow rectangle that was the window below, the sash was raised, and a man stepped through. She saw his face clearly for a moment as it was raised to hers and in the same instant she threw herself backward, pressing against the wall. Then he had both feet on the landing and, evidently too intent on hiding his own identity to be interested in hers, was running down, lithe as a cat. His eyes had been catlike too. She was never to forget that face, swarthy, feral, highlighted with rain.

She simply could not stay there, and the voices inside went on and on. One—no doubt the Pete that Jerry had mentioned—came dangerously close, protesting that the room was muggy, ridiculing the idea of a fire in July, and she heard Jerry say, with painstaking distinctness, "I told you I got wet and caught a chill, fool! I do not want the window opened."

Whether he'd meant to warn her or not, she couldn't stay there. She started down, still a little dizzy and shaky from her fright and sick at her

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ Try it anyway
- ☐ Say your feet hurt
- ☐ 'Fess up frankly

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jit-bug's "shine"? If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. You'll save face—and your partner's feet. Droons rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one

fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. So, even in your dreamiest dancing dress, Kotex prevents revealing outlines!



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ Take the cake
- ☐ Apply lemon juice
- ☐ Wear a dotted veil

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (makeup, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You can stay comfortable, serene, with Kotex—the napkin that's made to stay soft while wearing. Just see how much longer that softness lasts!

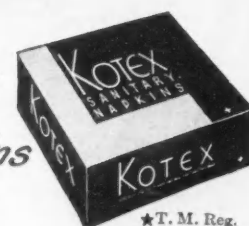


How would you give your order?

- ☐ To the waiter
- ☐ To your escort
- ☐ Let your date choose your dinner

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive safety centre that gives you plus protection, keeps you extra safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins



*T. M. Reg.

Head of the Class



MOPPETS will strut happily in these brand-new togs when the school bell rings! The five styles shown are the pretty, practical kind that children love wearing, very simple to make and so easy to care for. With chilly days not far off, it's a wise idea to choose fabrics for changing weather: rayons, or good-weight seersucker for early, warm, fall days, and for the cold months, the same styles will be lovely in corduroys, woollen jerseys or lightweight woollens. Keep colors gay and bright, but not too light! Bright blues, reds, good greens and tans with little novelty buttons or gay trim stand up best for everyday school wear.

Sizes six to fourteen, Number 1732, is an easily made little dirndl skirt with a very handy big patch pocket. Little girls always look well dressed in skirts and fresh blouses!

Sizes six to fourteen, Number 1699, is a simply made little dress with braid trim at the pockets and sleeves. For bright color, try matching the buttons and braid!

Sizes one to seven, Number 1734, is a child's or girl's lumber jacket—the waistband style so good on young figures. The little box-pleated skirt has suspender straps.

Sizes one to ten, Number 1731, is the same style as Number 1734, but buttoned on the right side for little boys. Either suspenders or belt may be used with the long cuffed trousers.

Sizes six to fourteen, Number 1733, a long-sleeved, yoked blouse would be nice in voile now, and in jersey for cold days.

Sizes four to fourteen, Number 1703, is a button-down-front-the dress with tie bows at each side of the waist. White collars and cuffs give a crisp touch.



1699 Simplicity 1703



LENNARD'S Figure Flattery

Cuddling your curves
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LENNARD'S knitted
undergarments are fashioned
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with warmth! Light and
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a frosty weather luxury.

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tiny tots — they too
should have the
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would be natural for him to be uneasy about her even if he hadn't seen her last sitting on his fire escape, even if there'd been only David's call to alarm him. But, she thought, it would be better if he appeared unconcerned to David. David would have to be handled, oh, so carefully if they weren't to lose the first real happiness they'd known. He couldn't help it, poor dear. It really amounted to a psychosis, she thought, sombrely, and that, to her, was something like a broken arm. She'd nurse him, love him back to health, and she wouldn't let his sarcastic remarks about noble little helpmeets make any difference to her, so there!

He was gone so long that she got up, found her prettiest negligee and ran downstairs in a swirl of eggshell nylon and lace. He met her at the foot of the stairs, and the sight of his face made her stomach squeeze itself into a tight knot. But it wasn't Jerry.

"Looks like you'll have a trip, anyway, if you want it," he said harshly. "But it won't be a vacation and it certainly won't be fun. That was long-distance, from the school. Margie's in the hospital with a broken leg and they don't know what else. She slipped out and went riding—with a married man; they had an accident. I thought if I spent enough money on her I could keep her from turning out like . . ."

"David!" She put her arms up as he came up the steps to her, tried to pull his face down to hers, but he seemed not to feel her hands behind his head. "David, I won't let you look like that!" No, that was wrong. "David, darling, she's just a little girl. She's lonely, I know she is! Maybe she's homesick. Darling, little girls need someone to love them—she should have been here with us. She's your daughter . . ." That was unwise, too. She added, swiftly, "And I've never even seen her! I wouldn't know her if I did!"

He looked over the banister, down through the living room door. "You'd know her," he said heavily. "She looks exactly like her mother."

"You needn't go," he said as she followed him back into the bedroom. "It's very uncomfortable travelling now, you know. You'd be much more comfortable here—Jerry will be running in and out . . ."

He dragged a bag from the closet shelf without a glance at her stricken face, said, "I called Jerry. He can handle most of my work. They will manage and I'll get back as soon as I can. Heaven only knows what I can do, but I'll have to go. The school is finished with her."

"Poor kid." His face was thunderous, but she went on bravely. "We will bring her home with us, of course. We'll need the suitcase, too, David. Get it down, please?"

He looked at her a long moment before his face began to soften. Then, "Okay, if you want to tag along." He opened his arms. "That's an alluring outfit you're wearing, Mrs. Carter."

"That's the general idea, Mr. Carter," she murmured, and pressed herself hard against him to keep from trembling. Only a little while ago, when David had opened his arms to her down in the hall, she had thought she'd reached the pinnacle of happiness. But she hadn't. She'd only found a foothold. She had a hard climb ahead of her. But it was worth it.

✦ Continued on page 39

Men Do Not Forget



What makes the perfect Lipstick...

Is it shade—texture? Is it because it
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It can only be the perfect lipstick for you if its shade is most flattering to you; to be perfect, a lipstick must be creamy smooth, easily applied, not drying or smeary. Above all, the perfect lipstick must stay on (and lips stay lovely) when you eat, drink or kiss, if used as directed.

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HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

stomach at having been a witness to what was so evidently the end of a sordid furtive rendezvous—somehow she was sure that the man had not been a burglar. The still-lighted window, for one thing; but her conviction did not come from reasoning. There was a feeling in the air of evil that was older than money—or could it be that she remembered it that way now because she had since learned what lay behind that lighted window?

No, she'd felt it then, a presentiment touched with panic, but she'd attributed it to her growing fear of being seen. She flattened herself against the building at the mouth of the alley until she had reassured herself that the sidewalks were deserted; then, against her better judgment, she began to run.

She had a little over two miles to go and the pain in her side slowed her to a walk after three blocks, but she still hurried. She was fortunate—the few glances she encountered were more sympathetic than curious. Anyone would hurry to get out of the rain. Her wartime formal was knee length, full skirted, and her hair, short and naturally curly, refused to be subdued by the weather. She pictured herself, wild-eyed, lank hair streaming about a white face, a Bronte character herself, and giggled even as a shop window reassured her. There was, however, a hysterical quality about her giggle and the nightmare feeling of danger behind her, of racing hopelessly for sanctuary, remained.

So strong was it and so overwrought was she that when she finally entered the haven of the front hall she went into David's arms as naturally as a frightened child, and, as if she were one, they closed comfortingly about her and she knew that she was home to stay.

Jerry had been right; David loved her. His anxiety and relief showed in his unaccustomed tenderness but, David-like, he did not acknowledge that he was at fault in any other way.

"I ought to spank you," he said at last, holding her away to look at her. "You nearly scared me to death."

It was enough. Her heart was singing and her exhaustion seemed stripped from her with the soaked dress that David was removing.

"But I thought," she said demurely, standing on one foot obediently for him to get her shoes off, "that you didn't care what I did."

Characteristically, he ignored it. "I was sure, at first, that you had run after Jerry—or had gone somewhere and called him," he grumbled. "Then I noticed your evening bag—and finally went through your things and saw that you hadn't even taken a compact. I knew you wouldn't go out for the evening with no way to powder your nose and at last I called Jerry."

"You—called Jerry?"

"About an hour ago." He draped the wet dress grotesquely over the hatrack. "You sure ruined that dress, and it might interest you to know that we can't afford another," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, we really couldn't afford that one."

"We"—he'd said "we." "David!" She buried her face on his shoulder and his hands slipped down from her bare shoulders.

"You're wet all through! You'll land in the hospital, that's what you'll do!"

He picked her up and she lay, weak with happiness, in his arms. "No, I

won't. I won't be sick," she whispered. "Nothing can hurt me now."

"When Jerry said he hadn't seen you since he left here," he began, carrying her up the broad stairs, and broke off to bury his face in her hair. "Darling, I've been through hell in the last hour. Don't ever run away from me again! I didn't even know where to look for you. I almost called the police."

An hour ago. She would have been on the fire escape then, still, she thought. Even if she could bring herself to tell David about that now, how could she explain Jerry's lie? David would believe neither of them. She had no choice. And it wasn't as if there were anything to tell, really.

"I was—just walking," she said faintly. And then, "If you told Jerry I was missing hadn't you better call and tell him I'm home?"

"After I get you to bed." He let her slide to her feet on the bedroom rug, took her wet underclothes and stockings into the bathroom and returned with a big towel. When, tingling and warm, she was under the sheets he leaned over, a hand on either side of her, to kiss her. "I'll go call him now," he said. "I owe him something for not being out with you! He sounded about half shot when I was talking to him, but could be he's worried—the bum!" He put his face down on the pillow beside hers.

"I thought you were going?" she whispered, heavy-lidded, drugged with his kiss.

"I am, I am! Don't rush me." He sat up again, looking down at her. "I wish I could call him and ask him to take over my work for a while—he could probably manage it," he said. "We never had a honeymoon. I'd like to take you places..."

She lifted bare arms to pull him down beside her again. "You're sweet, David," she whispered. And, presently, "Do you know what I'd really like to do, if we had a vacation? I'd like to go camping, to spend a week or two just lying on the grass in the sun, picking blueberries off those little low bushes and pouring them into my mouth... and don't tell me to call the grocer and order a quart of berries!"

He was staring at her, unsmiling. "You're kidding," he said. "You wouldn't like that."

"David, I would! And then I'd like to come back here and let the maid go—Ellen's going anyway, by the way—and run the house myself, make pies for you, and"—she took a deep breath—"have Margie home."

He took her arms from his shoulders and put them under the sheet. "You don't have to start playing the noble little helpmate, just because I said I can't afford another dress like the one you wrecked, right now. That high-toned school and this house keep my nose pretty close to the grindstone, but I always have managed."

There was no upstairs extension—one of the things he hadn't managed. Karen frowned, remembering other little indications that she hadn't interpreted correctly. She could have helped, in a thousand ways, if she'd known, before—but she'd never had the faintest idea as to the amount of David's income.

She heard the telephone in the study ring before he reached it and hoped that Jerry hadn't called just as David was going to call him. He must be wondering if she had reached home; it

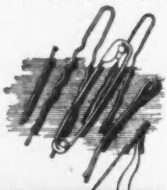
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Karen was overwhelmed with tender-
ness at her first sight of David's daugh-
ter, although she looked, as David had
said, exactly like her mother. She was a
younger, softer replica of the drawing-
room portrait, but she looked so little
and alone, lying there in the high, white
hospital bed, obviously frightened under
her sullen, defiant manner, that Karen's
heart opened to her at once.

She had no fault to find with David's
manner toward the girl, especially during
the first few days when they were not
sure just how badly she was injured.
David was cold, but gentle, and he saw
that Margie had the best of care. It was
when he and Karen were alone, away
from the hospital, when she looked in
vain for the tenderness he'd shown just
once, that she was forced to realize that
Margie's escapade had closed about
him again his hateful, hurtful shell.

Most times she thought of it as scar
tissue and tried to be as patient with
him as she was with Margie. This time
she was driven to retaliation.

From across their hotel room she
asked, with acid sweetness, "Do you
suppose there could be something
wrong with your glands to make you feel
about women the way you do?" And
then, as David swung around to stare at
her, outraged, she added, "Well, I don't
care! You talk like a senile old man..."
She shut her eyes tightly to keep the
tears back, then she heard David begin
to laugh.

"Come here!"
"No! You've treated me all evening
as if I were something you picked up
on the street and couldn't get rid of..."
"Come here."

In his arms she hid her face against his
neck. He was laughing at her, his
fingers hurting her chin as they lifted.
She wanted to tell him that there was
more than one way of remaining faithful
to a woman's memory, that he was
letting Sheila dictate his life as surely as
if she were still alive and he her adoring
slave; all she could say was, "David, it
isn't enough!" as he kissed her.

He stopped laughing. "We will have
the vacation you wanted. Next summer.
I promise. We'll go camping, just us..."
"The three of us." She met his eyes
steadily.

"All right," he said, at last. "Any-
thing you say."

More than a toehold, she thought,
gazing wide-eyed but soberly content
into the warm dark when David slept
beside her. They'd never been so close
before, and, though she'd learned enough
by now to know it wouldn't always be
like this, she knew, too, that she had
gone a long way toward the goal she'd
set for herself.

She'd never have a better chance than
she had right now, with David removed
from the place where he'd been so
bitterly unhappy with Sheila, with
Margie lonely and helpless... She went
to sleep.

It was the next afternoon that David
left her at the hospital and went to
call his office to find out how things were
going. Karen was still, after a week,
trying to break down the younger girl's
sullen indifference with her genuine
friendliness and meeting with little
success. On the surface Margie seemed
to dislike, even despise, both herself and
David, and sometimes Karen wondered
if she imagined the wanting-to-be-loved
that lay beneath that surface. What if
she failed to win Margie over? What if

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Teen-agers Love These



HERE'S a fall wardrobe for young fashionettes who sew their own because they prefer choosing their own colors and materials. It's an all-purpose collection, the practical school-and-date kind which the teen-agers have told us they want. If you choose your colors with a knowing eye, these five styles can be switched around to give you several *different* outfits. If your basic color is, let's say, brown, with one blouse in green, another in yellow . . . or your basic color blue, with blouses of rose and yellow, you'll have a complete and smart line-up of good-looking blendables!

Here's the jumper, Number 1736, so important for teen-agers. See how the tucked shoulders are widened for a nice line over the pushup sleeves.

Suit coats are longer, pockets are larger. Number 1715 gives you all the new suit details in the four-button, soft-collared coat, and front-pleated slim skirt.

The tunic trend is worked out in Number 1721, a long-sleeved, deep-cuffed dress. It's two-piece, with the top fitting smoothly over a side-pleated skirt. Perfect for the new wide belts.

This slick date dress Number 1717 is sure-fire for wide glamour belts and your pet costume jewellery. The sleeves are very full, the armholes slightly deepened. You could make the belt in a darker or contrasting shade.

Push up your sleeves, and turn up your collar! Number 1716, is the shortie coat you'll wear for every occasion . . . with sweater and skirt or slacks and shirt!

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 40



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Muted lights... a gleaming table... and deep pride in a woman's eyes. That is gracious hospitality with the beauty of 1847 Rogers Bros! See these artistic, quality-rich patterns at your dealer's. There's such distinctive craftsmanship in every one... *extra* height and depth of ornament you'll find in no other silverplate. Always look for the year mark "1847" on the back.

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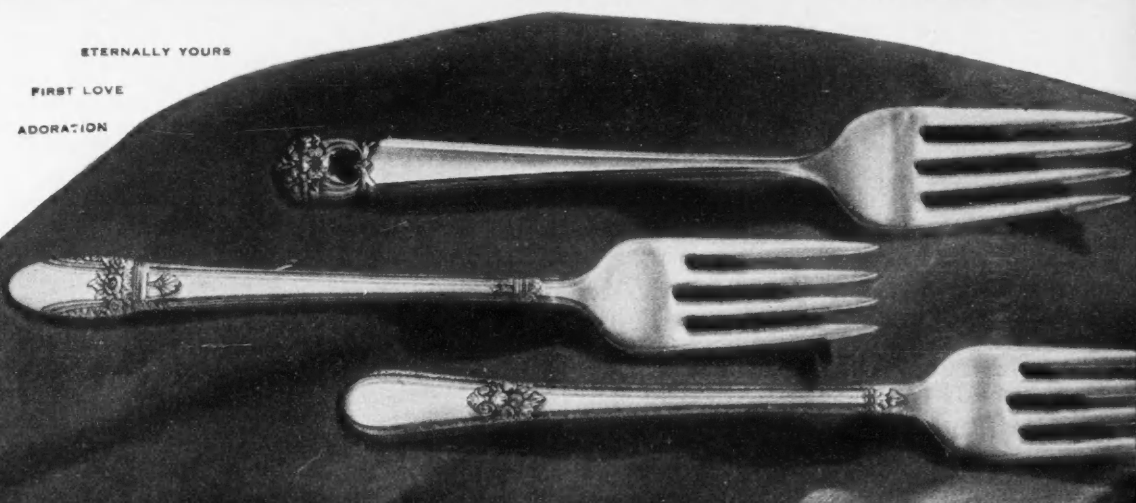
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Even Venus couldn't get away with that!

To stay on her pedestal, a goddess should stay nice to be near!

SURE, your beauty will get a lift from that fragrant bubble bath! But what's to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

It's as simple as this: Mum's the word for lasting charm. Your bath washes away past perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of future underarm odor.



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With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

Half a minute with Mum and you're protected, all day or evening. Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate skin or injure fabrics. And it won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Gentle Mum smooths on easily even after you're dressed. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Margie didn't want to go home with them? She refused to think of it. She had lots of time. They'd learned, by now, that the broken leg was the worst of Margie's injuries, but, even so, it would be weeks before she was able to be up, longer still before she dared travel.

She looked up from "Janie," thinking what a fool she'd been to choose that to read to Margie; no wonder the kid didn't laugh at the funny spots—no doubt it made her wonder how it would seem to live in a normal home such as Janie's—as David came in.

"Why the beetling brow?" she asked lightly, still a little effervescent with last night's happiness. "Anything wrong at home?"

"I'll say there is. Jerry's in a kind of jam—anyway he's quitting. I've got to get back right away—catch the three-twenty, in fact." He bent over the bed. "They'll take care of you okay, kid," he said awkwardly. "You'll have to stay here quite a while yet. I'll be back to see about bailing you out. So long."

Karen, watching, saw Margie try and fail to smile, saw her lips quiver. She wasn't imagining that, nor the forlorn catch in her voice when she said, "Good-by, daddy." Margie would no doubt be furious and humiliated if she knew that be-good-to-me-and-I'll-be-good look was on her white pinched face, but Karen saw it. "Good-by," Margie turned to her. "Good-by, Karen. You'll have to hurry, won't you?"

"Not me." Karen settled back in the ancient rocker with her book. "Your father can pack faster without me, and I don't have to pack. I'm going to stay here until you're well enough to come home."

David turned in the doorway to stare at her, then came back to kiss her. "Okay. Suit yourself," was all he said. It was impossible to tell how he felt about it and for a moment she almost weakened and followed him out. What if she lost all she'd gained, sending him away alone like that? Maybe absence made the heart grow fonder, and maybe it didn't. She'd been quick-thinking enough, back there, to catch herself before she asked the questions about Jerry that crowded to her lips. Natural enough questions, but she had to be so careful, so wise, with David. Maybe she wasn't being so smart, now.

"Karen," Margie's voice was small and her eyes had lost a little of their sullen wariness, "did you say—am I going home with you?"

"Don't you want to?"

"I guess so. Only—I didn't know—"

what I was going to do. He—daddy didn't tell me—did the old battle-axe really kick me out?"

"Of the school? Could you blame her?" Karen asked mildly, then grinned cheerfully. She certainly wasn't going to pull any stern parent act with Margie. "She couldn't have you corrupting her elite darlings, could she?"

Margie said, "Those dopes!" and Karen laughed. "Well, you needn't go back. Your father took care of everything except your packing. I can go over and do that any time, if you don't care to do it yourself. When you're able we will go home and you can go to high school—that's lots more fun."

Margie's voice was still smaller. Karen had to lean toward the bed to hear her. "He—daddy—doesn't want me home. He never did. When I was too little to be sent away I was kept stuck away upstairs with a putrid old nurse, sent out for walks in the park... I hardly knew my mother. She was so pretty and gay... I guess he didn't want to share her with me... maybe she didn't want to be bothered with me, I don't know... he's got a nerve, hating me because I want to have a little fun myself, now. He never cared what I did, as long as I didn't bother him."

"He cared," Karen said slowly. That had taken some doing, keeping the child away from Sheila, letting her remember her mother as "pretty and gay"—not that Sheila would have cared. Adding up the bits of knowledge she had about Sheila, Karen was sure that she wouldn't have wanted the girl around, making her look older, getting in the way. It kept him broke, Jerry had said, but it had cost him much more than money. All those years. Somehow, she hadn't quite realized, until now, just what David had gone through. No wonder it had warped him a little!

"I think he was more concerned with your mother because she wasn't very strong," she said, carefully, to Margie. "And since she died... well, you remind him of her too much, don't you see?"

"No, I don't," Margie said stubbornly. "He forgot about her quick enough when he met you!"

Karen drew a deep breath. "No, he didn't," she said quietly. "He never forgets her."

She opened her bag, got out her cigarette case, keeping her eyes on what she was doing. Maybe she was wrong, telling Margie only part of the truth, but she couldn't tell her all of it and undo all

+ Continued on page 79

Pattern Descriptions

1736—Teen-age "Simple to Make" one-piece jumper and blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12, Blouse: 1½ of 35 inch; 1½ of 39 inch or 41 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Jumper: 2½ of 35 inch with or without nap; 2½ of 39 inch or 41 inch. Belt: 6 inches by 50 inches of felt. Price, 20 cents.

1715—Misses' and women's suit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 4½ of 35 inch; 3¼ of 54 inch with or without nap. Price, 25 cents.

1721—Misses' and women's two-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: Top: 2¼ of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Skirt: 2½ of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 1¼ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1717—Misses' and women's one-piece dress with slightly lowered armhole and belt in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4½ of 35 inch; 4 of 39 inch; 3¾ of 41 inch; 2¾ of 54 inch. Belt: ¾ of 35 inch or 39 inch; ¼ of 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1716—Misses' and women's coat with slightly lowered armhole in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3¾ of 35 inch with or without nap; 3¼ of 39 inch; 2½ of 50 inch with or without nap. Lining: 2½ of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1734—Children's and girls' lumber jacket and suspender skirt in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Size 4, Jacket: 1¼ of 35 inch or ¾ of 54 inch plaid material. Skirt: 1¼ of 35 inch; ¾ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1731—Boys' lumber jacket and long trousers in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10. Size 5, Jacket: 1½ of 35 inch or ¾ of 54 inch plaid material. Trousers: 1¼ of 35 inch with or without nap; 1 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1733—Children's and girls' "Simple to Make" blouse in sizes 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 1½ of 35 inch or 1¼ of 39 inch lengthwise striped material. Collar and ruffle: ¼ of 35 inch or 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1732—Children's and girls' "Simple to Make" skirt in sizes 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 1½ of 35 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1699—Children's and girls' "Simple to Make" one-piece dress in sizes 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 2½ of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 2¼ of 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1703—Children's and girls' one-piece dress in sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: 2½ of 35 inch with or without nap; 2½ of 39 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Collar and cuffs: ¾ of 35 inch or 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Three popular Hollywood stars . . . a redhead, a blonde and a brunette . . . tell the secret of color harmony and make-up, each in relation to her special type of beauty.



Angela Lansbury, featured in "Till The Clouds Roll By."



Marsha Hunt now playing in "A Letter For Evie."

MARSHA HUNT, patrician brunette with a pencil-slim shape, is the sort of girl you might see at a country club dance in your own home town—with the stag line acting as guard of honor. Her smooth olive skin and deep blue eyes need very little make-up—she uses only lip coloring, eye shadow and mascara. The shade of her lipstick depends on her costume. Her favorite colors are easter egg purple and red—

with these she wears dark lipstick with a definite blue undertone.

If you look closely you'll see that Marsha has a high, intellectual forehead which she offsets by an artfully designed hair-do built out at the sides. This foreshortens her face and makes it appear the ideal oval shape.

Her great hobby is a collection of intriguing earrings to enhance her rather exotic charm.



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Wonderful what a difference a few step-savers make in your kitchen life! For instance, the primp-up shelf and mirror (so you won't have to go upstairs for a last reassuring look) . . . the conveniently low counter for dumping groceries and storing the family market wagon . . . the really big reminder board — are all housekeeper's helpers. But the greatest service lies in the color-bright Gold Seal Congoleum rug! Nothing can beat it for ease-of-cleaning . . . dollar-saving economy . . . and heavy traffic durability. For Gold Seal Congoleum is built to last! It has a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand. So, be sure to look for the familiar Gold Seal before you buy. You'll be surprised how much quality you can buy for so little money.





Fresh vegetable combinations, frosty fruit plates: what good eating! Of course, the dressing has most to do with their success, so serve them with Miracle Whip!

Baskets full of health!

Serve a zesty salad daily with

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip



No other salad dressing has the just-right flavour, the satiny smoothness, you get in Miracle Whip. Made by a secret recipe, in Kraft's own patented beater, Miracle Whip combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.

To make your nutritious salads taste their very best, top 'em off with Canada's favourite—the one and only Miracle Whip. It's the most popular salad dressing ever created.



STILL—ONLY LIMITED AMOUNTS of Kraft Mayonnaise can be made, because of government restrictions. We're sorry if you have trouble finding it.



Lucille Ball, who has her latest role in "Easy To Wed."

Technicolor Types

by ADELE WHITE

LUCILLE BALL, M-G-M's dynamic redhead, is a shining example of how to make the most of flaming tresses. When she appears in "glorious technicolor," her vivid coloring rivals the sharp blues and lush greens of the scenery.

"But—being a redhead isn't all strawberries and cream," says Lucille. "Like a rose or a tulip we're apt to be overshadowed by our topknots. Too little make-up fades out our faces—makes them seem wishy-washy and without character. On the other hand, too much make-up makes a girl look as though she'd been in circulation just a mite too long."

Lucille listens carefully to the advice of Jack Dawn, one of Hollywood's beauty experts. He warns against shades of rouge and lipstick with any suggestion of blue or purple undertones. The ideal make-up for redheads with creamy white skin is a light peach foundation and powder; rouge and lipstick with a distinct orange cast.

Lucille, like most of us, has her own particular skin problems. "My face is very sensitive. I always start off my make-up routine with a thin film of skin cream and I use foundation with a cream base. The shade of my lipstick varies with the colors I'm wearing in my costume. I have a perfect yen for all pastel shades, and with them I wear a clear sharp red. But for hennas and browns I follow Jack's advice and choose orange mouth make-up."

Contrary to the traditional taboo for carrot tops, Lucille takes to bright pink costumes like a kitten with cream. She says paradise pink and strawberry hair make a startling combination—but fun!

A PERFECT Nordic type is Angela Lansbury, English-born actress, who now has her place among the stars.

Five-feet-seven in height, she tips the scales at 130 pounds, which is a little on the plump side for Hollywood types. To offset a round face she wears her hair piled high on top of her head and keeps it in shining, lustrous condition to give off golden lights and blend with her pink and white complexion. According to Angela, blond hair can look as drab as last week's mustard unless it is frequently and expertly shampooed; or it can look as dry and lifeless as a haystack if it is constantly bleached with harmful concoctions. "The right kind of hair rinse following a once-a-week washing is the important aid for blondes," she says.

Make-up for white complexion should be on the rosy shade; a delicate coral foundation and face powder, and pinkish red lip coloring. She uses no rouge. Very little make-up is needed to enhance her cornflower blue eyes—just a touch of grey eye shadow for daytime and turquoise blue for evenings. Her eyebrows are so light they would look nonexistent unless she touched them up with light brown mascara. But, instead of drawing a straight line with an eyebrow pencil, she makes the added color seem natural by using short strokes with a small brush to darken each hair individually. Angela protects her face against sun, wind and weather by plenty of rich skin food. She uses soap at nights and creams during the day.

Her favorite costume colors for autumn are honey-beige, grey, navy and black with touches of white or turquoise blue accessories. She avoids yellow because it clashes with her hair.

better warn you I'm the susceptible type." He'd smiled engagingly. "It's part of my cockeyed charm."

Maybe Claire knew him even better than she did.

But before Nora could make any answer, Kim's key turned in the lock, and he walked in.

He surveyed the little tableau in the hall. "What makes?"

Nora was surprised at her own calmness. "I was just telling Claire that I won't be able to go to the luncheon, after all."

Claire said nothing.

"Well, hey!" Kim protested. "What's this?"

"Do you want your friends seeing me looking as though I'd just fallen off a broomstick?" Nora asked lightly. "If I'm to do you proud at the dinner tonight I'll have to have my hair set."

"Oh." Kim looked dubious. Or—relieved?

Nora wondered.

She waited till Kim and Claire had left, still protesting faintly at her desertion. Then, a grim look about her mouth, she pulled the telephone toward her and dialed.

"Powder Box? Let me talk to Jean—the little one—the one who smiles all the time."

NORA SPENT a busy afternoon, and when she finished she didn't go home. She went instead to her sister's apartment. Lucille was away on her vacation, but Nora had the key.

She deliberately waited till late that afternoon, when she was sure Claire and Kim had changed and were ready to leave for the dinner, before she phoned her own apartment.

"Where in—where are you?" Kim shouted. "We've been waiting for—"

"Darling, I'm sorry." Nora felt very Machiavellian. "I'm at Lucille's. The decorator delayed me."

"Well, wait there then, and we'll pick you up."

Nora had it all planned. "No, you and Claire go on. I'll take a cab over."

She finally shouted down Kim's protests. And then she dressed leisurely. When she was finished, she admired the result in the mirror on the closet door. She really looked superb, if she did say so herself. The beige crepe was skin-tight, and the golden leather belt made nothing of her waist.

And Jean had done a marvellous job. Hair, skin, eyes. Of course, nothing could be done about the nose. Nora surveyed that shallow, tip-tilted infantile member with the dissatisfaction she'd always reserved for it.

But the eyelashes were wonderful. They almost compensated for the nose. She only hoped they'd stay on. True, they made her feel as if she were peering through a hedge, but they certainly added a badly needed note of glamour.

He liked 'em big, brash, bold and indifferent, did he?

Nora sniffed. But she left in a glow, determined to make an Entrance.

The result was all she could have asked. Or, almost all. And only just at first, that is.

The dinner was over before she arrived, purposely late, and the orchestra was tuning up. Claire was standing in the middle of a little group, and Kim was at her right, beaming in a manner that Nora privately labelled revolting. But she forced herself to

smile coolly, until they looked up. Kim saw her first, where she was holding the pose at the top of a short flight of stairs.

Even from there she could hear him. "For Pete's sake!" he said.

Claire turned to look. Nora could see her eyes making rapid inventory. The "Kiss me, my fool" dress. The upswept hair. The baroque earrings, great gobs of gold.

Nora, her heart pounding, pleasurable thrills tattooing her spine, swept her phony eyelashes up and down in the manner she'd been practicing all afternoon.

There was a dazed look in Kim's eyes as he came forward. "What have you done to yourself, for Pete's sake?" But he was recovering rapidly. He smiled, and quoted, "Enter Adventure, heavily veiled!" And then he had to spoil the whole thing by adding, "Be darned if you don't look kind of cute, at that."

"I do not look cute!" Nora said frigidly. "I look world-weary."

"She looks world-weary," Kim explained solemnly to Claire.

There was a peculiar expression on Claire's face. But she said as if she meant it, "Darling, you look marvellous!"

It was very satisfactory. Nora couldn't have been happier.

But that was all. The triumph didn't last. Later, she thought it was a good thing she'd enjoyed her small sensation for that little while. For it wasn't very long before everything started going wrong.

It began with Kim.

"I've had a swell idea," he said. "I've asked Claire to stay on a few days, instead of dashing off tomorrow morning."

That was a brilliant idea. Nora wondered if he had any more. Maybe he'd like to saw off her right arm. This was another of the times when she longed to beat him with a stick. But what could you do? Opposition got you no place.

So she said, "Of course, Claire, do."

Claire was amused. "Well, then, I will," she said coolly.

THE EVENING went rapidly on from bad to worse. It went on to Mr. Pearson. He asked Nora to dance, though she wished she could run and hide. Not that he wasn't an old darling, but she'd seen him on the dance floor earlier. His gyrations were like nothing on earth. But he was, after all, Kim's boss. She couldn't refuse. She had to submit as gracefully as possible, watching with a sinking heart as Kim danced away with Claire.

Mr. Pearson's idea of the light fantastic was to hop very rapidly on alternate feet, sawing Nora's outstretched arm wildly the while. At intervals he cried "Hah!" Whether in satisfaction or pure astonishment at his own efforts, Nora didn't know.

"If this doesn't earn Kim a raise—" she kept thinking grimly.

After minutes, cons, Nora could feel her hair-do slipping its moorings. And there was something obscuring the vision of her left eye in a most annoying fashion. But she had no opportunity to investigate. She could only hang on to Mr. Pearson for dear life, and hope for the best. Maybe she could repair the damage later.

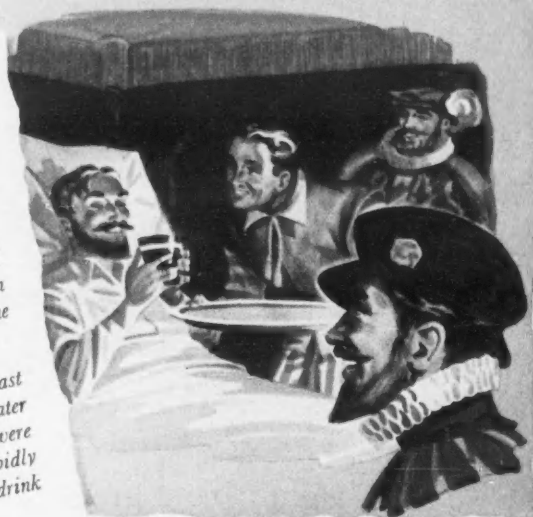
But of course the music stopped while



WHEN COFFEE WAS USED AS A MEDICINE

Coffee was introduced into Europe by Venetian traders about the year 1615. At first it was very expensive and used largely as a precious medicine. A writer of the period described it as "very good in illness, chiefly that of the stomach."

It was not until at least fifty or more years later that coffee houses were opened and coffee rapidly became a popular drink in Venice.



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Starlight Sorcery

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Patrice changes her fingertip make-up to harmonize with colorful, tangerine dinner slacks. Doing the "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss TROPICAL—leaving moons exposed—for a vivid, striking costume.

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Doing her fingertips the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" way, Patrice gives them a clean-cut, tailored look in keeping with her smart Adrian suit. She applies Dura-Gloss FLASH RED to her nails, leaving both moons and tips exposed.

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That Essential Ingredient

Continued from page 7

beat you often to keep you in line?"

"I never have to raise my voice," Kim said smugly.

Nora made a terrible effort. "Listen to him!" she said, dimpling.

She simply couldn't let them see what she was feeling. Even if she was tottering on the brink of disaster, she'd go down gallantly, all flags waving, a smile on her lips.

"Me and Pagliacci," she marvelled.

It was the flippancy of utter despair. You get like this, she discovered, when you just can't take any more, when the future never looked blacker. You laughed because you must not cry.

She must have been successful, for the others seemed to notice nothing amiss. This was the damndest triangle that Nora had ever heard of. She liked Claire, if you could imagine it. That was what made it so hard. You'd know how to fight someone you hated. But it was impossible to help liking Claire. Her brash way of talking, her unforced good humor, the mischievous way she was poking fun at her own importance—no wonder Kim was hanging on her every word!

Nora knew real menace when she saw it. Claire was far more to be feared than any obvious, undulating Hollywood femme fatale in black satin, diamonds and paradise feathers.

WHEN CLAIRE was settled in the spare room, Nora went to their own bedroom to find Kim surveying himself en profile in the mirror of her dressing table.

"Fat, my eye!" he said absently as she came in. Evidently Claire's remark still rankled. He slapped himself resoundingly amidships. "Look at that! Flat as a flounder."

He must care for Claire, Nora deduced, or he wouldn't take her words so to heart. But she only said, through discouragement, "Claire's nice. I like her."

"Hah! What did I tell you? Boy, did you get a load of that perfume she had on? Whyn't you get some like that?"

Honestly, men were so dumb. Nora ached to brain him. But she only asked, "Do you really want me to?"

"Sure."

"It's Tom-Tom. Forty dollars an ounce." There, that ought to hold him for a while.

But you couldn't deflate Kim. "Oh," he grinned. "Get a quart while you're at it."

Just the same it hurt. He was making comparisons already. He wished she were more like Claire.

There was to be a luncheon for Claire at the Press Club before she gave her talk that afternoon, and in the evening a dinner dance tendered by the city fathers.

Kim left to have some gas put in the car. He'd taken the whole day off, which was another reason why Nora was angry. Would he take a day off last week when

she wanted to go swimming? Oh, no! The agency would collapse without him!

She'd just finished dressing when the telephone rang. Claire was still in her room, evidently taking the short nap she'd said she needed. "... at my age," she'd said, with a wink for Nora.

It was Mr. Higgins, manager of the Carleton Hotel, calling to check their address sent him by Miss Carson for the forwarding of messages. But this was only the ostensible reason for the call. Mr. Higgins, it developed, was most distressed. Miss Carson's cancellation of her reservation implied no criticism of the suite offered her, Mr. Higgins sincerely hoped?

But Claire had told Kim she couldn't get a room.

It took Nora a moment to recover. "Why—why no. It's just that we are old friends of hers, and when we learned she was coming, we invited her here."

Relief, delight, gratitude on the part of Mr. Higgins. Nora hung up in the middle of it and stared thoughtfully at a rose in the wallpaper.

"Was that for me?"

Nora turned. Claire was standing in the doorway of the guest room, leaning negligently against the frame.

Nora said, not looking at her, "It was the Carleton wanting to know why you cancelled your reservation."

Claire was not at all embarrassed. "Caught red-handed as us literary lights say," she drawled.

Nora said flatly, "You're in love with Kim. You want him back."

For a minute Claire hesitated, then she shrugged. "Well, and so? I'll admit it. I am. I haven't really laughed since he walked out. I thought I wouldn't care. I thought—well, the old career, you know. I thought it meant more to me. I know better now. I'll sell you my career for a Chinese

dollar. Not that it isn't all right in its way—it just doesn't warm the heart."

It was as simple as that—to Claire. She seemed to think she was a law unto herself. This must be that writer's ego Nora had heard Kim talking about. She supposed it was no use losing her temper. "And what about me?" she asked. "Is this my cue to eat ground glass?"

"I'm afraid I wasn't thinking about you at all," Claire admitted. "Not that I don't like you, lamb." She smiled suddenly, warmly. "Look, let's stop trying to be brittle, or whatever. I'm very much in earnest about this. You're exactly the sort of second wife I knew Kim would pick out on the rebound. But you're not his type at all. Kim always liked 'em big, brash, bold and indifferent. Don't ask me why. I suspect he's naïve."

Nora began to smolder. "And so you thought you had only to come back—?"

"Well, what do you think?" Claire asked confidently.

She undoubtedly had something there, Nora admitted inwardly. Nora knew Kim. She'd never had any trouble with him before, but what was it he'd told her in the beginning? "Maybe I'd

CHOICE

By JOHN E. DONOVAN

This, then, is love: the heart's mad beat.

Like cadence of uneven feet;
The trembling and uncertainty;
The need and the desire—
The blood's hot rush; the raptured height;
The close affinity to night;
The glory of a silent plea;
The soul on fire.

This too is love: the sense of peace;
Of knowing, at long last, release;
Of feeling you have reached a place
Of haven and of rest.

The both are love. The scheme of things
Is such that each securely sings...
They're mine. I know, though, lips
on face,
The last is best.



RAWLINGS

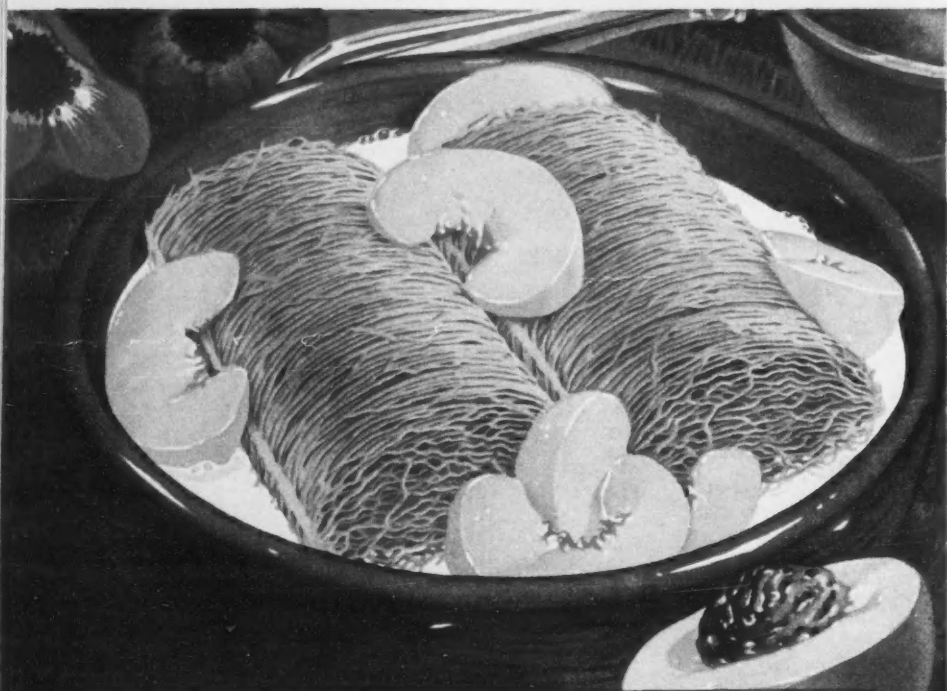
You'll glitter a-plenty with
CHEN YU *FIREFLY*
on your nails and lips

"Firefly" is something entirely new in color. A singing scarlet! Elegant, yes! Flattering, oh! so flattering—no matter what your complexion type may be—but, with an enchantment on nails and lips that red has never had before. A never-quite-still, elusive firefly something that says "I am here—I am there—I am almost beyond reach—I am extra lovely today—tonight." And, of course, "Firefly" is genuine CHEN YU which means it glitters—it sparkles an extra long, long time! The Lipstick, \$1.15. The Lacquer (with Lacquerol) \$1.00.



Firefly Smart Set
 (Lacquer, Lacquerol,
 Lipstick) \$2.15

BRIGHT SUMMER BREAKFASTS that shine for supper, too!



WITH SLICED PEACHES, sugar and creamy milk—Nabisco Shredded Wheat is just about *the grandest* summer breakfast (or supper!) you can serve! Cool and inviting . . . easy to prepare . . . packed with nourishment. Have it often—folks never tire of its delicious, *natural* flavor. For Nabisco Shredded Wheat is wholesome whole wheat—steamed, shredded, baked.



WITH STRAWBERRY JAM and cream on crumbled Nabisco Shredded Wheat you have *another* delectable dish to spark lazy appetites. A tempting, *satisfying* meal—morning, noon or night! Let Nabisco Shredded Wheat help solve summer menu problems—you can serve it a *dozen* delicious ways. The *original* Niagara Falls product.

The cereal you can serve a dozen ways



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46 — Chatelaine, September, 1946

they were right alongside Claire and Kim. It would.

The two were smiling at her wickedly, and when Mr. Pearson, mopping his brow, turned to speak to someone, Claire laughed. "You look like the aftermath of a high wind, duck."

And Kim hissed dramatically, "Caught with her eyelashes down!"

They stood there smiling at her.

Nora put up a stricken hand. The eyelashes! That was what had been flapping in front of her left eye! She smiled valiantly through a haze. She wouldn't cry! Somehow she made her way to the powder room, ripped off the offending lashes and hurled them to the winds.

Before she'd turned, she'd seen Claire looking fixedly at Kim. Intently, as if to say, "You see? If you will rob cradles!"

Nora felt sick inside. What a fool she'd been! She'd only made herself look ridiculous. Her small mouth straightened. Well, she'd tried. And she'd lost. But she wouldn't leave Kim with the memory of a plaintive whiner. She'd be sporting about this if it killed her. Which it very probably would.

There remained only the rest of the evening to get through somehow. It was mercifully short, or perhaps it only seemed so. Perhaps condemned men noticed time fly on their last night on earth. Nora wouldn't be a bit surprised.

And when they reached home, at long last, Claire luckily was in no mood to sit around discussing the evening's triumphs.

"Well, kids, it's me for the hay," she announced, "or I'll look like a bag in the morning."

Her face was drawn and she did look a little tired. But no doubt she was feeling smugly triumphant.

Kim was off to sleep the minute his head hit the pillow, as usual. But Nora spent most of the night wide-eyed, looking wistfully at the moonlight on the slats of their Venetian blinds. They needed cleaning, she remembered, but she wouldn't have to do them now. Kim's third wife could do them.

"I mean his first wife, once removed," Nora thought, crying into a small wet spot on her pillow.

MORNINGS HAD always followed a pattern, more or less. Nora would awaken first and try to get Kim up, Kim who never heard the alarm. Or stubbornly tried to pretend that he didn't. There he'd be, long and lean under the covers, flat on his stomach, his two fists thrust under the pillow, his curly black hair tousled as any urchin's.

Nora had always felt absurdly maternal at such moments. Over her there would flow a wave of love so strong as to make her mouth dry. But she'd remind herself sternly that she mustn't grow maudlin.

So she'd smile a little. "Slug!" she'd cry, and give him a rousing slap behind.

But this morning was different. And Nora was glad. She couldn't have borne the other. Claire and Kim were up before her. And they were quarrelling noisily in the living room.

Nora looked at the bedside clock. Good night! Kim would be terribly late. She piled her hair on top of her head, pinned it hastily and tottered out.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

The other two had assumed something absurdly like fighting stance.

Kim transferred his glare from Claire to Nora. "She's not staying. She's taking the morning train, she says." The scowl returned to Claire.

Claire said lightly, "I've changed my mind, as I whimsically call it."

Kim started tearing around, making a terrific job, as he always did, of picking up keys, wallet, briefcase, finding his hat. "I haven't time to argue with her. You persuade her to stay, baby, hear me?"

Nora muttered something, unable to think clearly, feeling young and inexperienced. Was this a clever move of some kind on Claire's part? Was she going to give Kim a chance now to realize how much he would miss her? Why else would Claire be leaving now?

Kim slammed out in the manner of a car going round a corner on two wheels. And Claire refused to listen to reason. Though Nora, obedient to the bitter end, did her best to persuade her to stay. She tried. She honestly tried. She could tell that to Kim.

But Claire paid her no heed. She was packing bags, together they were thrusting them into the car. It was almost as if Claire didn't want time to talk, time to think.

Nora couldn't have been more baffled.

IN ALL their haste, they were too early for the train. They sat there in silence in the coupé, parked diagonally in front of the red brick station platform.

Claire spoke first, staring straight ahead of her. "I hate me this morning. I'd like to kick myself from here to there."

Nora looked sideways.

Claire said, "I wonder if you know why I'm pulling out?"

Nora's hands tightened on the steering wheel. She swallowed carefully before she said, "I hope what you just said about kicking yourself doesn't mean you've decided to be—generous."

She couldn't stand having Kim on those terms.

But Claire was looking at her indignantly. "For the love of Mike! Do I look like the sort of noble slob who goes around making gallant gestures?"

She sounded so outraged that even Nora had to laugh. But she forced herself to say honestly, "If you stayed, I think you could win him back. You must know that."

"Thanks, child." Claire smiled a little. "That does things for my battered ego. But it doesn't happen to be true. I know when I'm licked."

Licked? Nora hoped her mouth wasn't hanging open.

"I knew it last night," Claire went on, "when your eyelashes—uh—came unbuttoned."

She giggled mischievously, and Nora, after an uncomfortable wiggle, laughed feebly herself. She would never get over the hideous memory of last night.

"You see," Claire said, "I saw Kim look at you then. And in his eyes was something that they never held for me. That essential ingredient. Tenderness. I knew then I didn't have a chance. Kim loves you terribly. You've been good for him. You need him, and I think it's made the boy grow up."

Nora was having trouble with her lower lip. Claire pulled out a compact and inspected her face. Whatever she saw in the mirror gave her

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no thrill, judging from her expression. The train pulled in then, its engine throbbing as it slowed.

"Good-by, duck." Claire was out of the car, giving the porter her bags. "I don't suppose we'll ever meet again, but be good." She paused and smiled. There was loneliness, stark, in her eyes as she added softly, "No—be happy!"

Then she was running lightly across the platform, disappearing into the train. And Nora sat there long after the train pulled out, feeling the sharp sting of tears, a thickness in her throat.

Kim had been right. Claire was a good scout after all.

But she mustn't sit here all day. She finally started for home. And she saw for the first time that it was a wonderful day. A marvellous day! Funny she hadn't noticed it before. It made her feel all full of ambition and stuff. She'd clean the Venetian blinds, she planned. And she'd bake a pie. Yes, sir, bake a pie for good old Kim.

"And I hope it lays him out," she thought, giggling a little vindictively.

But her eyes were soft. And her heart was singing. +

Old Stock

Continued from page 5

on the trigger—but remember he's been through a lot, and he's a sensitive kid, and he's so anxious to make good that he may stumble all over himself at first."

"What do you think I am, a monster? I don't expect perfection. I'll break him in gently, don't you worry, William."

But it hadn't been that way at all. There hadn't been any question of breaking him in. This wasn't the shy uncertain youngster of several years back, who had seemed happy and at ease only with a stray animal whose hurt foot he could fix, or a hungry boy he could bring home for a square meal. This was a cocky fellow, snooping around the store from early morning until late at night after everyone was gone, trying to find out everything for himself, trying to run things all alone and tell his uncle he was too old and ought to stay home in bed. This was a confident, pushing fellow, who would push Old Mr. Kream right into the hateful half-life of retirement, if he had his way.

Retirement. Old Mr. Kream stood with his hand on the door of the office and stared out to the front of the store, where the sun glinted on the show windows, on the modernistic gold lettering that said simply, KREAM'S.

FIFTY YEARS before there had been a swinging sign outside, reading, "KREAM & SON, Drygoods," and the one window had been stuffed as full of merchandise as possible, without regard for artistic arrangement, and inside it had been small and rather dim, with a smell of camphor and new percale. Now window dressers from other towns copied their displays, and the store itself was many times bigger than it had been, with fluorescent lighting everywhere and separate counters for each kind of merchandise.

But it was still, Old Mr. Kream thought, the same store. Almost everybody in Pearson shopped in it, and the personnel knew all the customers intimately, knew their families and all about them and what they needed.

"Hello, Mrs. Hammond. This is Anna from Kream's. We just got in a new dress that's the very thing for Betty to wear to the football dance . . ."

"This is Kream's, Mrs. Woodruff. We have some new open stock china, almost exactly like your wedding china, if you want to fill in . . .!"

"Say, George, how about some plaid shirts, same quality as you bought three years ago, to take along on your fishing trip?"

Sometimes Mrs. Hammond or Mrs. Woodruff or George or whoever would

not even come into the store. "All right, if you say so. Send it on over." Often things like the china that nearly matched were no accident, but the result of a special search by the buyer, who knew Mrs. Woodruff needed it.

And almost as long as Old Mr. Kream could remember, people had been meeting their friends under the big clock in front of the store. "Meet you at Kream's" was such a standard saying around town that it had been used as a slogan in all Kream advertising for 20 years.

"It's not just a department store," Old Mr. Kream always said. "It's an institution."

His store. He went into the office and closed the door and began walking up and down. His store. Well, William's too, and in a small way young Bill's, but it had been his so much longer. His brother William had been a baby when he and his father started it, and William's son, Bill, had had a quarter-century to wait before he was born. Old Mr. Kream always thought of it as his store.

"Listen here, young man, this is my store," he said out loud, and then added, "Damme, maybe I am getting old, talking to myself—"

Someone knocked on the door and he shouted violently, "Come in!" and then smiled in apology at the girl who entered.

She was the kind of girl at whom you could not help smiling, in apology or otherwise. Not exactly pretty, but with a small, warm-colored, lovely face that looked so interested in everything—so interested in you—that it made you think she was beautiful.

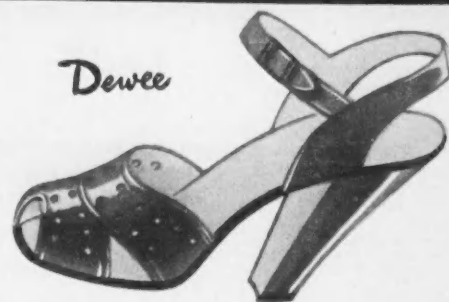
"I couldn't help hearing," she said. "Old! You! I never heard such nonsense. You'll never be old."

"That's what I used to think, until Bill began taking over the store. He doesn't think I'm even capable of unlocking the door in the morning."

The light went out of her face and she said, "He's changed," and Old Mr. Kream remembered that he had seen these two walking down the street on summer evenings before Bill went away, holding hands and not talking very much, just walking slowly.

"Well—give him time," Old Mr. Kream said vaguely. He was not very good at comforting people. He never knew what to say. Then he brightened, thinking of something in a field he understood. "He must be proud of you, though. Working yourself up from sales-girl all the way to buyer while he was gone. He must think that's pretty good, eh?"

"I don't know," she said, looking unhappier than ever. Then she added, "What I came in about was those



Dewee

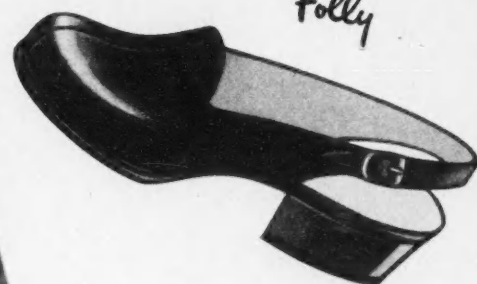


Patrician



Pinky

Tru-Poise
Shoes by Selby



Folly

COMPARE
AND YOU'LL WEAR
TRU-POISE

Take a letter to shoe-minded women. "We beautify the foot with a gift for grace. We delight the foot with gentle instep support from our famous 'Flare-Fit' innersole. We look expensive, but aren't! Decidedly yours, TRU-POISE shoes by Selby."

MURRAY-SELBY SHOES LTD.
LONDON • CANADA

The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio • Fifth Ave. at 38th St., New York, U.S.A.



Amazing new ink actually prevents pen troubles!

**Parker Quink . . . the only ink
containing solv-x . . . prolongs
life of all types of pens!**

For your pen to continue giving good performance, switch today to Parker Quink with solv-x. This remarkable new ink stops pen troubles before they start . . . gives 4-way protection to your pen:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.
2. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
3. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Actually cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

Brilliant, fast-drying Quink is ideal

for every type of fountain pen—for steel pens, too. This ink alone contains pen-protecting solv-x—yet it costs no more than ordinary inks!

Quink is America's largest selling ink. Try it. You'll see the difference in the way your pen writes. Many businesses where ink is a big expense item insist on Quink—the only ink containing solv-x.

Quink comes in four permanent colours: Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue and Red. Three washable colours: Blue, Green and Violet. Four-ounce size 25 cents. Two-ounce size, 15 cents. Also in pints and quarts. Ask your dealer for Parker Quink and enjoy smoother, easier writing.

PARKER PEN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

perfume vials. They're just not moving, Mr. Kream. And we're stuck with so many of them."

"Pearson women just don't go in for fancy gadgets," he said. "Can you picture Mrs. Granger, say, taking one of those little round things out of her handbag and spraying herself with 'Fatal Passion'?" He chuckled, but Mary did not join in.

"It's all my fault, Mr. Kream," she said miserably. "I overbought the vials. Maybe it was because they were silver, and it's so long since I've seen anything in a metal container. Anyway, I thought people would grab them up for Christmas—silver vials filled with 'Fatal Passion' perfume to carry in your purse." She made a soft little sound of disgust. "I should have known better."

"All right, all right, you should have known better. And when I bought 200 pairs of gold cufflinks after the last war, I should have known better. Everybody makes mistakes."

Mary smiled, and a deep dimple flickered at the side of her chin. "You're a darling," she said.

He felt warm for a long time after she had gone, though he tried to conceal it from himself with much frowning and muttering over the papers in his desk. When the door opened again, he looked up blackly, so that no one who came in might suspect he was in a good humor.

"We have some novelty silver perfume vials that aren't selling, Uncle Joe," Bill said. "We'll have to mark them down. I might as well have the tags changed right away."

Instantly Old Mr. Kream's humor matched his expression. "Are you asking me or telling me?"

"Well, I wouldn't have bothered you at all," Bill said. "Next time I'll know, but this first time I thought I'd better ask you how far you usually mark down on a sale."

"That was good of you," Old Mr.

Kream said. He waved a hand loosely at his nephew. "Why not just use your judgment?"

"All right, Uncle Joe, I will—and don't you give it another thought now. I'll take care of it."

HE WENT out, and Old Mr. Kream sat seething. He hadn't meant that Bill should use his judgment. That had just been sarcasm. How could he use his judgment when he didn't have any? When he had no experience, no idea what it was all about, beyond a few classroom precepts? Mark down the vials? He could mark them down till the Styx froze over and he'd never sell any to speak of—not in Pearson. The women here liked nice things and they were up to date, but they didn't throw

money away on silly luxury items.

Well, it would teach him a lesson. It would show him—what would it show him? Just that he couldn't sell those vials that nobody else could sell. That wasn't what he had to learn. He had to learn that he didn't know very much, and that Old Mr. Kream knew a great deal. He had to learn that Old Mr. Kream wasn't ready to be retired, not by a long shot—that this was his store that he'd been building up for 50 years, and that he had made it the success it was, and that he was needed to keep it a success—that Bill was just an ignorant youngster, an apprentice, who could no more run this store without Old Mr. Kream than he could fly without an airplane.

If he found out he couldn't sell those vials—that they were impossible to sell—and then Old Mr. Kream stepped in and sold them right under his nose—that would do it; that would teach him!

He began walking up and down again, frowning fiercely and pulling at his vandyke. He had to think of a way. In nearly half a century he hadn't felt such urgency—not since he was starting out, a scared diffident boy trying to show his stern, hard, dubious father that he could

make good. Then he had even dreamed at night of pulling off some brilliant merchandising trick that would astound his father and convince him that he was capable of big things, but he had never been able to do it—whenever there was an opportunity, his father had always beaten him to it. And for a long time after his father died and he was finally first with some clever ideas, he would say triumphantly in his mind, "See, father? I'm not such a hopeless dud after all!"

But it was years now since he had felt the need to prove his ability—years since anyone had challenged it. Of course he had always known that some day he would be too old to run the store, but this was not the day—

not for a long time yet. He still walked to work every morning, and wore no hat in even the coldest weather, and hardly ever an overcoat, and he was still the brains and heartbeat of Kream's and by heaven he'd show that young whippersnapper that he was—he'd show him that he could sell something that was impossible to sell. He didn't know how yet, but he'd do it!

Vastly relieved and exhilarated by the thought, he left the office and went out on to the floor. There was a good smattering of customers for this hour of the morning, and they all greeted him and seemed glad to see him. One of the salesgirls came over and asked him about the price of a shirt from which the tag had been mislaid. Another brought him an

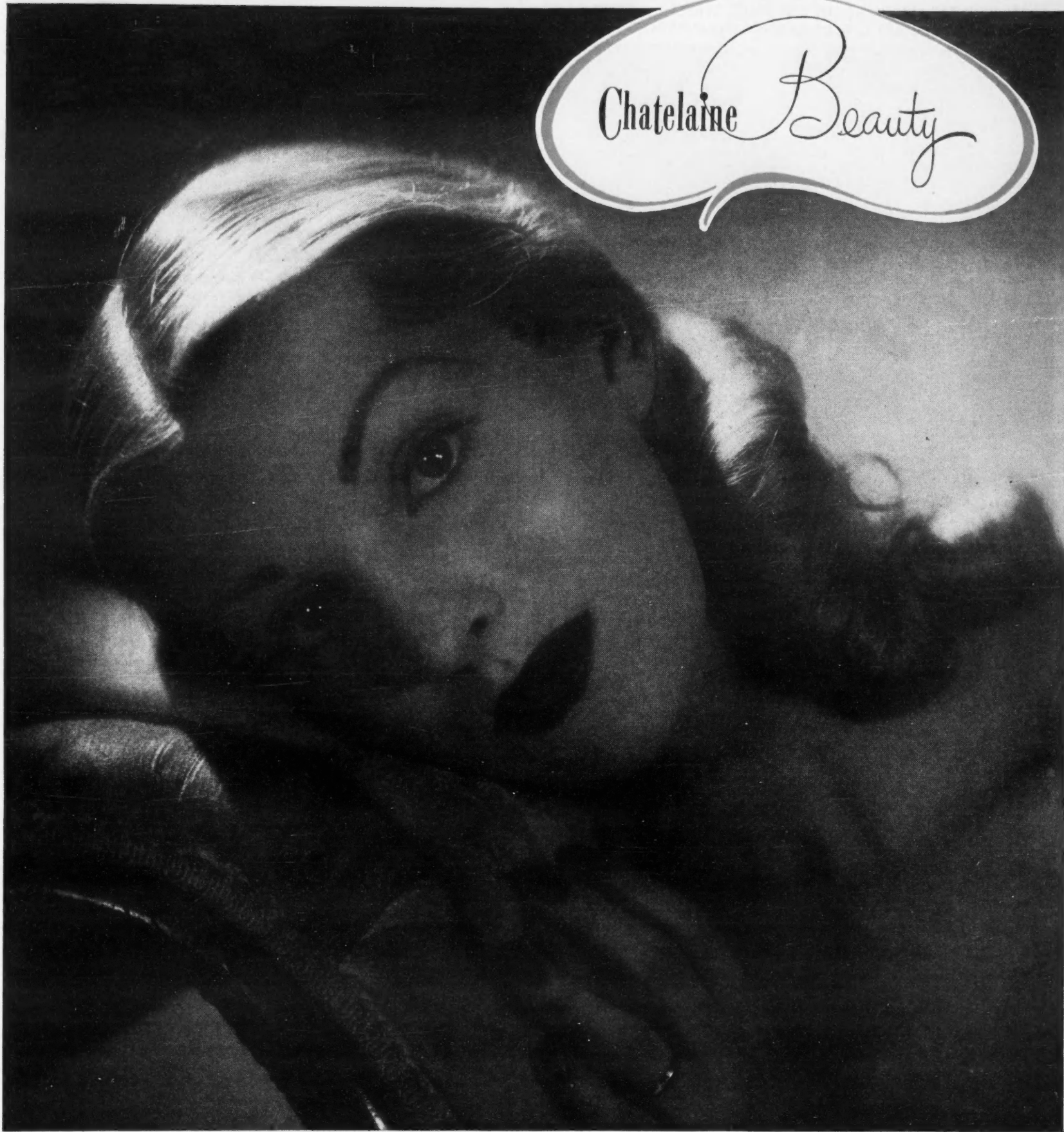
PATCHWORK

By R. H. GRENVILLE

Her life is shaped to no specific pattern—
Social, career, adventure, none of these;
She is as quick to change, as gay and sudden
As winds rejoicing in September trees.
"My days," she said, and laughed, "are patchwork pieces.
I have sewn lightly, with a running thread,
Bright scraps of beauty and romance together;
Remnants of love and longing, joy and dread."

And yet, I thought, here is the fuller measure:
Laughter and praise come easy to her tongue.
Patchwork may yet be flaunted as a banner,
A joyous motley, sacred to the young.
We are preoccupied with rhyme and reason;
Pleading, we ask that love and life conform,
Yielding to no impulsive mood, possessing
No scraps of loveliness to keep us warm.

Chatelaine Beauty



ALL EYES ON YOU

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

HOME FROM vacation . . . back on the job. Doesn't matter whether it's running a house, pounding a typewriter or joining the hit parade on the campus, it's good to be in harness again. With the first whiff of crisp September air, summer casualness somehow loses its charm. Autumn is the time to refurbish your looks—to put aside light clothes, fly-away hair-dos;

to reach for smart little date dresses and trim tailored suits. Autumn is a time to check yourself over from tip to toe; to get back into the groove with "that urban look."

Houseclean Your Beauty Kit. Get in a fresh supply of skin lotions, rich face creams and cleansing creams,

to start yourself off again on your nightly complexion care.

Do a Shine-up Job on Your Hair. If your tresses are brittle and dry from an overdose of sun and water, rub cream dressing into the ends; wash once a week with oil shampoo and brush . . . brush . . . brush!

Acquire a Slim Trim Look. A brand-new foundation garment will give lovely symmetrical lines to your smart fall costumes. Your legs, once more encased in stockings, will remain fuzz-free under the revealing sheerness of precious nylons.

You'll be able to face "All eyes on you" with smiling poise. ♦

Pagano

Helena Rubinstein's
new face powder...

It's
Heaven-Sent

It's everything you've
ever wished for in face powder.
Heaven-Sent Face Powder
is MICRO-SIFTED to a celestial mist
to surround your face with an
aura of new loveliness.
So sheer and fine-
textured, it creates an alluring
all-over finish. Clings longer.
Your heart will sing when
you see the beautiful shades.
And Helena Rubinstein surprises
you with another famous "plus."
All this *plus* the unforgettable
Heaven-Sent fragrance!

Heaven-Sent Face Powder 2.00,
in six shades:
Heavenly Glow, Opalescent, Mauresque,
Rachel New, Royal Tan, Peachbloom.

Helena Rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO

For That

by ADELE WHITE

Sketches by Ursula Roinnie.



This

You don't have to go antisocial and steer clear of the after-school soda fountain gang. But make it a get-together occasion rather than a calorie booster. Ignore those mad characters who tuck into double-dip sundaes. Order, instead, a long, cool glass of lime and soda, lemonade or vitamin-rich orange juice. Not only will your figure improve but it will do fine things for your complexion—put a sparkle in your eye and pep up your general attitude toward living. When winter days send chills down your spine, order hot bouillon instead of hot chocolate. Bouillon is 25 calories a cup—chocolate is 200!

That

If you feel you're too much of an armful to rate high as a date, you may be tempted to compensate by tucking into marshmallow Butterscotch Supreme—while the more slender gals are getting nods and hi-ya's from the boys. There's only one answer—slim down! It may almost break your heart to substitute orangeade for frappées—but if you don't, your own heart may be the only one you will break—in the long run.



This

When you dine *en famille*, your parents will worry if they think you're slated for slow starvation. You can see their point—they believe there just can't be enough of a good thing, and in their estimation you're a very good thing indeed! Put their minds at rest by eating wisely. Choose lean meats, fish and chicken; pass up second helpings of potatoes but heap your plate with green vegetables—minus butter. For dessert have your share of custard or milk puddings, cheese and celery or stewed fruit with syrup drained off. Perhaps you can persuade your mother to co-operate by planning meals which tie in with your project.

That

When cream soups, roasts with lots of gravy, chicken with rich stuffing, luscious double-crust pies, three-decker layer cakes tempt you—better carry a mental picture of yourself as you want to look two months from now. It's especially aggravating if you're forced to witness a young brother tucking into third helpings and remaining as thin and wiry as a hairpin. Just remember, though, that movie stars and fashion models have to watch their diet much more strictly than you.



This

Party food is just so much extra nourishment added to what you've already got. If you're smart you can make a good showing and yet keep the calorie intake low. But, a word of warning—it isn't good publicity to be obvious about your dieting. With an airy gesture make a dead set for that plate of hors d'oeuvres—the celery and radishes, etc., with which most hostesses decorate their tables. That, plus a couple of wafer-thin sandwiches and a cup of black coffee, will fool everyone into believing that you're holding up your end of the celebration. As long as you don't draw attention to it, no one will notice what you eat.

That

Those rounds of sweet drinks, the gooey cake, the ice cream will give that split personality of yours a sharp struggle. First there is the Silly who is willing to sacrifice a lot of good things in life for a few moments of carefree munching. She's the girl who always says, "I'll start dieting tomorrow—just one last fling tonight." Then there is the *real* you—the smartie who is determined to get the most fun out of living and who will never let her tummy rule her life.

Luxuria encircles the world



HARRIET HUBBARD
Ayer

JOAN BENNETT, STARRING IN "SCARLET STREET" A FRITZ LANG PRODUCTION, RELEASED BY UNIVERSAL



HINT FROM *Joan Bennett*

"FOR ROMANCE—HAVE SOFT HANDS." You easily can, using Joan Bennett's hand care—this famous Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

MORE PERFECT THAN EVER, NOW. Because of wartime research in skin care, Jergens skin scientists now make you an even finer Jergens Lotion.

"Gives longer protection;" "Hands feel even softer, smoother;" is verdict of women who tested this postwar Jergens.

Oh, surely! Those 2 ingredients, so well-thought-of for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them, are still contained in this more effective Jergens Lotion. Soothes chapping instantly—like magic. Still 10¢ to \$1.00. No objectionable oiliness; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use

JERGENS LOTION



MADE IN CANADA

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research



Try This

If your family calls you "Pudge" . . . If you don't rate high as date bait, it's time to slim down by substituting this for that on your daily menus.



This

It's best not to skip breakfast in this streamlining project. You're still a growing girl and need regular refueling; besides, breakfast is the time to stow away special health-giving foods. For example, the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, sweetened by a scant teaspoon of sugar, is a fine eye-opener. You can also use it to wash down a spoonful of wheat germ. Wheat germ supplies vitamins which are often lacking in reducing diets. A boiled or poached egg, Melba toast and either skim milk or half hot milk and coffee, will get you off to a good start.

That

Cereal, bacon and fried eggs, toast and jam, coffee with lashings of cream and sugar are not for you, dear! Unless you're planning to saw a cord of wood or join a rock-breaking gang you don't need that much fuel. And it's a fact that eggs have plenty of body-building properties, and that fruit juice is an excellent cleanser of your digestive system.



This

For that midmorning snack between classes eat an apple or an orange. If the hollow feeling persists, try sucking one or two small hard candies or chewing gum to fool yourself into thinking you're being fed. The gnawing sensation below your ribs won't do you any harm—it's just a strong aggressive tummy acting like a spoiled child and demanding constant attention. You'll have to discipline it the hard way. Habit is a remarkable thing—after a while you'll acquire a taste for fresh fruits, and the sweet stuff you used to eat will seem positively cloying.

That

Chocolate bars, peanuts, popcorn and potato chips seem to be the traditional between-meal picker-upper. They have little bulk but are sky-high in calories, with the result that when luncheon time rolls around you'll still have plenty of appetite for a full-fledged meal. And, oh my, how those aforementioned tidbits seem to find their way right to the hips—and stay put!



This

When you're lunching in the cafeteria, close your eyes as you pass the display of delicious foods which are taboo on a slimming diet. Instead, reach for an eye-tempting plate of salad—lettuce, tomatoes, coleslaw, cucumbers—all kinds of greenery. You can add a slice of whole-wheat bread with a scraping of butter, a big glass of skim milk or buttermilk. Avoid rich salad dressing. A tasty nonfattening one can be made by mixing cottage cheese with whole milk until it is the consistency of mayonnaise.

That

With premeditated cunning, cafeterias seem to arrange it so that you have to push your tray past the desserts, hot rolls, etc., just at a time when you're ravenous. Then come the spaghetti dishes, the chili con carne, pork and beans, potato or salmon salads smothered in oily dressing to make you feel positively drooly with hunger. They're all yours for the taking—but better wear blinders, chum! For moral support it's fine if you can line up some kindred souls who also would like to streamline their figures. Sit at the same table and expel any member of the group who is weak-minded enough to fall for a piece of lemon chiffon pie!

MRS. CHARLES BOYER
—glamorous wife of the screen's
leading romantic actor.

“Enticing!”

says Mrs. Charles Boyer,

“No wonder TANGEE SATIN-FINISH LIPSTICK
is a Hollywood sensation.”

GLAMOROUS COLORS? Of course, Tangee has them! But that alone doesn't explain the Tangee Lipstick's fabulous success in Hollywood. The other reason is—SATIN-FINISH! This amazing development gives a lipstick wonderful “staying power”... so that you aren't constantly taking time out for “repairs”.

Even on a hot summer day, Satin-Finish doesn't get soft and greasy... does NOT run or smear to spoil the lovely lines of your mouth. When you moisten your lips, the taste is just right. And when you look in your mirror you'll agree with Mrs. Boyer—the effect is *enticing*. And remember only Tangee has Satin-Finish.

HIT COLORS OF HOLLYWOOD

TANGEE GAY-RED... “to make your lips look young and gay”
—a favorite of Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

TANGEE RED-RED... a clear vivid shade—first choice of Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. George Murphy and many others.
Other popular Tangee shades are:

THEATRICAL RED...MEDIUM RED...TANGEE NATURAL



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and creator of the world famous
Satin-Finish Lipstick and Petal-
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Use *Tangee*...

and see how beautiful you can be



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They're

Nymphs

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You know nylon!

Sheer as sheer! Dries almost quicker than you can wash it! Needs no iron! Wears and wears and keeps its new look!

Well, here's nylon in the prettiest of panties. Nylon in a lacy, breeze-beguiling, runproof knit. Panties smooth as your very own skin under your smoothest dresses. Panties that refuse to shrink or wrinkle, and launder in a twinkling.

THEY'RE NYLON

Nymphs

ASK FOR NYLON "NYMPHS" AT BETTER SHOPS ACROSS CANADA
SUPERIOR SILK MILLS LTD., PRESCOTT, ONTARIO

BEAUTY BREVITIES



MOST girls these days are expert enough in the use of foundation make-up to carry the color right down to the neckline of their dresses. But have you ever sat beside a girl with an upswept hair-do and noticed two V-shaped places, right behind her ears, which stand out like white scars because they've been missed when foundation was smoothed on? Naturally she can't be expected to see behind her own ears! But, to make sure this doesn't happen to you, have a final checkup all round, with the aid of a hand mirror, before stepping out.

In your morning tub, no matter how vigorously you scrub your legs to remove leg-do, some of the tan dye is sure to come off on your bath towel. A good towel-saving device can be whipped up by cutting cheesecloth into squares and using one as a leg drier. The piece of cheesecloth is much easier to rinse out than a large bath towel.

If a shiny nose is one of your complexion problems, there's a new antishine preparation on the market which will counteract oily areas around nose and chin. It comes in liquid form—about the same consistency as hand lotion, and you need use only a drop or two to keep you face-happy for the rest of the day.

Fading tan creates a problem. You won't want any hint of a yellowish tinge in your skin tone. You can speed up the process of bleaching by massaging circulation cream into your face and neck. This type of cream contains properties which whip the blood to the surface and carry away any discoloration under the skin. Lemon juice and buttermilk are also good for bleaching complexions.

Several well-known cosmetic houses hold classes once a year where girls from all parts of Canada get together to learn the fundamentals of skin care, skin types, the art of make-up and color affinities. It's an intensive five-day course with the pupils really cramming to absorb all the information. When they return to their jobs they'll not only sell beauty aids over the counter but be able to advise on shades of make-up, the right kinds of creams and lotions, and to encourage their customers, young and old, to take more interest in their looks.

In this age of experimentation, you never can tell what surprising new idea will latch on to popular fancy. From across the border comes a novel use for ale—one which won't offend the most ardent teetotaler—we hope! A small amount of ale can be used to set hair after a shampoo. The smell of malt disappears in a few moments; your hair

dries twice as fast and has a lovely sheen—with just enough body to keep a natural-looking wave.

"What a shemozzle!" says the male, when we open our purses and reveal all kinds of stuff jumbled together in hopeless confusion. Now, you know and I know that the ration books, order lists, cosmetics, etc., which the average woman must tote around would fill a small suitcase. But—just between ourselves, let's admit we do collect a lot of useless paraphernalia. It's a good idea to tidy once a day—leaving behind yesterday's shopping list, used face tissue, the not-so-fresh hankie, leaky powder compacts and soiled puffs.

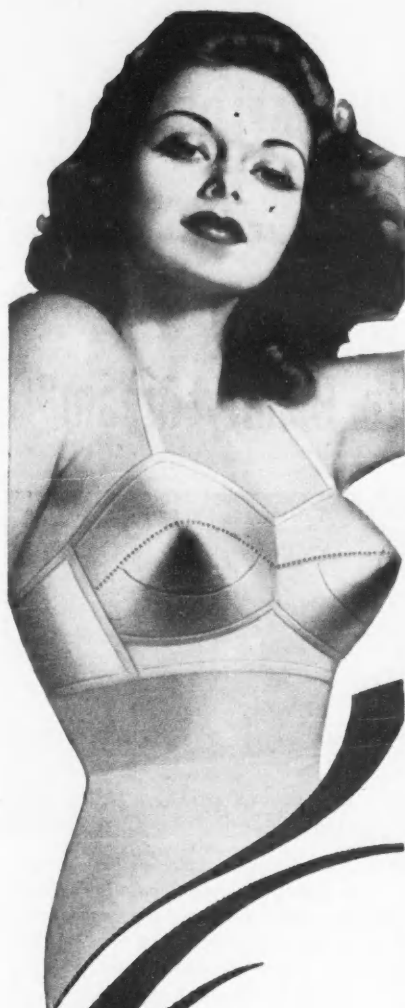
If your lipstick becomes worn down so that it loses its fine point and smudges and blurs on your mouth, try holding it over a low flame—but not touching the flame. While it warms and softens, you can mold it back into shape again with the tips of your fingers. This method can also be used to sterilize lipsticks that have dropped on the floor. Be sure to remove all particles of dust before heating.

A too-steady diet of hot dogs, hamburgers and soft drinks can play hob with your complexion—make it murky and bumpy. If this crisis should arise, better switch to a strict health regime of milk, fresh fruits and lots of green vegetables. In the interval, while you remodel your menus, you can perk up your face by using a cream mask. It's a smooth pink cream which you leave on for half an hour at a time and which does a good job of skin clearing.

When "blue Monday" rolls around give yourself a lift by taking special pains with your face, your hair-do and your hands. Knowing you look your best is a great builder-upper when spirits droop and the mood is low. Also—it's a smart woman who realizes the psychological effect of bright colors.

You can usually make goose pimples on the backs of your upper arms disappear by scrubbing gently with soap and a soft brush—followed by lots of hand lotion. If this fails to get results, try rubbing a handful of table salt on the skin of your arms while it is still wet.

If you've had a brand-new permanent and it seems to be too frizzy, give yourself a weekly warm-oil treatment. Leave the oil on overnight, protecting your pillowcase by wearing a rubber cap. Next morning wash your hair with special dry hair shampoo and rinse several times. When you make pin curls twist them in large, loose rolls. ✚



your Style-line starts at your bust-line

There is a key to style, so easy to get, so important to have. A young firm bust-line is a basic need, a "Perma-lift" bra will do so much to help you achieve it easily, comfortably. In a "Perma-lift" bra the famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below, retain that support through countless washings and wear. A "Perma-lift" bra is so utterly unlike any other bra that you'll experience a new thrill the first time you wear it. Ask for a "Perma-lift" bra today at your favorite corset department. Moderately priced.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.).

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Perma-lift
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BRASSIERES

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Another "Hickory" Success

organized strongly. Their energy caused a revival in Democrat planning even before death removed F. D. R. with his potent appeal to the woman voter.

The result of all these factors was to send to Washington last year the largest group of women yet elected (nine, of whom five are Republican, four Democrats) to the House of Representatives—all "good to look at and easy to hear." Moreover, the 25th anniversary of woman suffrage found 234 women (16 Senators, 218 Members, of whom 126 were Republicans and 108 Democrats) in 39 State Legislatures. In 14 states they hold ministerial rank—many as state secretaries, one as a state treasurer, only one in "women's special field" as Secretary of Welfare. Over 1,500 women hold top-flight posts as actual state auditors, members of civil service commissions, state directors of education, of welfare and of industry. Three women rank as foreign representatives.

The women of the United States have struck out on a political march and in dead earnest.

The Latin-American Women

Well, of course, the Americans are always "on the go," but what of the South Americans? They can show the Canadian woman a few things today. The Comision Interamericana de Mujeres, the militant organization of the women of the 21 American Republics (including the U. S. A.), affords a remarkably efficient organization for direct political advancement. Its president is the energetic Dr. Minerva Bernardino of the Dominican Republic. She is a veteran who has represented her country at the important Chapultepec Conference of the Americas, at the San Francisco Conference and at the first assembly of the United Nations in London. The vice-president is Senorita Amalia de Castillo Ledon of Mexico.

"Interamericana" is no loosely knit, informal women's committee but a responsible well-organized agency, staffed with full-time technical officials and set up at the sixth International Conference of the American States in Havana in 1928. It is officially recognized, as an ancillary part of the Pan-American Union, and with a twofold aim: (1) the insertion on all Inter-American agendas of items of current importance to women; and (2) the advancement of the legal status of women within the member states. It has an impressive record of success. When it was founded, only the United States (including Alaska and Hawaii) extended the franchise to women, though in Uruguay and a couple of the Argentinian provinces, women enjoyed modified local suffrage. Gradually the right has been won in Ecuador, Brazil, Uruguay, Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Guam, the Philippines, El Salvador, Dominica, Guatemala, and, within the year, Bolivia and Panama. Chile and Peru have granted equal municipal franchise while Venezuela and some of the Mexican states have granted partial franchise. The "Interamericana" has worked with the women of Argentina in the recently organized National Assembly of Women, through which an extensive campaign has been planned to force an amendment to the Argentinian Constitution, granting full and equal status to the women of that state, so vital to American and world peace.

Continued on page 69



A New Day...
Bright and Gay

THANKS TO DOUBLE-ACTION CONSTIPATION RELIEF



Try This Effective, Gentle LAXATIVE-ANTACID

Say goodbye to "blue" mornings. Make your mornings bright . . . and wake up sparkling-alive, wonderfully refreshed—even when over-indulgence in eating or drinking results in sluggishness or stomach acidity. Just take 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with water at bedtime. Overnight Phillips' works these two ways:

1. As an antacid—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quickly relieves heartburn, gas, sour stomach and other discomforts of acid indigestion. It is one of the fastest, most effective neutralizers of acidity.
2. As a laxative—Phillips' is gentle, yet thoroughly effective. It can be taken at any time without thought of embarrassing urgency.

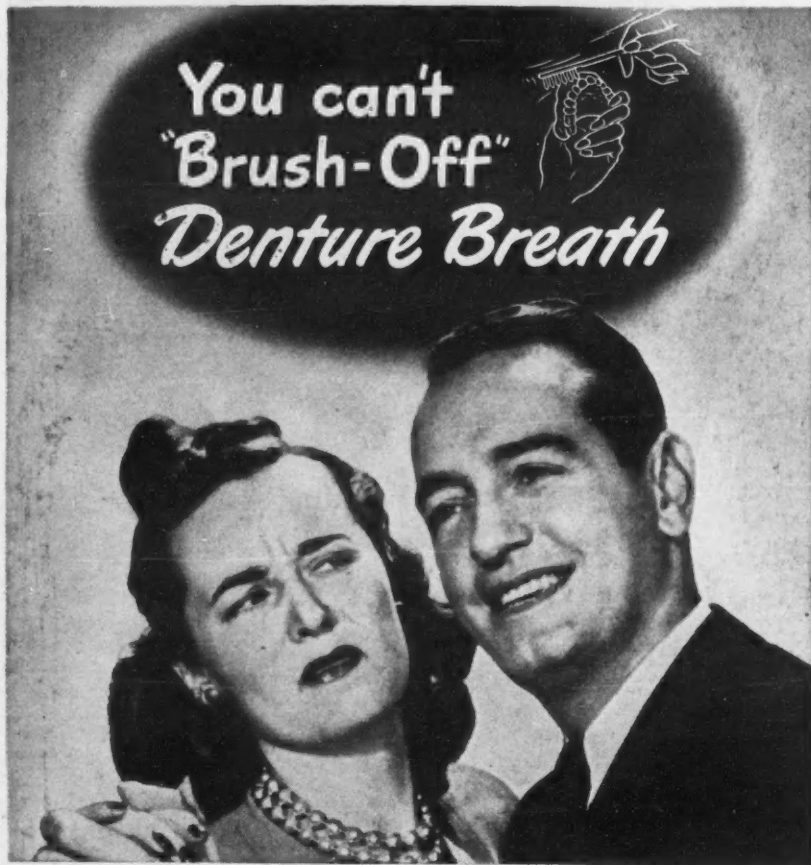
Ask your druggist today for genuine Phillips'. Keep it on hand always. Remember . . .

It costs as little as
**25¢ TO BE SURE
OF THE BEST**
MADE IN CANADA

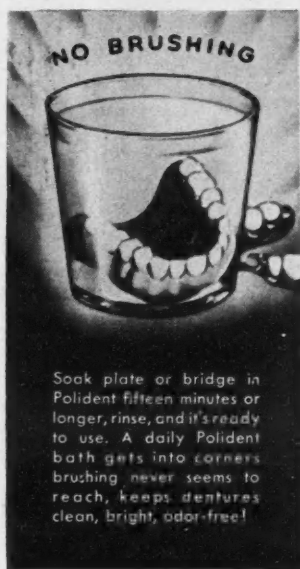


PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
Liquid or Tablets

False Teeth Wearers



Soak plates in Polident to keep them odor-free, hygienically clean!



Soak plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer, rinse, and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into corners brushing never seems to reach, keeps dentures clean, bright, odor-free!

DENTURE BREATH is a serious social problem. It may make your close presence distasteful to friends or family, and give you away to others who might never guess you wear false teeth. You can't "brush off" **DENTURE BREATH**!

Brushing dental plates with tooth pastes, powders or soap may scratch delicate plate material, 60 times softer than natural teeth. Food particles and film collect in these unseen scratches—causing offensive **DENTURE BREATH**!

With Polident there's no brushing, no fear of **DENTURE BREATH**. Daily soaking keeps dentures sparkling clean, odor-free. Polident is recommended by more dentists than any other denture cleanser. Costs less than 1¢ a day to use. 40¢ and 75¢ at all drug stores.

Use POLIDENT Daily

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

LOOSE PLATES?

Amazing NEW CREAM Holds Even Lowers Tight All Day

The makers of Polident have developed a new cream for holding false teeth tight. Its gripping power is so sensational that they guarantee you double your money back if it doesn't hold your plates tighter, longer than anything you ever tried before. If you have used old-fashioned holding

powders and found that you had to apply them three or four times a day, didn't like their taste or messiness, then new Poli-Grip is for you.

Pleasant to use, dainty and economical. With Poli-Grip you can laugh, sing, eat what you want without fear of embarrassment.

Remember Poli-Grip holds plates tight, no matter how they fit.

40¢ and 75¢ tubes at all drug stores.



GUARANTEED BY POLIDENT

Stafford-Miller (of Canada), Limited, 172 John Street, Toronto 2, Canada

Women the World Over

Continued from page 16

reveals women as forming 51 to 53% of the actual electorate. Reliable estimates show the same Canadian distribution of electoral strength. Moreover, high standards of living and social custom alike tend to give to women in these five states of male dominance an actual influence greater than that exercised by women in many of the lands wherein they outnumber men.

Nor is there much comfort to the male struggling for survival, for even in these 12 countries the numerical disparity seems shrinking. Here and everywhere, as public health, prenatal and maternal care, preventive medicine, better housing, social and working conditions improve, women, thus given half a chance, are outliving men. In all but one or two age groups, their life expectancy is increasing. Of course, men are consequently increasing annuity rates, etc., on us, but, even so, woman's higher rate of survival is enlarging her economic and political power, by inheritance quite as much as by her emergence as a worker and earner in her own right. Women are becoming the largest holders of gilt-edged investments. It is estimated that 70% of the national wealth of the United States is held by women, but there, as in Canada, it is largely latent because women, having acquired it from men, prefer to leave it under male management. However, as women become more proficient and numerous in law, business and finance, the exercise of feminine wealth is apt to lie more directly in the hands of the women who possess it.

Women and the Vatican

In the almost general stirring of the women of the world to the responsibility of their power come rousing words from an unexpected source, for rarely has the Vatican directly intervened in the question of the political enfranchisement of women. The Pope's message (Oct. 21, 1945) on "Women's Duties in Social and Political Life" was of high significance. Yet it seems to have received little attention, particularly in Canada where it can prove of real import. His Holiness propounded that "in their personal dignity as children of God, a man and a woman are absolutely equal and the two sexes, by their very distinguishing qualities, are complementary." This, he enjoins, imposes upon woman the task of collaborating with man "toward the good of the state in which she has the same dignity as he." It, moreover, "entitles a woman to the same wages as a man for the same work output."

In the grave problems of family life and character, emerging from the chaos of war, the Pope emphasizes that woman's natural sphere is the home and motherhood. Woman's nature, too, finds expression in consecration to celibacy in the service of mankind. Now, however, in the casualties of war and the changing conditions of an industrial age, there are large numbers of women "outside the family on the one hand and the life of the religious on the other." Upon all women, but upon the unmarried laywoman especially, the Pope calls for leadership, particularly in the education of women for public life, but also for "direct action, indispensable in

social and political activity." "Tua Res agitur—your destiny is at stake," he closes his address, definitely calling upon all Roman Catholic women to use the electoral ballot in their hands, especially at the present time.

Destiny at our Front Door

Well, there it is: the world is set for a matriarchy and it will surely come if the obvious failure and obstinacy of "manarchy" drives women the world over to mobilize and possess the day upon their own. When, of the nations of the world, 11 send to the entire United Nations Assembly four women delegates and 13 other women as advisers or consultants, no wonder that "the girls" got together on a dignified statement, full of implication. "This new chance for peace," they wrote, "was won through the joint efforts of men and women, working for common ideals of human freedom at a time when need for united effort broke down barriers of race, creed and sex . . . We call on the governments of the world to encourage women everywhere to take a more active part in national and international affairs and on women who are conscious of their opportunities to come forward and share in the work of peace and reconstruction as they did in war and resistance."

What about it, you women of Canada? What about it as we realize that here we are, the women of an old tired world in a new air and atomic age? Do we realize that to no peoples on earth can these two new facts mean more? That the world has a new map, a map of the air and atomic era, and that wherever she looks the Canadian woman sees destiny at her own front door in an air-locked nation? We cannot think closely, safely, east-west any more; we have to think "down" north, south, east and west from the Arctic, and when we take the short air view we see everywhere the women of other lands, earnest, active, energetic, and increasingly effective, not in pleasant little conferences and good works and worthy, but in serious, direct, political action. We remain the most inert, in the consciousness or use of our power, of women in nations the world over.

The Women Next Door

In 1933 the women Democrats of the United States became such a potent part of their party's political organism and in Roosevelt's election that a Cabinet post could not be gainsaid. Frances Perkins served as Secretary of Labor in difficult years, and Miss Perkins' appointment was but one result of Roosevelt's genuine conviction of women's right to share in government and of Mrs. Roosevelt's real capacity and equal interest in women's status. Not only Democrat women but women leaders, as a whole, found the White House opening easily to the tap of feminine fingers, and the "Tea Hour Cabinet" became a potent force in furthering women in public appointments, both of a delegate and executive nature. Friendly liaison and conference encouraged direct discussion of policies affecting women and generally brought reasonably satisfactory action. But, as often happens, there was a slackening in organization and effort as advantages were taken for granted by the women Democrats, though this proved a blessing in disguise for their Republican sisters who, in the adversity of opposition,

Old Stock

Continued from page 50

exchange slip to sign. He frowned at both of them, but they smiled back at him warmly. They had been at Kream's a long time.

But as the second girl was turning away with the slip, Bill came hustling over, as fast as his limp would let him. "You don't have to bother my uncle with things like that," he said. "Just bring them to me."

He certainly had changed. Before he'd gone away, William had worried about him. "He doesn't seem to have any confidence in himself at all," he'd said. "He's only happy when he's helping somebody or something that's hurt and needs him, because then he feels he has something to give, I guess. I don't know what to do about it."

Well, William did not have to do anything about it now, because Bill was not the same boy. He had plenty of confidence in himself now. He thought he could run the store. He thought his uncle, with all his experience, was a doddering old fool, and that he, Bill, was going to take over. He had another think coming.

The vials were already on display—artistically arranged so that they gleamed in the light, Old Mr. Kream reluctantly admitted, and marked down just about right for the ordinary old stock that you wanted to move. Only this wasn't ordinary old stock. Nothing would move it except a miracle. A miracle, or 50 years experience.

"Nice display," he said to Mary, who was looking at it too. She turned and smiled at him, and her eyes looked funny. He had never gone in very much for noticing women's eyes, but he could have sworn she'd been crying.

"Yes, it is," she said. "Bill did it. I'm afraid it won't sell the vials though."

"Did you tell him that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He"—she stopped and swallowed and began again—"he seems to be avoiding me," she said, and moved away very fast.

OLD MR. KREAM went outside. The love affairs of his buyers were certainly no concern of his. He knew nothing about love affairs anyway. Didn't believe in them. It just showed what a fool that young Bill was, to avoid a sweet girl like Mary. She was smart too, one of the best buyers in the store, though only a couple of years ago she'd come here without a cent or a bit of experience. Anybody who'd break the heart of a girl like that ought to be—

"Good morning, Mrs. Larsen. Fine morning. How's your daughter's cold?"

"Much better, thank you, Mr. Kream. You wouldn't have any nylons inside there, would you?"

"No, madam, not today. Maybe next week . . . Good morning, Miss Beale."

"Good morning, Mr. Kream. Nice to see you about."

"Why wouldn't you see me about? I haven't missed a clear day in nearly 50 years, standing out here to say good morning to the passers-by."

"Oh, of course. It's your brother who's been ill. How is Mr. William?"

"Doing nicely, thank you."

"And Young Mr. Kream?"

"Young—? Oh, you mean young

Bill. He's fine, Miss Beale, just fine."

A customer approached, and he held the door open for her and gave her a courtly low bow, and meanwhile he was thinking, *Young Mr. Kream*. That was what they had called him when his father had been alive. His father had been Old Mr. Kream in those days, and he had been Young Mr. Kream. Yes, but it had been Old Mr. Kream in those days who had run the business and made things hum and sold goods that nobody else could sell, and it would be Old Mr. Kream in these days too.

"Good morning, Mr. Kream."

"Good morning, Frances. How is it you aren't in school?"

"Playing hookey." She came closer and winked at him, pretending to be bold, though she was just a nice little girl he'd known all her life. "You wouldn't have any lastex two-way whatchamacallums left over, would you, Mr. Kream?"

He made the disapproving face she was looking for and said, "I don't know what you're talking about," and he watched her walk away, straight and thin as a stick, and reflected that she certainly did not need any two-way whatchamacallums, lastex or synthetic.

"Uncle Joe"—Bill stuck his head out from inside—"you don't have to stand out there like that. It's chilly. Come on in and get warm and I'll take your place."

Old Mr. Kream might have said, "You can't take my place, young fellow. The people who pass this store are used to seeing me standing out here to greet them, to open the door for them if they want to come in. I'm a tradition. You can't take the place of a tradition."

But he said nothing at all—because he had an idea. And when Old Mr. Kream had an idea it wrapped him up and carried him away and he scarcely knew what was going on around him until it was put into execution.

He went back into the office again, and the idea hummed inside of him—the idea that was going to sell those perfume vials. He would carry out the whole thing himself, without calling in anybody else, the way he had done in the days when he had been advertising manager, display expert, merchandising man and salesman all rolled into one. He'd show Bill—he'd show them all—whether he was old and useless and ready to be shelved!

"I knocked twice," Mary said, but you didn't answer."

He looked up at her impatiently, but you could not stay impatient with Mary. She was standing in front of his desk, smiling, the dimple coming and going at the side of her chin, but with that funny look in her eyes, that look of crying.

"Well?" he barked. "What do you want now?"

"It's those vials again. Nobody's bought any since they were put on display. People go over to see what they are and then walk away. Isn't there some way we could sell at least some of them? You're so clever. I thought maybe—"

"I? How would I know how to sell something that can't be sold? I'm an old man. Bill's the young one, the smart one. Ask Bill."

She shook her head with an appealing little motion, like a puppy shaking off rain. "I can't talk to Bill, Mr. Kream . . . about anything. He's so polite to

ARE YOU
SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT!
THEN TRY **FRESH**.

SEE WHY
MORE WOMEN
ARE SWITCHING
TO **FRESH**
THAN TO
ANY OTHER
DEODORANT!



Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. Put your present deodorant under one arm. Put **Fresh**, the new cream deodorant, under the other arm.

See which stops perspiration - prevents odor better.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science. **Fresh** stays smooth...doesn't dry out in the jar.



Around the Clock with LOUISE ALLBRITTON

LOUISE ALLBRITTON... LOVELY STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S PRODUCTION "TANGIER"

"I've got a 24-hour beauty pal—

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream"



7 A.M. Stop... Look! Louise arrives at studio. All eyes on that Allbritton complexion—it's as bedazzlin' as California's sun! Tell us, Louise, is a Hollywood Star's beauty-care a secret? "Not at all,"

she beams. "Any girl can follow mine! Start the day with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—it cleanses, freshens. Film on a jot for your powder base, and skin's a-sparkle!" Try it, girls—for luscious Lou's glow!



10 A.M. Camera man beams, "What a complexion for close-ups, Baby! Smooth as satin!" Confides Louise, "That's because Woodbury Cream softens and smooths my skin—each time I cleanse." Right! Woodbury is newer than cold cream—better! With four rich oils to give skin that satin touch—that romance look!



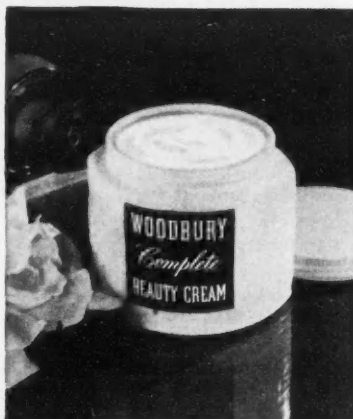
1 P.M. A-sparkle after a long morning's work. "This working girl gives her skin a fresh start before lunch," counsels Louise, "a quick cream-cleansing with Woodbury... then make-up goes on glamour-fresh!" Hollywood hint: Keep skin always Woodbury-fresh!



9 P.M. Dazzles doting date in off-screen hours! "My one cream magic to erase studio fag is—Woodbury. A thick coat cleanses... I tissue... and rest, with a fresh film smoothing my skin. Just a few minutes bring back bloom." Thanks, Louise, for passing on this smooth tip to... Woodbury-Wonderful Skin!



11 P.M. Pillow-time... Louise takes her Beauty Nightcap. "Deed I do... swirl on plenty of Woodbury to get my face baby-clean," confirms Louise. "Then, a mist of rich Woodbury to soften and beautify all night." Result by morning?... See Picture No. 1. And take Woodbury as your 24-hour beauty pal!



Newer than cold cream... better!
Beautifies as it cleanses. Only Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream gives you all these beauty advantages:

- Cleanses skin immaculately, at bedtime or for daytime fresh-ups.
- Softens and smooths skin, contains four rich oils.
- Relieves dry-skin lines, applied as overnight cream.
- Provides dewy powder base.

Contains exclusive Stericin, constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

...and for Special Skin problems:

- DRY SKIN** { Cleanse first with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. Apply WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM. Rich in Lanolin's benefits. WOODBURY Creampuff POWDER BASE. Gives a glowy make-up.
- OILY SKIN** { WOODBURY Oily Skin CLEANSING CREAM. It's liquefying. WOODBURY Vanishing MAKE-UP FILM. Discourages "shine."

(Made in Canada)

"She didn't pick on it," Bill said. "The perfume people happened to have the metal on hand and they got the idea of making it up into vials like this."

"But Mary didn't have to buy them, did she? She should have known that just because women are clamoring for certain cosmetics in metal cases, it doesn't mean they'll buy anything in a metal case." He leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. "Women are funny though," he added, with apparent irrelevance. "They'll get along without anything if they have to, but just let some scarce item show up on a counter and they'll trample over each other and stand in line for hours to get it, as though they couldn't live without it, or wait another minute for it . . . well, send your friend in when he gets here. We'll see what we can do for him." He hesitated, and then said, "I guess you can find a spot for him yourself, without my help."

WHEN HE had gone, Old Mr. Kream sat looking out of the window. He was tired. Why shouldn't a man admit he was tired when he was over 70? Why shouldn't he rest a little? His father had never rested. His father had hung on to the end, afraid of losing the upper hand, stifling the independence, the eagerness, the youthful spark of the boy who was so anxious to prove his worth. Youth needed to prove its worth. Old age had had its chance long since, and ought to move over.

Mary came back first, her small, mobile face bewildered and anxious and radiant all at once.

"Bill says you're going to fire me," she said. "I thought—"

Lovely New Aid FOR DRY SKIN



MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE,
prominent young society beauty, says,
"Just about perfect for softening dry skin."

Lovely help to make your dry skin lose that tight-stretched, dried out feeling! Pond's Dry Skin Cream is a special new-type cream . . . delightfully satin-soft, rich! Smooth it on your face, forehead, throat—hands, too. Leave on 5 to 15 minutes—overnight if possible. Use daily. See dry, rough skin become softer, smoother, more supple. Start now. On sale at your favorite beauty counter—19c, 34c and 59c.

3 Special Features

New { Lanolin—very like oil of skin
Homogenized—to soak in better
Special emulsifier—softening aid

Pond's DRY SKIN Cream

"Oh, so now you can talk to Bill. You said you couldn't, about anything."

"I know, but — he hasn't really changed, Mr. Kream. Not inside. He's the same as he always was."

"I just found that out too," Old Mr. Kream said. But she didn't seem to hear him. Her eyes looked funny again, not as if she'd been crying this time—as if she'd been dreaming.

"He told me not to worry. He said he'd see I was all right, no matter what you— But I don't understand it, Mr. Kream. You didn't seem to care about the vials before."

He did not have to explain to her, because Bill came back then, and his quick black eyes, so much like Old Mr. Kream's, were bright with excitement. He smiled at Mary and caught her hand and stood holding it the whole time he talked.

"Listen, Uncle Joe. Listen," he said. "Maybe we can sell those perfume vials. Not with perfume in them, of course, because perfume's about the only thing in that line that women don't carry around in their bags. But look, Uncle Joe—why couldn't we send those vials away and have lipsticks fitted into them? Women have been doing without metal lipstick containers for a long time, but now if these show up on our counters they'll wonder how they ever lived without them, and they'll be standing in line to get them." He stopped and took a breath and squeezed Mary's hand. "Women are funny that way," he said.

"I like that!" Mary said indignantly. "Where did you learn so much about women?"

"Every good merchant has to know about women if he wants to sell them anything," Old Mr. Kream said. "About men too—about everybody. That's a sound idea you've got there, Bill. It might move those vials at that."

"Do you really think so, Uncle Joe?" He was still talking to Old Mr. Kream, but his eyes were on Mary. "Gosh, I never figured on anything like this—coming in here without any experience, with everybody knowing so much more than I did—even Mary getting to be a buyer while I was gone—and dad lying sick, worrying about whether I'd be able to make the grade without him here to help me— Gosh, I kept dreaming I'd get a clever idea some time and show everybody, but I never figured on its happening so soon—"

Mary squeezed his hand back and smiled at Old Mr. Kream. "If the perfume vials sell, Mr Kream," she said, "can I keep my job?"

The old man shrugged. "That's up to your boss."

"You won't need any job, honey," Bill said. "I'll take care of you from now on."

She did not protest. She did not, Old Mr. Kream noted with satisfaction, say that she wanted to keep her independence, or any of that folderol. She just said, very softly, "You're wonderful," and Old Mr. Kream could have sworn she glanced at him, not Bill, while she was saying it.

Yet when he spoke, a few minutes later, she did not seem to hear him at all. Neither of them seemed to hear him, though he said it twice, as loud as he could.

"That really is a clever idea for those perfume vials, Bill. A very clever idea," he said. "I wish I'd thought of it myself." +

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loveliness for your legs. Nylons by Mercury
are flawless . . . sleek of seam . . .
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In today's newest shades.



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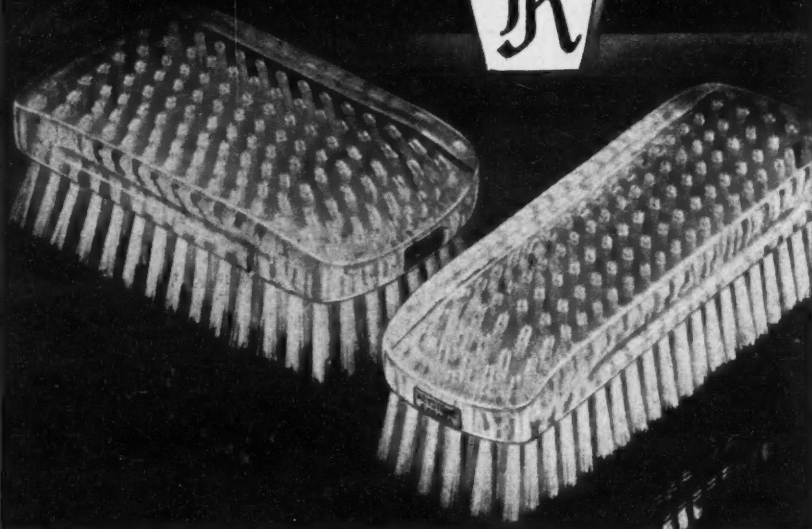
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This year marks the 50th Anniversary of Keystone Brushes. This quality brush, which now includes many new models will be available in greater quantity than ever. See your dealer.

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me, as though we'd just met. He's—" she stopped and looked at him helplessly and her eyes began to swim.

"Stop that!" shouted Old Mr. Kream, his face getting very red. "Don't you do that here! What's the matter with you? Haven't you any gumption? Why don't you just tell him—and ask him—and—and— Well, why don't you do something—something conclusive?"

"A girl can't do anything conclusive, Mr. Kream. A girl just has to wait."

"What nonsense! What—what folde-rol! If I were you—"

"No," she broke in. "Bill's changed too much. When I first came here—when I had no friends or anything and I was just starting out—he was wonderful to me. I thought he— But maybe it was just pity, Mr. Kream." She shook her head that way again. "I didn't come here to bother you with my troubles. I came about the perfume vials. Don't you think you could figure something out?"

"The vials," he said. "Ah, yes, the perfume vials. Well, why the devil don't you get out of here and leave me alone? How can I figure anything out if everybody in the store uses my office as a passageway? How can I—"

HE STOPPED, and relaxed his frown, because she was gone. He tried to get back to the idea he'd had about the vials—to figuring out the details—but other thoughts kept crowding in. *I must really be getting old*, he said to himself, because nothing like this had ever happened to him before. Nothing had ever crowded in on his ideas . . .

If he had had time when he was young, he might have picked a girl like Mary. Of course he'd have kept her home and taken care of her—none of this independent-woman nonsense for him. But he had never had time. He had been too busy trying to show his father that he wasn't just a dreamer who would never amount to anything—trying to show himself. It had taken too long, until after his father died and the store had become his whole life.

"Who the devil is it now?" he roared, as someone knocked on the door again. Bill's voice answered, and Old Mr. Kream said, "Oh, go away—No, come in."

Bill came in and stood near the door. "I don't want to bother you, Uncle Joe. Maybe I'd better come back another time."

Old Mr. Kream looked at him, and it was like looking in a mirror held back 50 years. Only the boy of 50 years ago had been timid, overanxious to make good, afraid he had nothing of use to anyone. This boy had been like that too before he went away—a boy who always had to find someone or something who needed his help, so he could feel he was useful—but now he was brash and self-confident and ready to take Old Mr. Kream's store away from him.

"This time's as good as any other," Old Mr. Kream snapped. "What do you want?"

"I know I shouldn't bother you with this, but I don't feel I should take it on myself—just yet."

"No. By all means wait until you're really a veteran here. Say two weeks."

The boy stared at him, and the firmly held line of his mouth relaxed. "It's about a— a buddy of mine. He was wounded too, and he has no family, no

place to go. I thought if we could give him a job in the store—"

Old Mr. Kream said nothing for several minutes. Then he said, "This buddy of yours—has he experience?"

"No, but he's—"

"That's too bad. I thought maybe we could break him in as cosmetics buyer, but if he's inexperienced we'll have to start him elsewhere."

"Cosmetics buyer? What's the matter with Mary?"

Old Mr. Kream looked at him in astonishment. "You don't imagine we can keep Mary, after the fantastic mistakes she made with those perfume vials?"

"What mistake?" Bill came away from the door, into the centre of the room. "How could anyone tell they wouldn't sell? Anybody could make a mistake like that."

"A good buyer couldn't. A good buyer knows his customers and is not lured by something that just happens to him personally. We can't afford such mistakes, and we can't keep people who make them."

"But Mary needs this job. She has nobody to look after her."

Old Mr. Kream shrugged. "Business and sentiment don't mix." He looked down at his desk, rifled through some papers, and said, "It would take a regular genius to sell those silver vials. They're pretty to look at, and nobody has seen any metal cases for cosmetics in a long time, but Pearson women just don't carry perfume around in their handbags, that's all. I guess they carry around about everything else in the cosmetic line, but Mary just had to pick on perfume."



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When the train came she put her hands on Dan's chest and kissed him on the mouth. She let her fingers make a remembering excursion over his face and ended by smoothing his lips into a smile with her forefingers.

"Come back to us, Dan."

They scurried desperately at the last moment to load Dan and his bags on the train.

"Good-by!" Dan shouted, his voice straining above the retreating noise.

"Take care of our girl!"

Stephen wheeled Eden around sharply and tugged at her arm.

"Come on," he said savagely. "Let's get out of here!"

STEPHEN SAT on the swing beside Eden and wished for a miracle. In the end it was not so satisfactory as it might seem to pat your own back in congratulation for your perceptions, and the truth was an unwanted prize for a second-rate guess. He pushed his toe against the floor and set the swing rocking slowly. He leaned back and tucked his arms behind his head, and when he spoke his voice was as airy as smoke.

"Was there ever a beginning? Wasn't it always Dan?"

He covered Eden's hand impulsively.

"That wasn't fair," he amended. "That was my ego talking. Not a pleasant guy to know. Of course there was a beginning." He shrugged. "But can you put your finger on a moment and say this is where my love begins? Can you clock it with a stop watch and see it spring forth full blown at the crack of the starting gun? I don't know," he said humbly.

Eden rubbed her temples and shook her head, freeing the ringing in her ears, smoothing away the shock of the moment before. Her laugh was heavy with relief.

"Oh, you!" she said affectionately. "I've been fumbling about for days trying to get this across to you. It was a little stunning to hear you call the turn instead." She sobered. "Yes. Yes, there was a beginning. It was Dan's being away, I suppose. The same tired old proverb of absence and fond hearts. Trite, isn't it?"

"Hardly trite," Stephen said wryly, "when it achieves so exalted an end."

Eden lifted her head sharply.

"Don't be flippant, Steve. I need to talk about this. You can't ride roughshod over a lifetime of thinking in threes. Somewhere along the line you have to lay the pieces on the table. Believe me, Steve, it isn't easy." She moved restlessly.

"Dan's going away was the first wrench. Our tight little trio was blasted wide open then. We haven't talked much about it, have we, but the design began to fall apart right then and there."

Stephen did not reply. Eden probed in her pocket for a cigarette. She took the last one from the pack and put it to her mouth. She withdrew it then, and rolled it between her fingers, reflecting.

"Remember the pledge we took when we were 11?"

"Mmmmm." Stephen tucked his tongue in his cheek. "We'll all live together in a big house and never go away from each other ever," he quoted. "A lovely thought, but hardly practical."

Eden frowned.

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The Color of Orchid

Continued from page 14

hands. She scuffed about with her foot until she placed it on the pedal.

"All right now, Stevie." He boosted her to the seat.

Their progress across the half block was painfully slow, and Dan, allowing even for the understandable clumsiness of little girls in matters such as this, was indignant. He resented the solicitude of Stephen's guiding hand on the bar, of his arm around her waist. As they came back he exploded:

"Aw, why don't you let her ride it herself!"

Eden hesitated. A sudden secret fluttered over her and Stephen. Then her words spilled over to Dan, slipped through an endless tunnel like ponderous tears to lodge in his mind.

"I can't ride by myself," she said gently. "I'm blind."

They became almost a legend. And the town talked. Heavy with pity at first, wet-eyed and slightly unctuous at the spectacle of the little blind girl and her two devoted friends. It marvelled at Eden, glowing and confident in her red dress, taking her place in the chorus at the Christmas program; at Dan beside her, watchful as a puppy and twice as eager. It caught the possessive look that flickered between Stephen at the piano, and Dan, and the way Dan crossed his fingers to signify a silent "Okay." The town sucked in its cheeks and shook its head and mumbled:

"So sweet. So sweet. What a pity. She's such a pretty little thing too."

"Those two little boys watch her like hawks. It would be cute if it weren't so sad."

"Well, children are terribly impressed by those things."

It prophesied:

"It will pass. The boys will outgrow her. She'll limit them."

BUT THE town was wrong. It did not count on Eden's tractability, her capacity to give. It could not be expected to know of the cocoon of utter normalcy that had been spun for Eden by her understanding parents, nor how Stephen, and later Dan had picked up the thread to secure the course in an impatient world of a child born blind.

So as their small bodies grew, and their individualities possessed them, so did the bond among them swell and tighten, and settle to perfection. They passed, as children do, into the phase of secret clubs. They burned candles, and took the solemn pledge, and wrote their names in their own blood on private documents.

"When we grow up we'll all live together in a big house, and never, never go away from each other ever!" Eden said.

To this the boys murmured their amens.

They laughed about this in later years when their feet were firmly planted in the smug assurance of adolescence. They draped their awkward bodies over the seat of Dan's jalopy; they pounded their fists and tapped their feet in rhythm to Stephen's piano; and they philosophized with the wisdom of their great age.

"I don't know," Stephen said idly.

"The idea has merit. I mean the three of us going on together."

Dan was thoughtful.

"Yeah," he said. "I kinda like it."

"What?" Eden shouted. "Living in the same house with you two zanies? With Steve banging the piano all day, and Dan doing broken-field running through the living room furniture. Oh, brother!"

They were helpless with laughter. But they knew.

If the town, busy with its personal affairs, had forgotten them, it became suspiciously alert when the two boys went to college, and Eden went with them. It raised its brows and speculated on her chances, and anticipated small failures. If Eden was aware of this she gave no sign. Here the careful years had their flowering. It was for this that Eden, sensing for the first time the oddity of her circumstances, had seethed in privacy. Not against her blindness, but against the potential limitations it could impose. She rejected them with finality. ("I won't let it make any difference. I won't!")

Eden stepped forth into radiance. She strode across the campus, a tall girl, cool. ("How many hours did we spend, Dan, covering every inch of it so that I know it like the lines and hollows in my hand? How many tones lower is the chapel bell, Steve? Three below the bell in Main Hall? The bells will guide me. I'll be all right.")

She did more than skirt across the rim of campus life. She was the girl in the fur coat at the big game, hanging on to Steve's arm, parting her lips to expel an excited sigh, lifting her head to gather to her the hysteria of collegiate exuberance.

"Where's Dan? Tell me what Dan's doing." She pounded Steve's arm.

"He's running. He's got the ball. Wait! He's down. They got him, Eden, but he gained 10 yards!"

She was the girl with the fair hair and the slow sweet smile at the student concert. She pressed Dan's hand.

"Dan, Dan, I'm going to cry. Steve's playing always makes me cry."

Dan patted her shoulder.

"Yeah," he said. "He's good. He's our boy."

It took a war to separate them. And the cleavage was neat and bitter. Where no ghost of discontent had been allowed to walk, a fury blasted through to tap its vicious finger on Dan's young shoulder. The three of them stood huddled on the station platform in the dawn. The early mist hung heavy, an ominous shroud, around them, and they were silent. Dan flexed his shoulders under his new tight-fitting uniform.

"Well" he said presently, "this is it."

He kneaded his knuckles into Stephen's shoulder and shook his hand.

"I wish you were coming with me," he ventured awkwardly. "It's tough. I'm sorry as all get out."

A thin smile broke Stephen's face.

"Many are called but few are chosen." It's all right, Dan. Somebody, they tell me, has to stay behind to keep an eye on wives and children. Do a good job, fella."

Eden said nothing. She pulled the collar of her coat over her throat against the fog, and slid her hands into the sleeves, Chinese-wise. She was faintly astonished to find that her palms were wet.

The record ground to a stop. They moved simultaneously to shut it off, collided and clutched each other, laughing. Eden grasped his shoulders and shook him lightly.

"You will help me get ready for him?" Stephen flipped her chin.

"Of course. How many more days?"

IN THE END they were not prepared. Dan Unger walked in on them in the light of noon, casually and unannounced. He tramped across the carpet with his heavy Army boots, set his cap in a spin across the room. He stood with his healthy legs apart, hands on hips.

"Hey!" he called, "I'm back!"

Stephen streaked across the room to him and in their mutual exuberance they did not hear Eden's half sob, nor see her start toward them. Eden, who never hesitated, walked fearfully and shyly, tripped on a forgotten chair, and laughed weakly to cover her confusion. She put her shaking fingers on Dan's chest, slid them over his arms, let them form a cup for his chin. "Dan, Dan," her voice was a caress. She lifted her face to him.

"How do you look, Dan? Tell me how you look."

Dan stood grinning.

"Fat," he said, putting his hand on her hair.

"Oh, you!" Eden sniffed. She rapped her knuckles against him in exasperation.

"Steve," she flung out a hand to him. "Tell me how he looks!"

Stephen let his eyes slide over them. He walked slowly around Dan with mock precision, stalling as he adjusted himself to the sudden airless limbo of the outsider looking in. He quelled the aching urge to turn his back and walk away; and he resented, in a way, the tenderness in his voice.

"Yes, he is fatter. And I'd say the sun did a good dye job on your hair, Dan. It's almost white. Now how did that happen, my bucko? Loafing on the Riviera?" He closed one eye and measured Dan from a distance.

"I'd say he's a good two inches broader across the chest, too. But then, he'd have to be to carry around all that load of fruit salad."

"Oh, yes," Eden said breathlessly. "Your decorations!" She pulled Dan down to the sofa.

They did not hear Stephen leave, and therefore did not see him make the odd little salute, more potent than a word, that sealed his exile.

Dan lifted his head presently.

"Steve?" He shrugged. "Funny. He's gone."

Eden smiled. "Yes. He would."

The expected moment lay between them, and they studied it with diffidence. They stirred with remembrance of earlier years at a different stratum and grasped helplessly at their former simple identities to bridge the gap. But the change was acute.

Dan ruffled his hair and stared at Eden. He had looked too long on the rawness of the world and a toiling humanity to gaze lightly on such serenity. He had forgotten that anyone could be so still.

"Well, Eden?" He muffed her name. He cleared his throat self-consciously and said again, almost too loud:

"Well, Eden?" Suddenly exasperated he got up. He walked to the window and

pulled aside the curtain to peer uncertainly into the street. Then he turned and braced himself against an upright chair, fingering the carving on the frame.

"Look, Eden. All the way back here I planned everything I was going to say to you." He laughed ruefully. "It's not working out right, though." He measured his words apologetically. "I'm not much of a guy for words. You know that. Steve could trick it all up in fancy phrases, but..." He pulled at his lower lip.

Eden pressed her hands together.

"Was it that bad, Dan?"

He slumped beside her, exhausted. He closed his eyes and breathed out the burden of the years.

"Lord, yes!"

Eden reached for his hair, found it, and began to smooth it with tireless strokes.

"Take your time, Dan," she soothed. "Take your time."

Dan heaved himself forward and spread his hands. The inner spring that silences a troubled spirit whirled free, and the words now crowded in his throat. His tone was edged with anger.

"That's just it, Eden! There isn't time. There's so much to do. You don't know. I've seen them, the poor, the homeless and the hunted. Do you know what I've been doing since V-E Day? I've been taking care of people like that! It's enough to turn you inside out. But I was good at it, Eden. I fed them, and tried to give them clothes, and places to stay... the lame, the halt and the blind."

Eden sat back, flushed. She murmured a wordless phrase and puzzled at the oddity of Dan so cloaked in vehemence. There was a pressure against her chest that she could not define and the first ragged edges of an ominous blot crept toward her. She moistened her lips to speak, and jerked violently as Dan kicked aside a stool. He ignored her movement as he went on.

"It took a war—a war, Eden, to get it through my thick skull." He tapped his head, impressing it upon himself. He was as near to pleading for forgiveness for past omissions as he was capable of being.

"I never knew," he said with wonder, "how much a guy could do for people."

Dan took his handkerchief from his back pocket and covered his face, breathing into the cool cloth to ease himself. He wiped his face carefully. As if he felt an urgent need for physical activity he lifted the overturned stool, raised it unnecessarily high over his head. He put it down gently at Eden's feet. He sat down and groped at his tie, loosening the knot, and he felt the rigidity of Eden's knees pressing against his.

"Eden, I've been a lug all our lives. I ought to have my arms and legs cut off for not ever realizing how rotten things have been for you."

"Dan!" The blot was engulfing Eden now, and her agonized cry rang in her own ears, a weak and distant protest. It was already too late. She shivered violently. She waited. Let him say it. Dan inspected his palms.

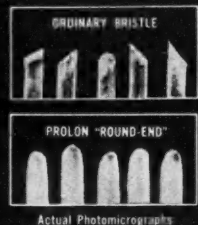
"I love you, Eden. I want to take care of you. I want to keep you from hurt and heartbreak. There's so much I want to do for you. If you'll let me, I'd like to try."

He laced their hands, forcing his fingers through her unresisting ones,

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"I never thought so. I think I fervently believed it. I never allowed myself to think that something might come along to disrupt us."

Stephen stood up. He stuffed his fists into his pockets and strolled aimlessly across the porch. An unruly vine brushed against his cheek and he stretched a negligent hand to push it aside. Instead he snapped its stem with a viciousness that alarmed him and slipped it into his mouth. After a moment he tossed it aside and came to stand in front of Eden.

"So it turned out to be Dan!" he said, marvelling at the generosity that shimmered on her mouth, at the clear flush that rose slyly in her cheeks at her thought of him. A man could not look on these things and retain the taste of bitterness in his mouth, nor continue to feed resentment to a stricken heart.

"So be it," he said warmly. "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

Eden stretched her hands to him.

"I needed you to say that."

"Why not," Stephen said simply. "Dan's my best friend, Eden. Or had you forgotten?"

He stepped over to the phonograph and flipped the needle. The first agonizing scratch on the record touched the roughness inside him, set his teeth. The familiar music slipped out then, and he took a mighty breath. He sat down bobbing his clasped hands between his knees.

"Okay, little Eden. Tell me a love story."

Eden crumpled the empty cigarette package.

"What is there to tell?"

"Oh, I don't know. Look," he protested, "this isn't just idle curiosity. After all, I'm more or less a silent partner in this. How about Dan, for instance. What's his viewpoint?"

Eden opened her mouth to speak, then puckered her lips cautiously.

"He hasn't said anything to you in his letters?"

"Not a word."

"Dan's changed a lot, Steve. He writes about things I didn't know he'd ever thought about. I can't put my finger on it exactly."

"Could be that Dan's getting a good dose of growing up?"

She ignored the scrawl of irony in his tone.

"If you want to put it that way, yes. I think Dan found out that war isn't just another football game, and he's looked around him for the first time and found other things important."

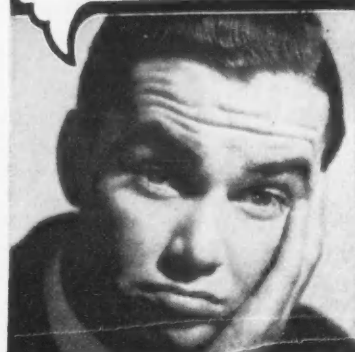
Stephen leaned back and studied Eden, chin in hand. He searched her face, for it is a wondrous thing to look at a woman in love, particularly when you have been familiar with every passing expression since childhood. He gave a grunt of admiration. It was as yet an unsettled love, not quite content. But it was there, undeniable and proud.

"So you found that in Dan to love," he said wistfully.

"There are many things in Dan to love," Eden protested. "You know that."

"Of course," he agreed quickly. "He's a grand guy. Brave certainly . . . look at his war record. Ambitious, and very kind." He made a certain peace with himself. "Yes," he said with finality, "you'll do all right with Dan."

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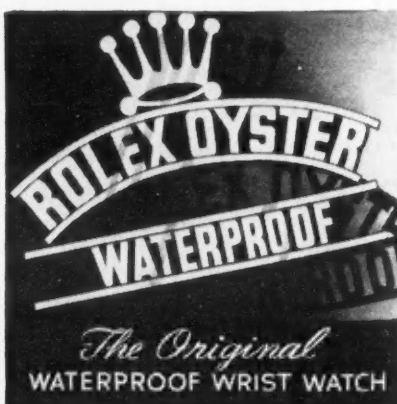


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weren't you? Go on. Keep on playing."

Steve looked upon her with perplexity for a moment, pulled at his ear, and went back to the piano.

Eden leaned against the door. She held her head down, and pointed her toes straight ahead; behind her back her hands fussed against the door jamb. Presently she opened her eyes wide.

"Steve, what do you think I'll be like in 10 years? Tell me how you see me."

He laughed.

"Oh, fat, and complacent, and busting out at the seams with smugness. Over your football-playing sons, no doubt."

She flung her head back defiantly, and the muscles around her mouth were taut.

"Please. Be honest. I've got to know."

Steve let a stream of notes trickle from his fingers. He did not look at Eden, then, out of the sudden half-hysterical fear that she could see his unguarded face. He held his voice close to him, smoothing it before he let it go.

"As you are now, Eden. With your searching hands that speak of your seeking soul. Walking your own ground, wrapping your heart in your own fierce pride. I know you. There are no mussed-up edges to you, Eden, and no fumbling."

Eden's mouth trembled.

"Thanks," she whispered. Then:

"And you? What will the years be like for you?"

Stephen pressed his hands against the soundless keys.

"That depends," he hedged. "It depends on how the cards are stacked. If there is a place for me in your life with Dan . . . well, I might do something quite wonderful."

Alarm shook Eden's voice.

"You'll always be a part of my life!"

"I believe you," he said sincerely. "I

think you understand my need."

"Don't you think I need you, too?"

Stephen stood up. His eyes were as blurred as an old print as he leaned toward her with apprehension.

"Why, Eden," he said sharply, "you don't need anyone!"

The wind scuffled through the open door and cleared the air between them. Eden turned, triumphant.

"You were wrong about the color of orchid, Steve." She pressed her head against the door.

"Poor Dan!"

Stephen moved swiftly across the separating space and reached for her, but she held him off with a shake of her head. Let it wait. There would be time. She pulled the air into her chest, lavishing its clarity on her tired mind.

"It's going to storm," she said.

The trees heaved with the first warning, and sent the pressure of the wind scurrying from leaf to leaf like a noisy gossip.

"Has the sun set, Steve?"

Stephen looked at her, and knowing he could look again, looked away.

"No. Almost, though. The sky is as black as a traitor's heart, and the sun is a big red cherry, oblivious of its fate." He gave a short laugh, allowing himself one exalted moment.

"Right below it the horizon squats like a fat frog waiting to gobble it up. There. The sun's gone now. Slipped away as neatly as a swallow. It's quite dark already."

They stood together, savoring the moment before the rain would come to restore a sweet clean world. Already the impatient thunder began to stride across the sky and rattle out its presence, methodic and loud. But not so loud as a heartbeat. +

Women the World Over

Continued from page 59

"Interamericana" reports, "Latin America is moving toward industrialization: the semipatriarchal system of family life will perforce disappear from our continental scene as the nations that form the continent change their economic structure." Therefore, it is determined to assure provisions to further women in their "new functions" as workers, yet at the same time "to protect them as mothers together with their children." Direct and practical, the Latin-American representatives, aided by Katharine Lenroot, technical delegate from the United States, succeeded in getting certain of these principles written into the agreement of Chapultepec. And they are getting results. In Panama two women have been elected to the Assembly in this first year of their suffrage, while women have also been elected in Uruguay, Brazil, Dominica and Cuba, and one of the Cubans serves in the Cabinet. Both Chile and Mexico have named women as ministers-plenipotentiaries abroad.

The Women of Russia

The Constitution (1917) of the U.S.S.R. gave complete equality to men and women, and thus gave Russian women a unique privilege of starting equal with their men from scratch, as it were, for their political freedom coincided with the abolition of serfdom itself. Consequently the U.S.S.R. affords the outstanding example of

women's capacity for a full and effective partnership in the economic and political life of the state.

The results are impressive even when a discount is made for the enthusiasm of a people in their sudden emancipation. The fine record of 11 million women in industry out of Russia's 200 millions does not really surpass our own half million out of 11 million people, but the women of the U.S.S.R. have left all other nations behind in their political achievements. They comprise well over 53% of the electorate and in some areas may run as high as two thirds of the voting strength. In the Supreme Soviet women members numbered 189 out of 1,143 (about 16%) prior to the February, 1946, elections, in which they elected 274, or an increase of nearly 5% in the elected strength (1,339). In the local autonomous governments they are powerful, and their 422,000 women in municipal government represent over a third of all local officials. Over 650,000 women hold office among the 10 millions trade unionists with whom the industrial organization of the nation rests and over 15,000 direct collective farms, so important in the agriculture of the new Russia. A woman, Mrs. Aslanova, has been vice-president of the Supreme Soviet; Mrs. Zoya Andreyeva, a former rural teacher, and Mrs. N. Greve are presidents of two of the Republics, while a woman, Zinaida Troitskoy, holds a post comparable to Director of Transportation for the nation. One woman, Popova, has risen to the full rank of a general in the field.

"Sounds like something Churchill said."

"It seems queer not to see Ann in the choir," said Madge, as they came from church.

"Yes. She can't leave the baby."

"What does she do in the week, when she's working?"

"She has to take him over to her mother's."

"I feel so sorry for Ann. Fred was such a wonderful husband."

"A grand fellow, Madge, but he left poor Ann with practically nothing. He started thinking about life insurance too late, and left too little."

"Too little and too late. It sounds like something Churchill said."

"Of course, Ann blames herself to some extent. She never encouraged him to save. Just the reverse. They went everywhere and did everything. Wives never seem to learn what widows know, do they?"



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elaborately, slowly, allowing her a moment of decision.

Nothing was changed, really. The sleekness of the sharkskin across Eden's knees held the same slipperiness that cooled the skin; she heard the measured clack of the clock that hesitated almost imperceptibly every tenth tick and then plunged victoriously on. The ebb and flow of a breeze-borne scent was as unmistakably honeysuckle as ever. It was fantastic, then, to sit so, wrapped in this new grief; to sicken over words that brushed her by as scattered leaves tumble in the wind. She rose heavily and walked across to the window, stopping on the way to touch the ceramic cat Stephen had once given her. She fondled it with remembered pleasure, taking strength from its solidity. She cooled her cheek against the window glass and pried into her mind for the key to the pattern Dan had set. It came with shuddering simplicity, so neatly placed, so final:

"He thinks of me as being blind!"

BEHIND HER she heard the burr of a struck match, Dan's shuffling feet and the squeak of khaki as he crossed his legs. In her bewilderment she grasped desperately at shifting phases, sorting them hastily, laying them before her as evidence, protesting silently.

"I swim as well as you do, Dan. You know. You taught me. I ride. I ride. Remember, Dan... you and Steve and I getting up to break the day... the dew was still fresh and Steve said there were diamonds in the grass."

She recited her precious litany.

"I can cook, I sew, even. You made the sewing box, you notched the spools of thread so I could tell the colors apart. Everything but fried chicken. I can't tell when it's done, but you don't have to have it every day. You haven't said it, Dan. But it's what you think. You've snuffed me in with the homeless, the balt. You're thinking what I've never thought in my life. You're thinking of me as blind."

Dan's hand was light upon her shoulder, but she did not turn. Instead she previewed the staggering years ahead with Dan. She knew, even now, the suffocation of his solicitude that would eat away with regularity and persistence at her courage until she too would settle to numb acceptance of her blindness. It was unmistakable. Dan had thundered off to war and stumbled effectively upon a crusade. He had fed upon a bleeding world until he could not separate himself from it. His love was not pity for Eden. Rather he had come running with his newly acquired gift for giving, and he had bestowed it with innocence and delight as a child offers a favored doll to a hungry cat, heedless of its graver need.

Dan tugged at her shoulder, hovered faltering at her side. "Eden, what's the matter? Have I said something wrong?"

Eden drew herself up and smoothed her dress with care.

"No." Her smile reassured him. "But let's not talk about this just yet, Dan. Let's let it go for now."

He was content.

Eden made her way across the grass. She ducked her head automatically as she passed through the hole in the hedge, and she hurried up the gravel walk to Stephen's door. She tapped against the glass of the french door until Stephen opened it.

"Why, Eden," he said slowly.

"Hello. You were playing the piano,

fit

for everything

Bend forwards... backwards... sideways... with perfect freedom of movement, conscious that curves are controlled by a foundation garment that fits your figure with complete comfort. Your corsetiere will gladly advise you which Le Gant girdle and Nature's Rival Alphabet Bra ("A", "B" and "C" cup sizes) will best suit your requirements.



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1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods.

35¢ for 5 rinses
15¢ for 2 rinses



**"Don't
let up when Nature
lets you down!"**



It's just plain old-fashioned to assume a "rockin'-chair's-got-me" attitude certain days each month. Old-fashioned, because today, Midol can free you from much of menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues."

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which from 30% to 50% of the members elected in borough after borough were women of the Labor party. The women candidates were particularly effective in the great urban centres, many of which were traditionally Conservative. A woman presides over the London County Council, the largest municipal government in the world, and a woman minister, Ellen Wilkinson, will mold England's sweeping educational changes.

Women of the East

But it is in the old, old East that the surge forward of woman's power sweeps on to overwhelming change.

India

The purdah (veiled) women of India are no less keenly concerned than the untrammelled women of freer customs, the leadership of the teeming millions in the hands of the literate who number only 7% of all the female population over five years of age. The women of British India may put the women of Canada to shame. Granted a limited franchise under the Government of India Act of 1935, and with but 41 seats reserved for them, the six million voting women have two women in the Central Legislature, 58 in the provincial houses, among whom there are six women serving as ministers, deputy speakers and undersecretaries. A woman is surgeon-general of Travancore State, another a judge in the same province. In the India Defense Council of 10 members, one is a woman—the Begum Shah Nawaz.

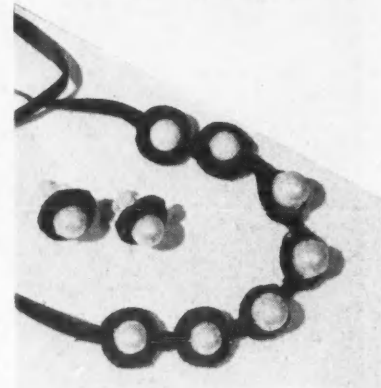
At the end of 1945 an All-India Women's Conference convened at Hy-

✦ Continued on next page



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Here's a bit of glitter and glamour, set in hand crochet, for your new fall togs. Above, spangle bracelet and earrings set; below, pearl choker and earrings.



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The powder your dentist uses is, of course, a special powder made for use by dentists *only*. But there is a powder for daily *home* use which will keep your smile sparkling... it's Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.

This famous powder was originally the prescription of a famous practicing dentist. It's made to get your teeth *really* clean... to remove the smudges, discolorations and smoke stains that are so often the result of improper cleaning.

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The thin outer layer of skin called "the scarf skin" has little or no blood nourishment. It is the oldest of skin layers, and without much resistance can become discolored, drab and weathered. The action of **Mercolized Wax Cream** on this skin surface is a DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE. An appearance of new skin beauty results—a soft glowing freshness and radiance that can be the envy of everyone. Thousands of women have used **Mercolized Wax Cream** for years. Thousands of others will THRILL at discovering what it may do for them. Use only as directed.

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Gail Russell, starring in
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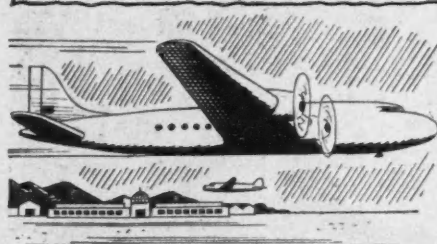


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March 8 is annually set aside as a public holiday dedicated to the status of women.

The Women of Europe

It is unquestioned that the worn and weary women of Europe are politically conscious and active as never before, and that very large numbers are swinging Left. While due in part to admiration for the Soviet's grant of equality, the European woman's extreme radicalism is also a natural reaction to the resistance and stupidity of most of the leaders of established political philosophies. Several of the continental states still withhold the franchise, notably Switzerland and Belgium, though the latter allows a municipal vote and the election of women to office. In these states and others there is a definite effort to consolidate the "home" women in the status quo, and this has been reflected in the Belgian, Netherlands, French and Southern Italian elections.

Women, left to themselves, do not lean to drastic change. They are, on the whole, patient but intensely practical. Open to fear of change and easily persuaded that politics and government should be left to men, women will suddenly turn and refuse to temporize, especially if, as in Europe today, this means suffering, penury, starvation and death for their families. And these conditions are affecting women throughout the Continent. So there is the strange paradox of certain countries looking to their women voters to retain established institutions and the radical parties definitely drawing great force from yet other women. The Communist movement in Finland is led by a woman, while its leader in Norway is the only woman member in the new National Cabinet in a House with eight women members. The fiery Dolores Ibarruri—"Il Passonaria"—is still a figure among the Spanish exiles. Yet in Budapest, two Franciscan nuns have been elected to the municipal council!

Germany

In Germany the ghastly and tragic conditions in which the women find themselves can tend only to desperation or despair with the situation rapidly worsening. Where, as in portions of Eastern Germany and about Berlin, casualties, imprisonment and deportations have left as high as 30 and 35 young women to one man, social chaos and political upheaval are almost inevitable.

In the British zone the authorities have definitely called on the "German woman to share the burden of the German man in working for peace" and are appointing a woman officer to Military Government Headquarters to supervise and encourage the development of woman's broader participation in government. "Military Government," it is officially stated, "has thought it well to stress the fact that if a Council is to be really representative it should contain at least one woman and preferably more."

In the U.S.A. zone a special analysis showed women forming two thirds of the electorate in the January elections and voting two to one for the moderate party.

France and Italy

The social significance of the enfranchisement of the women of France and

Italy can hardly be overemphasized even though its full impact will be cumulative. In France, where weary people struggle against despair and disintegration, an amazing dynamic fires her women.

Women voted in the 1944 elections in France by virtue of practice only, not under the Constitution of the Third Republic. They now number more than one in 10 of the mayors of the Republic's 1,500 major local governments, headed by Mme. Suzanne Laurant ("Agnes" of the underground) as mayor of the 1st arrondissement of Paris. Helene Le-faucheu is vice-chairman of the Municipal Council of Paris. Women form over 10% of the French Assembly, their 33 members representing 17 for the Communist Party, six the Socialist, nine the Progressive Catholic group, and one, the Conservative group.

The two major women's organizations are the F.L.P. (Federation de la Liberté Nationale-Socialist) and the U.F.F. (Union des Femmes Francaises—of the Communist group). These find parallels in groups in Belgium, where a large portion of the women are allied, however, with the Catholic Socialist Party behind the monarchy. Similar divisions exist in Italy where the Communist U.D.I. (Unione delle Donne Italiane) entirely outweighs the moderate group of Italian women so active in pre-Fascist days in international women's work. However, the C.C.I. (the Catholic Centro Italiane) stands a firm bastion against violent change, as it has just added direct political action to its traditional parish welfare program.

It was the U.F.F. (of France) which convened the International "Congrès des Femmes" in Paris, in November, 1945, under Mme. Eugenia Cotton, the U.F.F. president. It brought together 850 delegates from 40 nations and 600 from France and the French Empire. Canadian women sent no delegates and the British women attended in a consultative status. From the United States came Mrs. Muriel Draper, Mrs. Frederic March, and representing the National Congress of Colored Women, Mrs. Charlotte Brown and Mrs. Thelma Daly. The charter adopted was brief and simple: the furtherance of peace and the "annihilation" of Fascism; the full equality of women with men in all spheres of action, the social protection of women as mothers, and of all children without regard to legitimacy of status. A permanent body was created—the International Democratic Federation of Women—which now seeks official recognition as the consultative body to the United Nations on matters affecting women.

Britain

The moderate Socialism of the women in the Labor ranks in Britain is in part a reaction against the suffering and need of the war and the drab years that preceded it, but also a recoil from the impervious attitude of the older political parties toward a sincere acceptance of women's interests and women's candidates in their programs. These factors have sent 23 Labor adherents to Westminster, among the "all-time high" of 24 women members. (Incidentally, this marks a 100% increase over the number in the last Parliament.) They also account, in part, for the sweeping inroads of Labor in the municipal elections of this year, in



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Middle East, courageous women of the millions of the Arab race, in which women's position is comparatively the most disadvantageous in the modern world, are banded together in the Arab Women's Union, with a capable, full-time executive secretary, Madame El Said. Up through Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, into uneasy India, the militant and restlessly anxious women of the East are gathering in their earnest concern.

Australia and New Zealand

"Down west" from Canada, air centre of the world, the women of Australia and New Zealand, though first on the globe to be enfranchised, seem to have been politically inactive. In Australia, where polling is compulsory, 94% of all women actually voted in the last election. But only two women sit in the Commonwealth Parliament, and these are the first to be elected—Dame Enid Lyons, widow of the former premier, and Senator Dorothy Tanguey. In the six State Legislatures there are five women members, two each in New South Wales and in Western Australia, and one in Victoria.

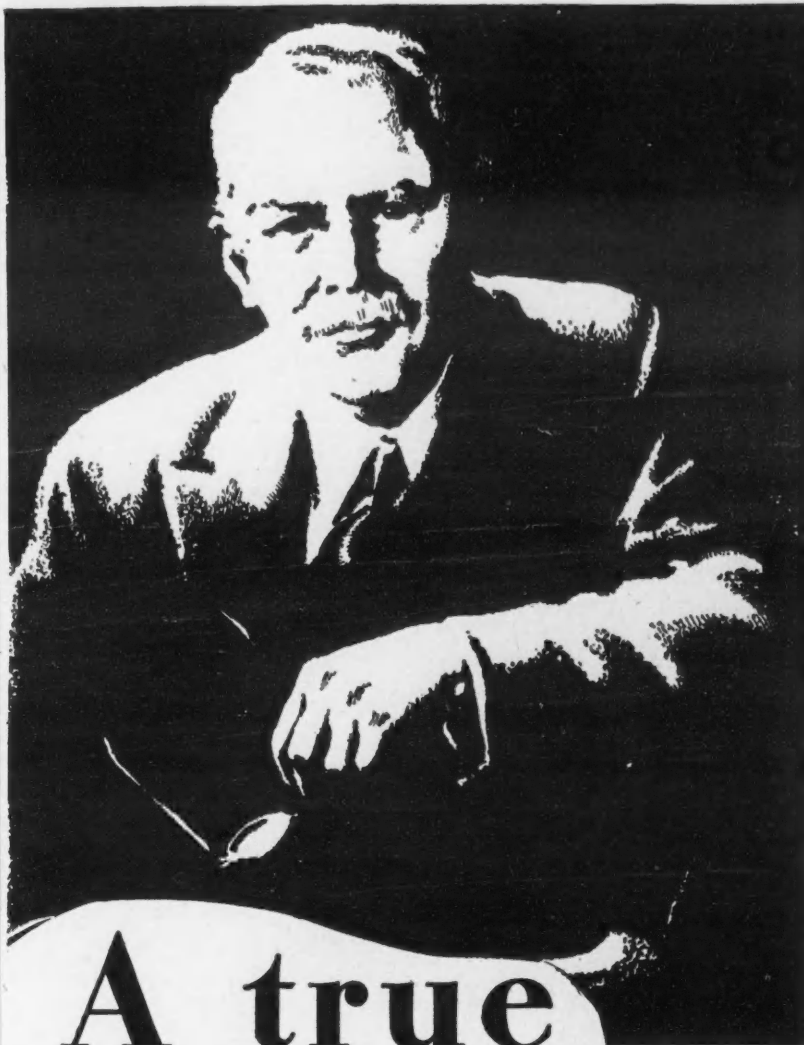
In New Zealand, where registry, but not voting, is compulsory an 82% ballot sent but one woman to the Dominion Parliament. She represents a recession from a previous high of three women members, two of whom resigned upon marriage to fellow members of the House! Two women serve in the New Zealand Senate. In neither Australia nor New Zealand do bars prevail against women in the Civil or Diplomatic Service but few have advanced to highest rank. Jean Mackenzie, a career woman in the Service, served as a member of the New Zealand delegation to the United Nations.

Challenge and Warning

So there it is! The world over, except in the "safest" democracies and particularly our own Canada, women seem to realize indeed that their destiny is at stake. But here we appear to lack the effective urge or energy of the women who are still denied the rights that we enjoy or have seen them and all their future trembling in the opening chasms of a disintegrating world. Yet will the chasms not open wider in the inertia, disillusion and despair into which a weary world is slowly slipping momentarily while one half starves and another half—the new, young, vigorous and hitherto dynamic half—is too selfishly supine to arrest the drift? The new and untried potential of the world, especially of the new world, is the active, effective political strength of its women.

Long centuries ago the prophet Isaiah cried out in vain against the complacent ease of a satisfied and mighty people whose doom was then moving toward them. Some of his fiery, passionate words were directed to the women of Israel: "Rise up, ye women that are at ease: hear my voice ye careless daughters: give ear unto my speech: many days and years shall ye be troubled, ye careless women, for the vintage shall fail, the gathering shall not come. Tremble ye women that are at ease: be troubled, ye careless ones."

Let us who have ears, hear, ere the darkness fall and the night come and there be neither light nor hope, be we then ever so eager to serve, for the hour will have passed. +



A true story

When the ordinary men and women of Britain first heard about 'Dettol' they were not interested.

To them it was just another new antiseptic, and they had heard of new antiseptics before. But the bacteriologists, the obstetricians, the doctors and surgeons, working in laboratories and hospitals and in the most exacting conditions of practice, very soon realised that in 'Dettol' a momentous advance had been made.

First a few reports in the Medical Press, then more and still more appeared. More doctors, more surgeons began to use the new antiseptic. They published their results in the medical journals; they told their students, their nurses, their patients. And

thus the ordinary people came to learn that for them too, in their own homes, a major problem in antiseptics had been solved. Learned how to kill germs without damage to the delicate human tissues those germs had invaded. Learned how to check the spread of infection without checking the natural processes of recovery and repair.

To-day in Britain 'Dettol' is literally a household word. In three-quarters of the twelve million British homes 'Dettol' is the safeguard against sickness, pain and danger caused by germs.

Indeed, wherever there may be need for prompt and safe protection against infection—there you would find 'Dettol'.

AND NOW in all the leading Maternity Hospitals of Canada, this pleasant non-poisonous, non-staining antiseptic is preferred. It is at your own drug store, too, for your personal use and protection 'Dettol' is the safe way to safety

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derabad, with representatives from the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, Syria, Lebanon, Ceylon and the Arab Women's Union. It demanded universal suffrage for the women of all India, and equality of man and woman however it negated the Hindu Law. Significant, however, was the prior emphasis on education—"Without education it is not possible for anyone to understand his or her responsibility." So first emphasis these women placed "on the right of every woman to be educated." "After education the most vital need is health" and then "the right for every woman to work—and to receive the same payment as man for the same amount of work."

China

In China much of the governance of the daily life of the people has rested with the women, as the boys and men trudged their weary years away in the ranks of battle. Women enjoy full political rights and send 15 (6%) of the 250 members to the People's Political Council. Large numbers serve in the provincial houses. A woman, Teng Ying-Chao, a Communist leader, attended the 1946 Political Consultation Conference of all parties to draft the truce in China. Dr. Wa Yi-Fang, president of Ginling College, attended the San Francisco Conference, while there are two ranking women diplomats in the Foreign Service. Now, the first elections in 20 years are to be held, to elect about a thousand members to the Constituent Assembly. It is expected that a third of the candidates may be women.

Japan

Women now far outnumber men in the former Japanese Empire where manhood franchise has prevailed for only 21 years. The Occupation Commission enfranchised these millions of Nipponese women, utterly inexperienced in the enjoyment of any independence.

Headed by Mrs. Kanju Kato, the former Baroness Ishimoto, they mobilized for voting in the recent elections, pledged to conformity with the directives of the Allies because "these will bring about a revolutionary change in the life of our leaders, free the political and economic life of the nation and complete the abolishment of feudalistic ideology." And of the 2,781 candidates, the Japanese women put up 82 and elected 39, 12 of these running as independents with no organized support. Contrary to all forecasts, two thirds of the Japanese women voted—and went to the polls without their husbands. They now control these 39—or 8½%—of the Diet's 466 seats, more proportionately than the women of Britain, the United States or France.

The women of Tokyo in April opened a Democratic Women's Club with 500 members; its committee of 50 includes Japanese women lawyers, educators, physicians, business and professional women, journalists and housewives. It will establish groups in every prefecture "to provide Japanese women with training in democratic procedures."

Africa

What about this great and little-known land where, at its southern tip, the small European population (not one in four of the Union's nine to 10 millions) holds a whole continent as an outpost of democracy? Enfranchised latest (1930) of the women of the British Dominions, the European women of the Union have two members in the Assembly, one of them (Mrs. Bellinger) enjoying the unusual distinction of representing the black population, entitled to vote for three representatives to the House. Though no women serve in the Senate, women are extremely active in local government, and a woman is mayor of South Africa's greatest city, Johannesburg.

Through Africa and up through the

Teen-ager Hat and Bag



YOUR pastel wool dancing-date dress or light-colored dressmaker suit will need a slick touch of sophistication for fall and winter, when everybody'll be dressing up... carrying good-looking bags and wearing hats! This little smoothie and its matching bag are done in firm, close-crochet, very simple to do, which gives that nice corded effect. It's a set that is but strictly for after-school hours because of the sparkling dash of sequins and beads... And the bag would be wonderful with a formal!

The Setting...

"Eternally Yours"

"1847 Rogers Bros." newest pattern.

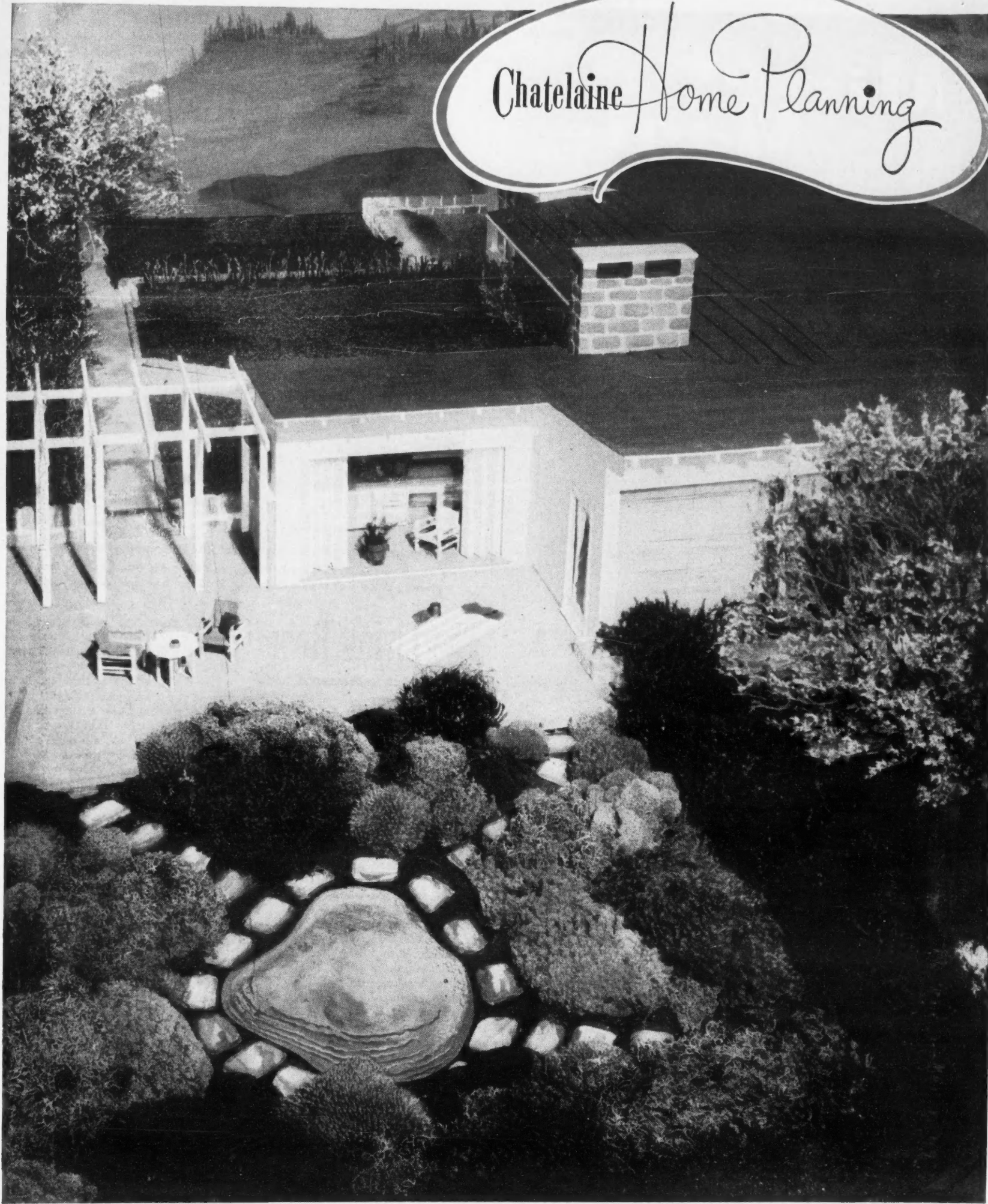
Designed for you who have waited... for you who are planning. It catches the lightness, the grace of today... and gleams with a beauty to charm forever. "Eternally Yours" will be eternally lovely if you cherish and care for its silver lustre as the maker recommends... with SILVO, so gentle... so safe... so easy to use.

The caress of Silvo is the kiss of beauty to silver.



Full instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario. Order No. S140. Price, five cents.

Chatelaine Home Planning



It's a Heath Garden

... with sturdy, tightly massed plants climbing the gentle slope and bringing their drama of color and seasonal change within a hand's reach of the terrace. Stepping stones give access to the goldfish pool. Frances Steinhoff Sanders, C.S.L.A., Vancouver, designed it as part of the setting for Chatelaine's House No. 4—a West Coast design in modern ranch-house style.



The GHOST Walks on Friday...



MECHANIC: Who are you? I never remember seeing YOU around here before.



STRANGER: Oh! I'm the Ghost—the fellow who brings your pay envelope. Here, take it!



MECHANIC: YOU bring me my pay envelope? How did you get into this?



STRANGER: I've been around here quite a while, but some folks don't look very hard. Remember those screws you turned out . . . the funny kind with the left-hand thread?



MECHANIC: Sure, I remember. They did seem wacky—who wants a left-hand thread? Say, you must be from that Bombay engineering company . . .



STRANGER: That's right. We bought your screws. And the money we paid for them is in your envelope now. My friends buy many more things you make.



MECHANIC: Your friends? How many more friends have you around this plant, Mr. Ghost?



STRANGER: Far more than you think. There's a gentleman from China who uses your parts in his rice mills . . . two from the Netherlands East Indies . . . another from Peru, and . . .



MECHANIC: Mm-mm. So that's where my wages come from. Look, Mr. Ghost, you and your buddies will stick around here, won't you? Perhaps there is something I can do to make it worth your while . . . ?



STRANGER: There is something you can do. You can put your best work into each part you make. That will please us, and we will keep on buying more from you.



MECHANIC: Is there anything else I can do?



STRANGER: Yes, there is . . . but I don't like to mention it, because you people in Canada have gone without many things you like for a long time. But if you can share with us the things you make . . . right now . . . we will keep on buying in the future. That means your job will last.



MECHANIC: You mean . . . we can count on the Ghost walking every Friday? Plenty of employment?

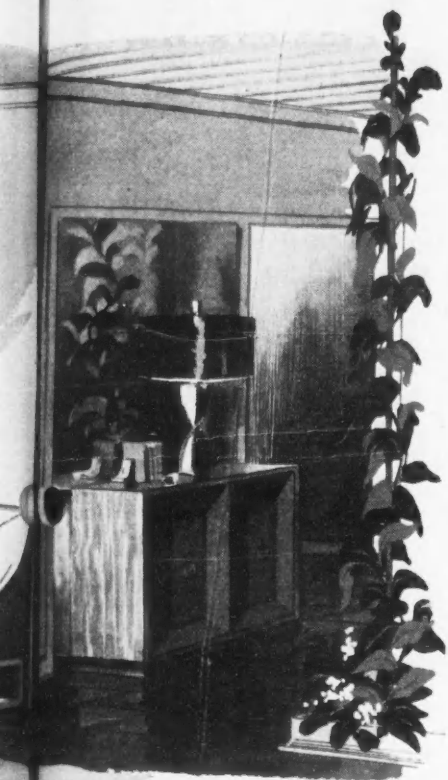


STRANGER: That's right. Lots of work. See you next Friday, my friend.



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Department of Trade and Commerce
Hon. James A. MacKinnon, Minister
M. W. Mackenzie, Deputy Minister
OTTAWA, CANADA



The Gardens

Designed by
Frances Steinhoff Sanders
C.S.L.A.

CHATELAINE'S House No. 4, from out of the West, has been set down in a delightful development of lawns and gardens, planned with care by another Vancouver expert, Frances Steinhoff Sanders, landscape architect. While many of the plant materials indicated are suitable only for West Coast use, where a modulated climate winter and summer, and a soil that is acid to greater or lesser degree, depending on location, are leading factors, the plan contains many pointers for home-owning gardeners everywhere.

"In designing the surroundings for Mr. Van Norman's house," writes Mrs. Sanders, "I have kept to a simple design but have used choice materials for the specific reason that they pay better dividends of beauty and economy of maintenance over a period of time than second-class plants which need constant care and frequent replacing." Consideration of a good year-round appearance was also important.

For the garden development at the rear, which is the living side of the house, it was decided to divide the long rectangular area—shallow as to width and irregular in contour—into two units: the one adjacent to the sitting-out terrace to be handled as a sunken heath garden with naturalistic pool and steppingstones. The second unit, hedge-enclosed, is more formal in scheme, with a small rose garden at the east end, and a planting bed along the south boundary where specialty perennials such as delphiniums, michaelmas daisies, white lilies, would be featured.

Another sash of color would be contributed by the annual bed paralleling the flagstone walk near the house; here would be snapdragons, selected for their long season of bloom, good dark-green foliage, tidy habits and general quality.

HEDGES ARE important in all parts of this garden, providing the necessary backdrop for flower colors as well as neat outlines. Selection of materials for hedges is a matter to be settled by both budget and personal preferences. An evergreen hedge is always to be preferred to a deciduous one, on account of year-round effect, and in the Vancouver area the acid-loving broad-leaved evergreens such as holly and laurel, etc., are excellent choices. Thus for Chateau House No. 4 the designer has suggested holly for its richness of effect.

Buxus sempervirens, a low boxwood suitable for edging, does exceptionally well in Vancouver, and this has been used extensively to border walks and outline planting beds, etc. Such treatment gives a permanently "furnished" effect, and the crisp clean green bandings enhance the appearance of the flowers.

On the street side of the house the horizontal-growing Pfitzer's juniper fills in the planting bed to the right of the entrance walk. The stone wall that outlines the car court would provide a fine background for the attractive shrubvine, *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, which has tiny glistening leaves and multitudes of glowing red berries in late summer and winter.

The layout of the entrance court, which is slightly higher than the street level, has been kept quite simple—giving full value to the restful expanse of lawn with its interesting diagonal walk leading to the front door. But there would be ample color here, too, springing from the planting bed paralleling the main walk where masses of azaleas would blaze in spring, and chrysanthemums placed toward the front would give bloom later in the season. Between these two seasons there would be a burst of lovely color from the modern varieties of iris, to which the entire planting bed along the top of the stone wall on the left of the entrance walk would be devoted.

THE CHOICE of one or two trees to act as a frame for the whole scheme of house and garden and to provide interesting patterns of light and shade is always important. For the entrance court side, the native form of flowering dogwood, *Cornus nuttalli* (which is British Columbia's floral emblem) was selected—its clean habits, spectacular white flowers in spring, and ultimate height making it a highly desirable choice. On the private garden side of the house, the pink hawthorn, *Crataegus*, would be a suitable medium-sized tree.

Many supplementary touches occur throughout the grounds. Spring bulbs, of course, at many strategic points; the pink clematis (*Montana*) to drape its foliage and flowers over the arbor near the terrace; the West Coast's popular rhododendrons massed along the east or service side of the house; and along the ledge of the stone chimney wall facing the entrance court a row of potted plants—standard fuchsias, selected for the practical reason that they thrive in a shaded exposure. +

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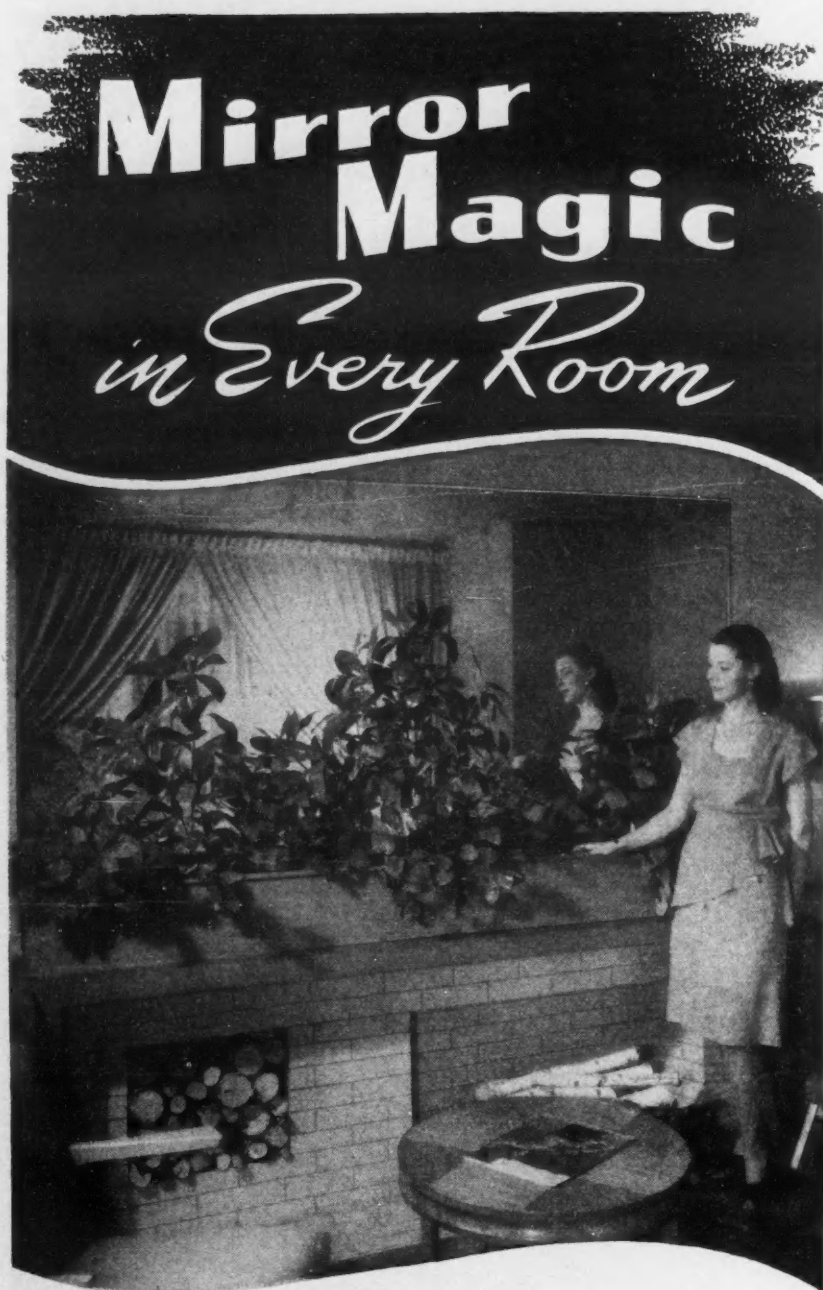
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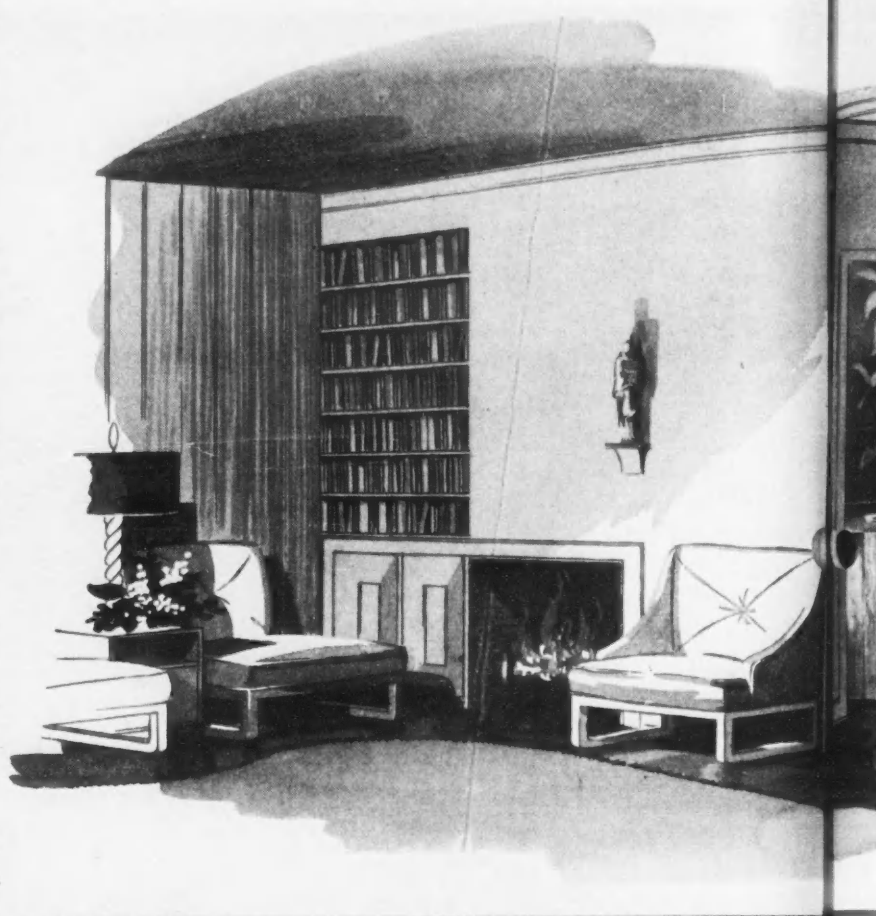
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End walls of living room are white rubbed pine, carried up and across ceiling. Fireplace wall is plaster painted a clear light turquoise. Wood trim and furniture are limed pine.

The Living Room

of Chatelaine House No. 4.

YOU'LL agree that in designing the interiors of Chatelaine House No. 4 it was natural to aim at accomplishing inside what the architect so successfully achieved outside. A free, original interpretation of modern living!

To create an open, bright, cheerful room, not tied to any style or tradition, recourse was had to light finishes—more practical than dark because they won't fade or show dust—and gay, appealing colors.

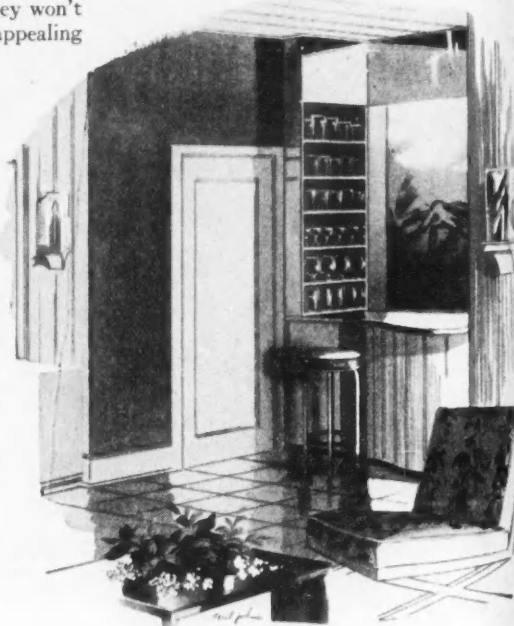
Light from the south wall, which is almost entirely glass, is controlled by split bamboo screens which extend full width of each window. The fireplace wall opposite is plastered and painted a clear light turquoise. End walls are panelled in pine, whitened and rubbed. The panelling is continuous, being carried up one wall, across the ceiling and down the opposite wall. The floor is pine, painted dark blue and covered by a grey-beige linen rug.

Wood trim and furniture are limed pine, the furniture being chosen with an eye to movability. In summer the focal point is certainly the view, in winter it's probably the wood-burning fireplace. Flexibility of arrangement becomes of prime importance; therefore

sectional pieces fitted with sleigh feet are used. Upholstery is a textured fabric woven in pale turquoise, deep blue and cyclamen.

The sketch at top of page shows a glimpse of entrance hall (at right) with its modern cabinet and a suggestion of the green planting that suggests a "break" between hall and main room.

Below is the decorator's suggestion for treatment of the bar-servery corner adjacent to swinging door from kitchen.



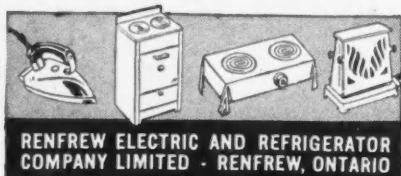
Snack bar is striking with photo-mural background; open shelves have mirror surround and valance.

Sketches by Paul Johns



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I Meant to Tell You

Continued from page 40

David had done, and it could be that letting her think that David still loved Margie's mother might establish a bond of sympathy between them.

Margie looked at Karen's case. "That's cute."

Karen told her about the first time she'd seen it, how David had acted, making an amusing story of it, then, deliberately, she went on in that wry, rueful tone, telling as much as she thought best about David and herself.

"Sometimes it isn't so funny," she said. "Most of the time he acts as if he resented my being there."

Margie said, "Tough!" She wasn't being flippant; she meant it.

Karen relaxed, sure that she'd made a clever move.

"Oh, well, things are tough all over now," she said, using the current catch phrase, and they both laughed.

David, Karen found, was a most unsatisfactory correspondent. His method was to let two weeks go by without writing, then call her up to explain that he had been too busy. The calls were far from satisfactory, too, since David's lovemaking had never been articulate, and she kept her fingers crossed because she couldn't guess how much David missed or wanted her. He never told her that.

He never told her much of anything, she thought ruefully. Just a few scattered bits of information. Jerry had really left the firm. David didn't say why and Karen, remembering guiltily that Jerry had said he was falling for her, didn't dare ask. Ellen had left and the house was a mess—that much she found out by persistent questioning—but, David insisted, he was doing okay.

Karen consoled herself with the thought that his voice sounded lonely, and that he had agreed to have Margie come home to finish her high-school education.

The weeks passed almost as slowly for her as for Margie. She spent most of her time at the hospital, she and Margie reading together, playing checkers or cards, or just talking. Long before Margie was able to leave, Karen was sure that she'd won her affection.

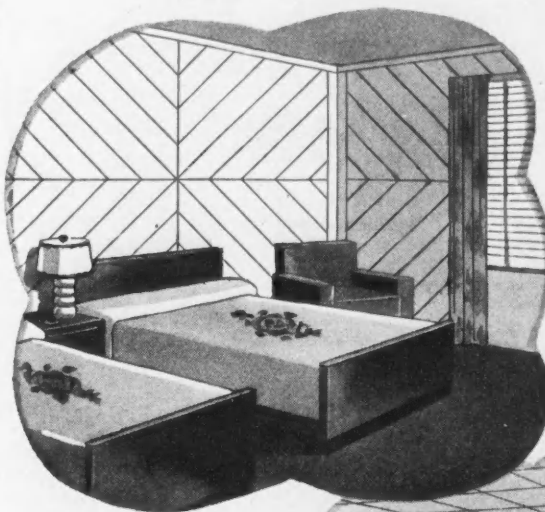
She was completely sure of it the afternoon Margie laid down her cards and said, abruptly and irrelevantly, "I didn't know he was married, Karen . . . not at first. Of course I wasn't supposed to have dates anyway—they treated us liked babies . . . After I found out—about his wife—well—he wasn't even hurt, was he? Except for his wife finding out he was out riding with me. That was what made me so mad . . . he had the nerve to admit that he cared more about her knowing about us than he did about seeing me! I grabbed the wheel and wrecked us—I'm glad I wrecked his old car!"

"He won't take any more girls riding in it anyway," Karen said innocently, and Margie laughed again, shamefacedly.

"You know—at first I was so miserable because he didn't come to see me . . . he didn't care how bad I was hurt! But now I don't care . . . I don't ever want to see him again!"

Karen's fingers tightened on hers. "Of course you don't. You'll have lots more fun at high school. You aren't too

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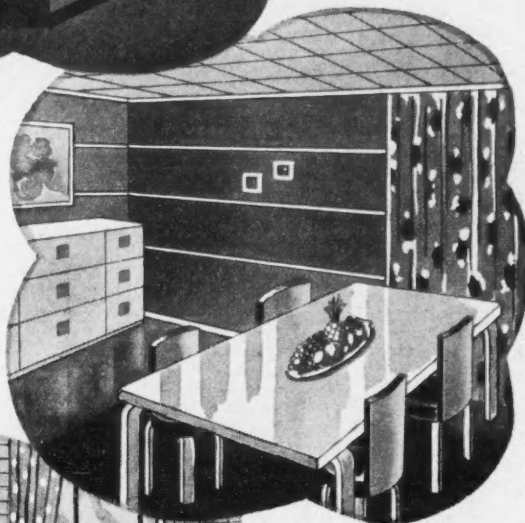


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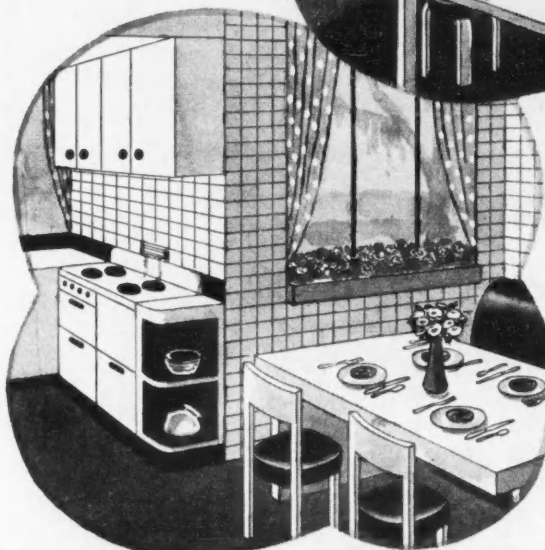
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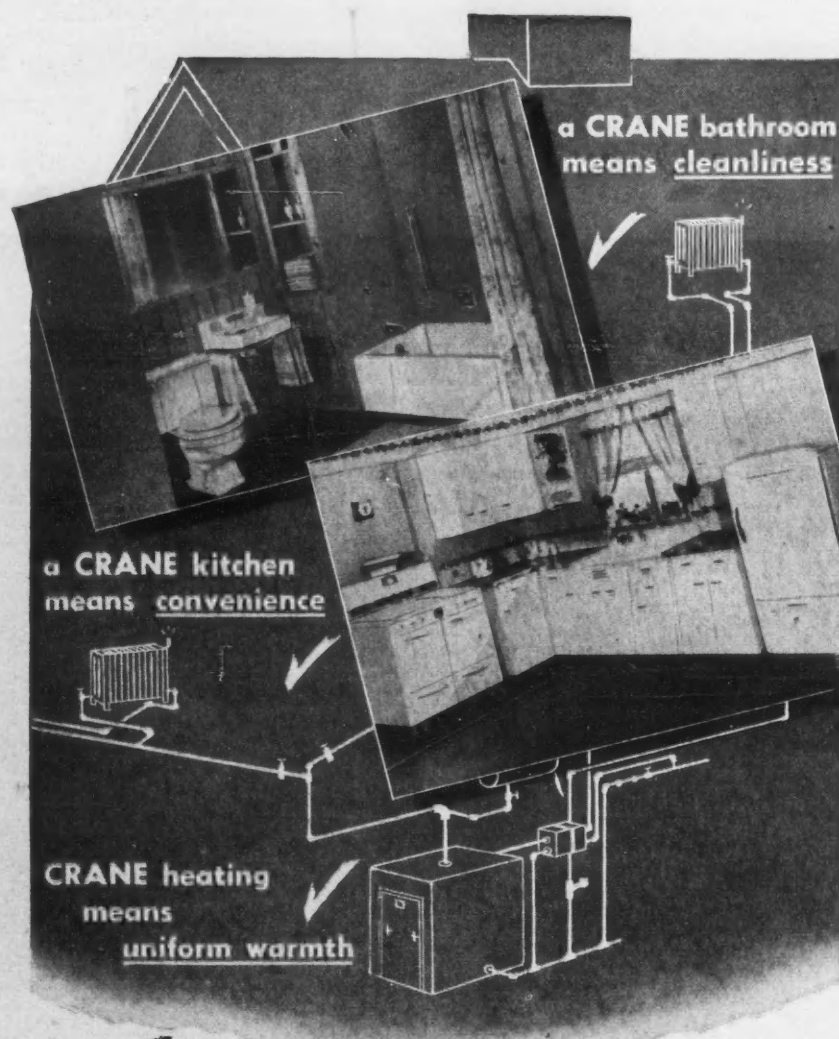
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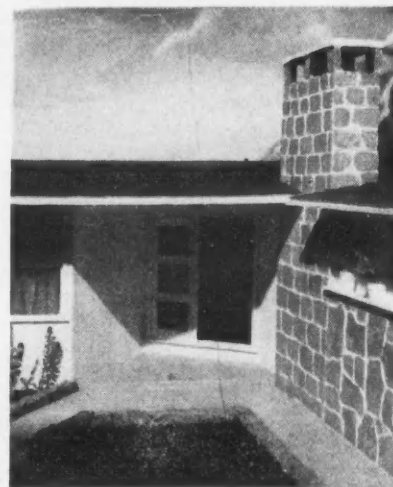
Continued from page 12

by a beam carried on pipe columns set just inside the surface of the glass. A marvellously spacious terrace opens off the living-dining room, providing an ideal setting for outdoor relaxation. The little garden room, fitted with drawers, sink, etc., is an unexpected joy for the husband who likes to potter with plants and seeds, and the wife who takes pleasure in flower arrangement. Through the arbor adjacent one has access to the main lawn and street side.

The kitchen, conveniently situated with respect to the dining space and the front door, has a pass door to minimize footsteps when meals are served in the living-dining room.

The entrance hall serves its purpose effectively while economizing on space. It is separated from the living-dining room by a surprise touch of growing plants. There is a generous clothes closet. A corridor leads from the hall to two bedrooms. In the bathroom the basin is set flush in a continuous counter having cabinets underneath it. Each bedroom has two closets, and there are linen and storage closets as well. A door from the corridor provides protected access to the garage.

This house has no basement. With modern heating systems a basement is unnecessary, though sufficient storage space must be provided above ground—as in this case. From the kitchen, which contains the latest in laundry as well as cooking and refrigeration equipment, entrance is made to a utility room housing an automatic furnace and domestic hot water apparatus. A maid's room opens off the utility room. It has private washroom facilities. The service yard, located just outside the utility room, is screened from the street by lattice-work.

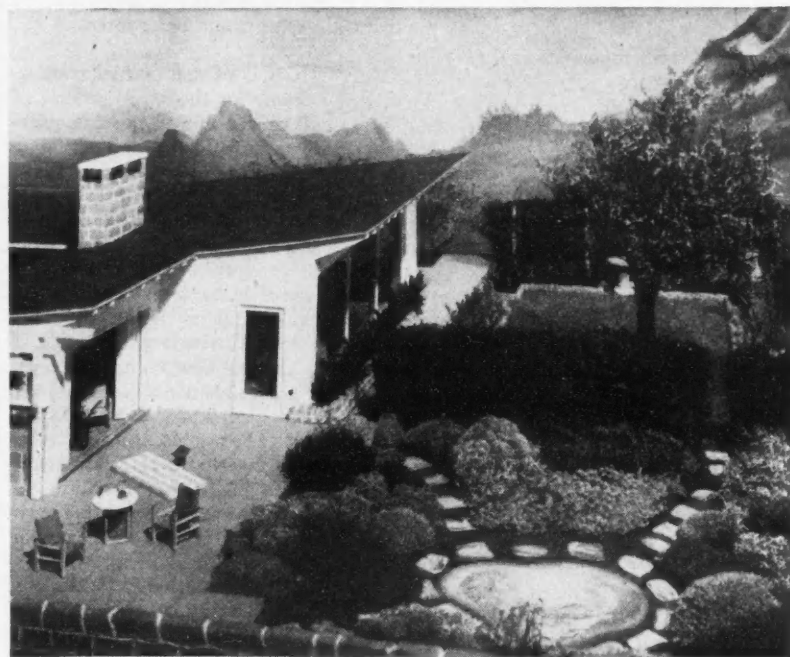


The front door—well protected by a wide roof overhang. Variegated stone is employed in the low wall joining the chimney.

Our Chatelaine House No. 4 would lend itself to various building materials, finishes or color schemes. Those suggested by Mr. Van Norman have not been selected with any thought of showiness or novelty. All are tried and proved performers. Except for the interesting stone wall which joins the chimney, the whole exterior is finished in wood siding, applied either vertically or horizontally, depending on the effect desired.

The color combination is simple and satisfying, especially when foiled with the greens and flower colors of the garden. Siding and all trim are painted white; the roof, fascinating with its flares and dips, is medium green. It is a mineral-surfaced type of built-up roofing which, having double thickness, is particularly suitable for low-pitched roofs. Commonly used on industrial buildings throughout Canada, its first residential applications were in Vancouver. When properly applied it carries a 15-year guarantee.

The stonework introduces texture as well as many merging tones of mauve, grey and buff. +



There are two garden areas: heath garden with pool adjacent to broad terrace; formal garden, hedge-enclosed, overlooked by living room windows.

to Barbara's first. I want to tell her who won the game."

Karen laughed, slipping into her black wool coat. Barbara was one of Margie's friends who went to the other high school, and she had, of course, been at the game and knew perfectly well who had won.

"Philip?" she murmured, as she and Margie went downstairs with their arms about each other. She knew all the boys and girls in Margie's usual crowd, but no Philip. He must be new.

He was waiting in the hall with David—not quite so tall as David, slim and lithe appearing in his brown leather jacket and corduroys. There was something familiar about the way he stood, lightly poised and alert, even as he listened smilingly to Margie's father. And then he looked up, while they were yet a few steps above him, and she knew. She'd seen him before, looking up like that. The rain had made highlights on his face and the light from the window had caught his yellow cat-eyes as he stepped out on the fire escape.

She felt again the dizzy sick terror she'd known that night. He'd recognize her... that was her only thought for a moment. If you could call it a thought. She couldn't speak, but no one seemed to notice. Philip was taking her hand, his face expressing only polite interest and pleasure. Margie was chattering and David was hurrying her out. Margie and Philip followed.

"Have a good time, parents!" Margie said. "We will do the dishes after we polish off that chicken, won't we, Philip? I needn't lock the door, need I, Karen? We're coming right straight back from Barbara's on account of we're literally starving to death!"

Karen stood on the sidewalk watching them. "Hey!" David protested, and she looked at him dazedly. "I'm sorry, David... but we can't go." Her brain was beginning to function, slowly. "We can't let Margie spend the evening alone in the house with that man. We don't know him. I never saw him before."

Now why had she said that? She was going to tell David why she distrusted him, where she had seen him—wasn't she?

David said, "I have—lots of times. He runs that little garage down the street from the school. I have no doubt he is the answer to how Margie manages to keep that animated scrap heap of hers ambling on her allowance. A smile probably gets her valves ground! He seems okay. Steady worker. Darned sight more sensible than these dizzy kids she's always dragging home with her. Now, look, we've got to step on it!"

"David, it's not right. I mean, it doesn't look well to leave them alone in the house. I don't like his looks, anyway—for—for some reason. And he's so much older!"

"Now what brought this on?" David asked. Was there a hint of suspicion in his voice? She looked at him. "He's probably older than you, though, at that," he grinned. "The way you run the house and run Margie and run me and keep us eating out of your hand, these days, makes me forget that I practically robbed the cradle." He opened the door and added, "Okay! So he's older than the brat. Look how much older than you I am—and look at us! Anyhow, she isn't marrying the guy, she's only feeding him!" He leaned over and kissed her. "Mrs. Carter, you're beautiful, you're wonderful, you're adorable. Now

stop making noises like a mother hen and get in there!"

"Looks like you needn't worry about them being alone, anyway," he laughed, as he closed the door after her, and Karen leaned out to call to the familiar, comforting, rowdy group trouping up their walk, "Go right in—she'll be back!" She couldn't bear to spoil David's gay mood, and she tried hard to relax, tried to rationalize the instinctive revulsion that swept over her at the thought of careless lovely Margie with this Philip. After all, what did she know about him? She'd seen him climb out of a window and run down a fire escape. Was there anything in that, except for her dread of David's knowing, to make gooselish crawl along her thighs?

He might have done it for any number of innocent reasons. She tried hard to think of any number of innocent reasons and always came back to one thing: she, as well as he, had been there. She, too, had climbed out of a window, slipped down a fire escape... and she'd done nothing wrong.

Well, there was one thing she could do. She could find the newspapers printed the day she and David had gone East, and a couple of days afterward, and look through them for any mention of a burglary. They hadn't paid much attention to newspapers, those first few days, when they were more anxious about Margie. Later, she remembered how she had sat in the darkened theatre beside David and called herself a fool for thinking for a moment that what had happened that night in the apartment below Jerry's would be in the papers.

Maybe she was silly to worry at all, she thought now. Margie had impulsively brought this Philip home to have a real dinner because he lived as she had said in a boardinghouse. Perhaps she was using him to make one of the boys jealous. That wouldn't do, either. Karen had seen the way she'd looked when she said "Philip." Someone special. Karen stirred uneasily, remembering the crush Margie had had on another man. The way she'd slipped out to meet him. She was just the right age for such infatuations, and she was as romantic and vulnerable as David had been. She was glad when they reached home to find the high-school gang in possession and Philip gone.

There was no school the next day and Margie came down late to follow Karen around and talk, eating as she went. Karen listened and smiled and waited. She'd learn more by not asking questions, she knew that. It wasn't long before Margie perched on the kitchen table with an orange in one hand and a banana in the other to ask: "Don't you think Philip looks like Charles Boyer? It gives me the most delicious creeps when he looks at me the way he does! Don't you think he's just horribly good looking?"

It gave Karen the creeps to listen, but she said easily, "Well—I'm afraid Charles Boyer is not exactly my type."

Margie stared. "Why, I adore him!" she said, and giggled. "Charles Boyer, I mean. Can you imagine, I practically had to drag Philip over here last night! He wanted me to go out to Barney's—just the two of us—but we always have more fun here than anywhere else. You do like him, don't you, Karen?"

Karen kept a steady smile. "It's just—just that he's so much older," she said finally. ♦ Continued on page 93

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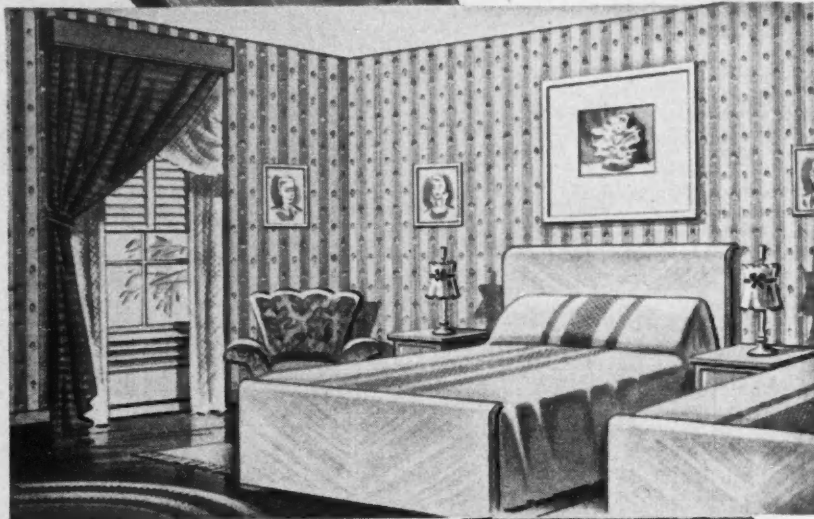
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young for dates at all—that's a lot of hoey!" The right kind of dates, she added silently, with the right kind of boys at the right places. "At home you can have the fellows in . . . you won't have to sneak out to meet them . . . parties . . . football games . . . movies . . . the dances at the auditorium . . ."

IT WAS late in September before they returned. She and Margie agreed to surprise David and came home without waiting for him to come after them.

They arrived in the middle of the morning and Karen waited until nearly five-thirty before she called David to tell him to come home to dinner. The meat pie, smoking and fragrant, was ready when he got there, and the huge bowl of green salad, coffee and fresh sliced peaches in cantaloupe halves. She had let the rest of the house wait but she'd cleaned and straightened their bedroom and bath, letting Margie take care of her own, and the kitchen was spotless and shining.

They ate in there, with the heat that still lingered from the oven taking the chill out of the air, but the next evening Karen had the dining room clean, polished and inviting, and the study ready for the wood fire she kindled to draw them in there. She almost floated with happiness, with Margie off to make her belated entrance into high school, she plunged into an orgy of housecleaning that next morning.

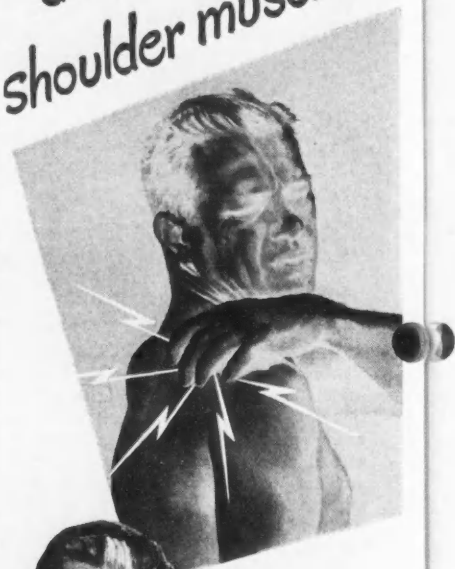
And it lasted! Margie's gang raiding the refrigerator and jitter-bugging on the smooth waxed floor of the living room or piling into that ridiculous secondhand jalopy to rattle away to a game or a dance; David hurrying home in the evening, coming back from the door to kiss her again in the morning . . .

There was the evening Margie brought her first report card home, with the A's predominating in spite of the time she'd lost and her lack of interest in her lessons at the schools she'd attended first, and David said, with a grin, "Just like your old man!" And there were the evenings when Margie went out and Karen and David sat together in the big blue chair in front of the study fire. There were other times too, but they weathered them. Karen kept her fingers crossed, watching David change, feeling the three of them grow together and their home close in about them. There was a never-ending, walking-on-eggs strain about it, but she was glowingly happy in spite of it, and every day that passed brought her a little more of the calm, safe contentment that she coveted.

MARGIE BROUGHT Philip home with her after the big game. Karen and David had finished dinner and were getting ready for the movies. Karen had gone upstairs to re-redden her lips and get her coat. She was standing in front of the vanity pinning on the gold feathered pillbox. David had made her buy it and nothing had ever been so becoming to her. She laughed as she heard the front door open and Margie come charging in.

"Where's Karen?" That was what Margie always said, the first thing. "Daddy, this is Philip Devereaux." She marched up the stairs, chanting, "We won! We won!" and paused in Karen's door to say, "Hi! I brought Philip home to dinner. Okay? He lives in a boardinghouse. As long as we're too late to eat with you anyway, we will go over

Sore-
aching
shoulder muscles?



Help nature drive out
fatigue acids with
Absorbine Jr.

• Painful, aching muscles often follow unaccustomed exercise. Fatigue acids may have settled in them. That's why they hurt! But you can help nature help you by rubbing those sore muscles with Absorbine Jr. Increasing local circulation in those areas will bring a supply of fresh blood which helps carry fatigue acids away and your stiff, weary muscles limber up again. It's grand relief! Always keep Absorbine Jr. on hand. \$1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal



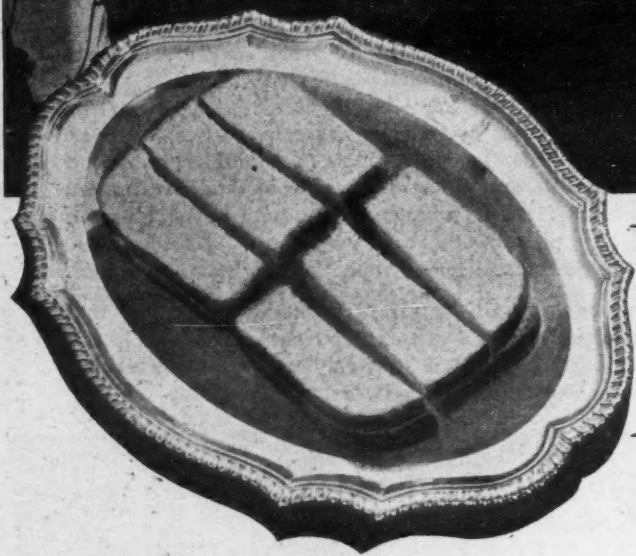
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Chatelaine Housekeeping





Dinner for two—with Wedgwoods' lovely Hampton Court china—and bread in the spotlight on a Sheffield tray.



Bread ON THE TABLE

....THE MEAL IS READY!

BBREAD rings the dinner bell at every meal... for when the bread's put on the table, it's "time to eat"!

Canada's bakers are making *such* fine-textured, fine-tasting bread for your table today. It is bread you can take pride in cutting attractively, then serving on your prettiest plates.

And the bread you buy from your

baker is *important nourishing food*—full of energy-stamina that stays by you, plus protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

Start now to use *baker's bread* at every meal—plain, toasted, cubed, as a stretcher for other foods! *Your meal isn't ready until you put the bread on the table.*



BUY BAKER'S BREAD

Thanks to your Baker—you can easily serve the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill, his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.

Spoons—Buy heavy metal spoons that won't bend easily. Wooden or composition handles are more comfortable to use. Wooden spoons will warp and crack, but do not mark utensils or color food. They are cheap enough to be replaced when worn. Metal measuring spoons are most satisfactory.



What you need

- 2 Tablespoons
- 2 Teaspoons
- 1 Set measuring spoons
- 1 Wooden spoon

Nice to have

- 1 Slotted spoon for lifting peas, etc.
- 1 Dipper
- Extras of each type of spoon

For Storage—Any containers used for storing food in the refrigerator should be made of glass or enamel—metal tends to pit, might color food if used for storing. Good idea to start a collection of different-sized jars and bottles in which olives, pickles or jams were bought for future storage of rice, macaroni, etc., or for refrigerator jars.

What you need

- 1 Bread box
- 1 Cookie jar
- 1 Cake tin
- 1 Butter glass
- 1 Vegetable crisper
- Containers for flour, sugar, tea, etc.

Nice to have

- 2 to 4 square glass refrigerator dishes for leftovers
- Refrigerator bags and covers—assorted sizes
- 1 Bottle for French dressing

Miscellaneous—Choose an eight-blade rotary egg beater with smooth-meshing cogs, sharp fast-turning blades. Glass measuring cups are good for measuring liquids but chip and break easily. Buy a good can opener—a sharp one that leaves a smooth edge and is easy to operate.



What you need

- 1 Wooden bread board
- 2 Measuring cups (8 oz.)
- 1 Rotary egg beater
- 1 Can opener
- 1 Corkscrew
- 1 Bottle opener
- 1 Pair of scissors
- 1 Grater or set of graters
- 1 Sieve, large mesh
- 1 Potato masher or ricer
- 1 Pancake turner
- 1 Flour sifter or fine mesh sieve
- 1 Reamer
- 1 Vegetable brush
- 1 Set salt and pepper shakers
- 1 Tray
- 1 Ice pick
- 1 Rubber scraper

Nice to have

- 1 Board for rolling cookies and pastry
- Meat skewers
- 1 Funnel
- 1 Cookie press or pastry tube
- 1 Pastry blender
- 1 Strawberry huller
- 1 Apple corer
- 1 Egg slicer
- 1 Pair ice cube tongs
- 1 Pastry brush
- 1 Rotary press (a sieve on legs)
- 1 Paper towel dispenser
- 1 Order pad roll
- Waxed paper
- Fine sieves—assorted sizes
- Extra shakers for your own spice mixtures, flour, etc.

Cleaning and Repairing—The kitchen is the logical place to keep a small tool kit for household repairs. Your knife sharpener is a very important tool—be sure it is a good one whether you choose a steel or one of the patented kind.



What you need

- 1 Dishpan
- 1 Dish drainer or rubber mat
- 1 Sink strainer
- 1 Pair pliers
- 1 Hammer, small
- 1 Screwdriver
- 1 Knife sharpener or butcher's steel

Nice to have

- 1 Sanitary garbage disposal can and paper bag liners
- 1 Bottle brush
- Picture wire
- Thumb tacks
- Hooked screws
- Ball of twine
- Steel wool



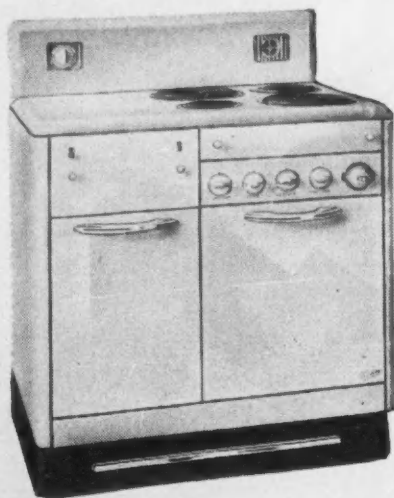
SUCH FOODS REQUIRE *Food-Saver** PROTECTION !

WHEREVER THERE'S freshness to preserve or purity to protect, FOOD-SAVER is the waxed paper to use. Faithful guardian of what you eat! FOOD-SAVER is made *pure*, because it contacts food. *Heavy*, to preserve freshness — keeps air, moisture, flavors and odors where they belong, *in or out*. Regardless of whether the food is destined for the lunch box, ice box or pantry, waxed paper is its best protection, and FOOD-SAVER is the best waxed paper. Get genuine FOOD-SAVER in the green box with special metal cutting edge. Produced in Canada and sold from coast to coast.

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APPLEFORD'S *Food-Saver* *HEAVY WAXED PAPER



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Whatever
I'm Cooking

*I can
ALWAYS
rely on my
Findlay
RANGE*



Modern labor-saving devices are combined with "old-fashioned" dependability in the T70E Table Top Electric Range featured above.

Here are a few outstanding advantages:—

AUTOMATIC OVEN HEAT CONTROL
(It doesn't think for you, but it does the next best.)

T-K HIGHSPEED TOP ELEMENTS — the two large elements are equipped with five heat switches.
(You have to use these elements before you realize how fast they really are.)

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(It's as easy to wash as a china dish!)

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(It's just the right size.)

All these Findlay features and many other little devices that save time and expense, take up only 33" of floor space in your kitchen.

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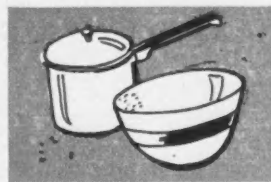
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For a Bride's Kitchen

by JANE MONTEITH

SUCCESSFUL BAKING, or any kind of cooking for that matter, depends as much on the tools you work with as the recipe you follow or the ingredients you use. The best cook in the world can't make a good angel cake with a fork, a mixing bowl and a roaster.

You'll need a certain minimum of utensils and gadgets to whip up any dish your husband may fancy, but there are a lot of other tools that make cooking an easier, more pleasant task or that will produce fancier effects. We've listed "what you need" and "nice to have" articles in separate columns — buy the items in the first groups and pick and choose from the others.



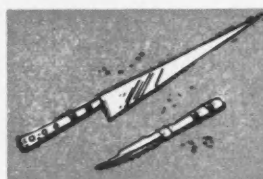
Mixing and Cooking Utensils—Choose the materials you like the most but buy the best quality. You will pay more for replacements of cheap merchandise over a period of years than you would for more expensive articles. Buy saucepans and kettles with heat-resistant handles sturdily joined to the bowl of the pan. Look for smooth corners in muffin tins, cake pans, etc., for easy cleaning.

What you need

- 1 Teakettle
- 1 Double boiler (1½ qts.)
- 2 Saucepans with covers (1 qt.)
- 1 Saucepan with cover (2 qts.)
- 1 Frying pan 9 to 10 inches with lid to fit
- 1 Baking dish (1 qt.)
- 6 Custard cups
- 1 Coffee pot (6 cups)
- 1 Teapot
- 3 Nested mixing bowls
- 1 Muffin pan
- 1 Loaf pan (5 in. x 9 in.)
- 2 Layer cake pans (8 to 9 in.) or 1 square cake pan
- 1 Pie plate 9 to 10 in.
- 1 Cookie sheet
- 1 Wire cake rack
- 1 Biscuit cutter
- 1 Rolling pin
- 1 Oblong open roasting pan

Nice to have

- 1 Heavy deep skillet or Dutch oven with cover
- 1 One-serving frying pan
- 1 Coffee pot (2 cups)
- 1 Tiny teapot
- 1 Tiny muffin pan
- 6 Tart tins
- 1 Angel cake pan
- 1 Six-inch pie plate (serves two)
- Assorted cookie cutters
- 1 Oven thermometer
- 1 Meat thermometer
- 1 Candy thermometer
- 1 Fat thermometer
- 1 Ring mold
- 6 Jelly molds (fluted)
- 1 Pressure saucepan
- 1 Electric mixer
- 1 Deep fat fryer with basket



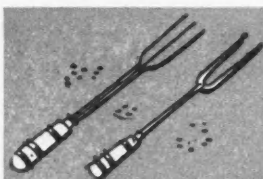
Knives—Blades of high-carbon steel have the best cutting edge, but they will stain. Be sure the metal shaft goes through the handle, is securely riveted on. Unpainted handles will not chip or flake off into food. Try knife out on an imaginary potato, or whatever, to test the balance or "feel" in your hand. Knives are never the place to economize — buy the very best.

What you need

- 1 General-purpose knife
- 1 Paring knife, pointed blade
- 1 Small chopping knife and wooden bowl
- 1 Bread knife
- 1 Spatula

Nice to have

- 1 Food grinder
- 1 Grapefruit knife
- 1 French knife
- Extra paring knives
- 1 Potato peeler
- 1 Melon ball cutter



Forks—Test forks for balance too. The tines of a good fork are sharp, perfectly rigid and smooth; those of a cheaper fork bend easily and tend to break off at the tips.

What you need

- 1 Meat fork (tines 3 in. long)
- 1 Table size, wooden handle

Nice to have

- 1 Long-handled roasting fork
- 1 Pickle fork

15 SUNDAY Roast Lamb Mint Jelly Molds Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans and Onion Rings Fruited Floating Island Coffee Tea	23 MONDAY Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Broccoli Tossed Green Salad Cantaloupe Coffee Tea
16 MONDAY Mushroom Soup Cold Roast Lamb Raw-fried Potatoes Summer Squash Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	24 TUESDAY Creole Omelet Parsley Potatoes Carrots Celery Curls Cut Fruit in Jelly Coffee Tea
17 TUESDAY Spaghetti Welsh Rarebit Sauce Fried Tomatoes Spinach Waldorf Salad Tiny Bran Muffins Coffee Tea	25 WEDNESDAY (Boiled Dinner) Beef Brisket Potatoes Turnips Sliced Tomatoes Blue Grapes Doughnuts Coffee Tea
18 WEDNESDAY Hot Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Plum Betty Coffee Tea	26 THURSDAY Braised Tongue with Vegetables Baked Potatoes Dutch Apple Pie Coffee Tea
19 THURSDAY Asparagus Soup Cold Meat Loaf Mustard Pickles Potato Cakes Succotash Hot Gingerbread Coffee Tea	27 FRIDAY Cream of Corn Soup Salmon and Celery Salad Sliced Cucumber Tomato Jelly Mold Steamed Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
20 FRIDAY Steamed Finnan Haddle Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Peas Apple Pan Dowdy Coffee Tea	28 SATURDAY Grilled Sausages Apple Sauce Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
21 SATURDAY Stuffed Spare Ribs Riced Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	29 SUNDAY Chilled Grape Juice Roast Beef Horse-radish Jelly Franconia Potatoes String Beans Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
22 SUNDAY Julienne Soup Cold Meat Plate Relishes Potato Salad Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Pear Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea	30 MONDAY Pea Soup Browned Hash Escalloped Tomatoes Green Salad Bowl Apple Crisp with Cream Coffee Tea



PENNY:

**You certainly made that tub
shine in no time!**

PRUE: Why not? It's *easy* when your cleanser
doesn't leave dirt-catching scratches.

Scratches do more than scar porcelain—they hold on
to dirt and make hard work of cleaning.

So why take chances with ordinary, gritty cleansers,
when fine, white Bon Ami will *slide* dirt off in a
twinkling! It *polishes*, too—leaves sinks and bathtubs
mirror-bright. And because it isn't harsh and gritty,
Bon Ami doesn't give you housework hands. Make it
your cleaning favorite!

P. S. Bon Ami is perfect for *all* cleaning—sinks, bath-
tubs, windows, mirrors, smooth painted woodwork,
pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.

MADE IN CANADA

Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that
"hasn't scratched yet!"



IT ISN'T WASH DAY



All your Laundry washed - dried
IN JUST ONE HOUR A WEEK

That's all . . . just an hour to wash rinse and dry a whole week's laundry. Because EASY Spindrier is the only home laundry that dries one tubful while another tubful is being washed. It's a regular masher with soap and hot water, too. And, of course, one washing a week means just one ironing a week!

SAFE FOR YOUR FINE THINGS

Lingerie, laces and things you wouldn't trust to an ordinary washer are absolutely safe in the EASY Spindrier, with its exclusive Vacuum Cup Washing and high-speed rotary drying.

50% TO 75% LESS WEAR ON CLOTHES

Washes and dries *everything* from blankets to lingerie. Can't break buttons, ruin zippers or tear hems.

BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR NEW WASHER

You've waited a long time for your new washer. Make sure you get the best . . . the last word in home laundry equipment. Ask your EASY dealer about this great new EASY Spindrier.



EASY Wringer-type Vacuum
Cup Washer.
Available now.

Easy
SPINDRY HOME LAUNDRY

THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED - TORONTO, ONTARIO

30 Dinners FOR SEPTEMBER

1

SUNDAY

Fried Chicken
Riced Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts
Vanilla Mold with Plum Sauce
Coffee Ginger Ale

2

MONDAY

Cream of Pea Soup
Jellied Tongue
Potato Cakes Coleslaw
Ice Cream Fresh Fruit Sauce
Corn Flake Macaroons
Coffee Tea

3

TUESDAY

Pepper Squash Stuffed with
Harvard Beets
Parsley Potatoes String Beans
Bran Muffins
Baked Chocolate Custard
Coffee Tea

4

WEDNESDAY

Pot Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes
Corn-on-the-Cob
Tossed Salad
Apple Betty with Cream
Coffee Tea

5

THURSDAY

Tomato Bouillon
Cold Sliced Beef
Baked Potatoes Minted Carrots
Pear Upside-down
Gingerbread
Coffee Tea

6

FRIDAY

Baked Lake Trout
Cucumber Mayonnaise
Mashed Potatoes
Baked Tomatoes
Fresh Plum Batter Pudding
Coffee Tea

7

SATURDAY

Breaded Veal Cutlets
Chili Sauce
Boiled Potatoes Cauliflower
Peaches in Lemon Jelly
Custard Sauce
Coffee Tea

8

SUNDAY

Consommé
Grilled Sirloin Steak
Parsley Potatoes Spinach
Cantaloupe with Ice Cream
Coffee Tea

9

MONDAY

Baked Sausages
Apple Rings
Mashed Potatoes
Harvard Beets
Fruited Cup Cakes
Brown Sugar Sauce
Coffee Tea

10

TUESDAY

Clear Soup
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Corn-on-the-Cob
Scalloped Tomatoes
Grated Raw Carrot and Green
Pepper Salad
Lattice-top Peach Pie
Coffee Tea

11

WEDNESDAY

Veal Stew with Vegetables
Rolled Oats Dumplings
Tossed Salad
Maple Spanish Cream
Wafers
Coffee Tea

12

THURSDAY

Tomato Juice
Liver and Onions
Creamed Potatoes
Fried Vegetable Marrow Rings
Fresh Fruit
Coffee Tea

13

FRIDAY

Oven-cooked Fillets of
Haddock
Tartare Sauce
Duchess Potatoes
Shredded Cabbage
Baked Lemon Soufflé
Coffee Tea

14

SATURDAY

Braised Ox Tail
Mashed Potatoes
Braised Carrots and Onions
Baked Pears
Coffee Tea

For Winter Meats

by JACQUELINE ROY

STEW moves into the special dinner class when accompanied by the sweet tangy flavor of crunchy cucumber slices. So does shepherd's pie, hot meat loaf or roast stuffed heart.

Icicle Pickles

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Quarts of fresh cucumbers
- ½ Pound of small white onions
- 1 Green pepper
- 1 Sweet red pepper
- ¼ Cupful of salt
- Cracked ice
- 2½ Cupfuls of sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of ground cloves
- 1 Tablespoonful of mustard seed
- 1 Teaspoonful of celery seed
- 2½ Cupfuls of cider vinegar

Cut the cucumbers (unpeeled) and peeled onions in thin slices and the peppers in narrow strips. Combine. Add salt. Mix with cracked ice and let stand until the ice is melted. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over the cucumber mixture. Bring to boiling and boil for one minute. Seal in hot sterilized jars. Four pints.

If you've sugar to spare, lavish it on a few pears for a spicy relish. Their company air makes them boon companions for baked pork chops, grilled ham steaks, roast lamb or sliced cold tongue.

Pickled Pears

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Cupful of mild vinegar
- 1½ Cupfuls of sugar
- ¾ Cupful of water
- ½ Tablespoonful of whole cloves
- ½ Tablespoonful of whole allspice

- 1 Inch of stick cinnamon
- 2 Pounds of pears

Combine the vinegar, sugar and water in a large saucepan. Add the spices, tied loosely in a cheesecloth bag. Boil gently for 10 minutes. Peel and quarter the pears, or if pears are small, leave them whole. Add to the spiced syrup and cook gently until tender—five minutes or longer. Pack the pears into hot sterilized jars, cover with syrup and seal. Two half-pint jars.

When you wed roast duck to sparkling spiced grape jelly—that's a love match. But if someone presents you with venison instead of duck—go ahead with the wedding anyway.

Spiced Grape Jelly

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ to 2 Pounds of ripe blue grapes
- ¼ Cupful of cider vinegar
- 3½ Cupfuls of sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of cloves
- ½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Cupful of liquid pectin

Stem the grapes, crush, add the vinegar and heat to boiling. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Pour the fruit in a moistened jelly bag and let the juice drip through. Measure, and make up to two cupfuls, if necessary, with water. Put the grape juice, sugar, and spices into a large saucepan and mix well. Bring to a boil and stir in the liquid pectin. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for ½ minute. Skim, pour immediately into hot sterilized jars. Seal. Five 6-ounce glasses. +

Your Family Rations

RATION BOOK NO. 6 will be distributed across Canada during the week of September 9 to 13. As in the past, distribution will be handled by volunteer workers in co-operation with more than 600 Local Ration Boards serving every town and hamlet in Canada. It will be your responsibility to call for the books to which your family is entitled; they will not be sent through the mails. Late-comers who do not pick up their books by the final day will not receive a book before September 30. This will mean that those who do not get their books during distribution week will lose two weeks' supply of ration coupons.

The need for rationing is the result of world-wide food shortages, which will not be relieved sufficiently by this year's harvests. The world hungers for meat, and Canada is one of the few countries with meat to spare. Canada, through rationing, is providing millions of pounds of meat for Britain and the rest of Europe where hunger and unrest are a constant menace to permanent peace.

Sugar rationing is necessary because Canada does not produce enough sugar

for her own needs, and must depend on other countries sharing the supply. Rationing assures a fair distribution of our allotment from the World Sugar Pool.

There is still a serious shortage of butter in Canada and, in order that everyone may have an equal amount, it is necessary to keep butter on the list of rationed foods. The shortage of butter is due partly to the increased consumption of fluid milk, and also to the large quantities of cheese and evaporated milk which the Government has pledged for shipment to Great Britain. In that country, where the meat ration is very meagre, cheese is a necessary item in the everyday diet of the nation.

Rationing is the fairest means of distributing available supplies on an equal basis. Every citizen in Canada is entitled to one ration book, and every citizen, regardless of financial means, is entitled to the same amount of rationed food. This is the only way to meet our obligations to the people in near-famine areas and, at the same time, ensure a fair distribution of basic foods to Canadians. +

for lovers of FINE THINGS —

The precision of the watchmaker's art, the skill of the master craftsman go into every RONSON lighter. You'll delight in the convenience of its unfailing patented action. "Press, it's lit! Release, it's out!" Sturdy in use, handsome in appearance; truly, the finest of lighters.

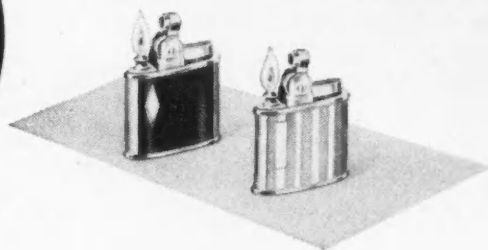
"Press, it's lit! Release, it's out!"
one-finger, one-motion



SMART TO OWN...SMART TO GIVE

There's a variety of handsome Ronson Lighters for pocket and purse. See them at your favorite dealer.

Individual orders cannot be filled direct



RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

OUR 50TH YEAR OF LEADERSHIP



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Made in Stratford, Canada
by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited

There is a permanent charm to Imperial Loyalist furniture . . . a charm which mellows through the years of gracious living. It is the touch of the master craftsman recreating authentic early Canadian styles which gives Imperial Loyalist its distinctive beauty of design and quality of finish. Here is fine furniture designed to add to the beauty of your home for now and always.

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LOOK FOR THIS BRAND ON EVERY PIECE

DON'T LET YOUR HOME CATCH COLD



**KEEP WARM THIS WINTER
LOWER YOUR FUEL BILL
HAVE STEADY TEMPERATURES
and forget your furnace
for 23 hours and 50 minutes
every day.**



Healthy heat and solid comfort with the Stoker that pays for itself.

Livingston STOKERS

LIVINGSTON STOKER SALES CO. LTD.
HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL
and all principal cities.

THIS FRENCH PICKLE PLEASED THE FARM COMMANDOS



Says Mrs. Florence Edgson, Toronto

"When my daughter worked last summer as a farm commando, she looked forward to the delicious home-made pickles served in the country. She brought back a wonderful recipe which I use and find delicious!"

FRENCH PICKLE

5 cucumbers, 4 large onions, 1 cauliflower, 3 apples, 3 sweet red peppers

Prepare the vegetables, grind them up, and let them stand over night in hot brine. In the morning, drain, and wash them. Then prepare sauce with:

6 c. sugar	1/4 lb. pure mustard
1 qt. vinegar	1 dessertspoonful turmeric
3 tbsps. each of celery seed and mustard seed	3/4 c. flour

Boil sugar, vinegar, flour and spices together 15 minutes. Then add the vegetables and boil the mixture rapidly 3 minutes. Bottle in sterilized sealers.

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for NEW, beautifully-illustrated recipe book containing 48 tested pickle recipes and gummed labels for your pickle jars. It's FREE!

KEEN'S MUSTARD



Home to a Good Lunch



by M. LOIS CLIPSHAM

IT HAS been shown over and over again that it's the well-fed child who learns—and retains what he learns—most efficiently.

We all realize how important it is that a child start off to school with a good breakfast, but we know, too, that by midday fresh energy and nourishment must be supplied. So lunch, whether eaten at school or at home, is also a very important meal: should furnish about one third of the day's needs, planned in relation to the other two meals of the day.

Here is a pattern for easily prepared, nutrition-wise lunches for growing boys and girls.

A Good Lunch Includes:

Meat, fish, egg, cheese or beans to supply some protein or building food.

Fruits or vegetables (other than potato) for vitamins, minerals and a bit of roughage.

Milk to provide calcium, protein and its share of vitamins.

Bread, whole-wheat or Canada-approved, for vitamin B and energy value. For variety sometimes, serve rye, raisin or corn bread, bran muffins or tea biscuits.

Choice of dessert depends on the make-up of the main course—if it's been a hearty one, give an apple, orange or banana to eat out of hand. If a vegetable dish has gone before, finish off with a milk pudding—rennet custard, ice cream, rice, blancmange or a quick dessert made from one of the many prepared pudding powders on the market.

Lunches in Outline

(With all menus below serve a glass of milk and bread and butter as needed)

With Soup as the Main Course:

Canned soups made with milk, water or vegetable liquid.

Homemade cream soups.

Homemade stock soups with vegetables, macaroni, bits of meat.

Serve with crackers and cheese, raw carrot sticks, turnip fingers, or celery curls. Fruit for dessert.

The Salad Lunch:

Tossed greens—lettuce, spinach, cabbage (add shredded carrot, cauliflower,

string beans, radishes, celery, etc.), Combine with salad dressing.

Serve with cold meat, hard-cooked egg slices or sardines. Dessert—milk pudding or syrup and muffins.

On a Slice of Toast:

Creamed vegetables or combination of several vegetables. (Make a cheese sauce or serve with a piece of cheese.)

Creamed fish or hard-cooked eggs.

Tomato or cheese rarebit.

Beef, veal or lamb stew (might be leftover from last night's dinner).

Serve with cabbage or lettuce wedges. Dessert—fresh or stewed fruit. Or a handful of dates and raisins.

Make a Sandwich:

Egg, sardine, peanut butter or cheese. Wiener in a roll.

Hamburger on a bun.

Serve with raw or cooked vegetable. Ice cream, rennet custard or other milk dessert.

Break an Egg:

Scrambled or poached eggs with spaghetti or toast. May be served with tomato sauce for variety.

Plain omelet

Creamed eggs on toast.

Serve with raw or cooked vegetable salad. Dessert—apple, pear or other raw fruit.

Out of a Can:

Pork and beans.

Spaghetti and tomato sauce.

Salmon or other canned fish.

Canned tomatoes with dumplings. (Heat tomatoes to boiling, drop in dumplings made with biscuit mix, cover the pan closely and cook for 12 minutes.)

Serve with raw vegetable sticks—carrot, turnip or celery. Fruit or gelatine dessert.

What's in the Refrigerator?

Boiled potatoes or leftover vegetables—add, cubed, to creamy sauce with a chopped parsley garnish.

Cooked meat — add, chopped, to salad. Or make a sandwich.

Stale bread—make French toast and spread with jam or jelly.

Serve with a saucer of cold canned tomatoes or a bit of salad. Dessert—banana custard or ice cream; cookies.



Dear Diary

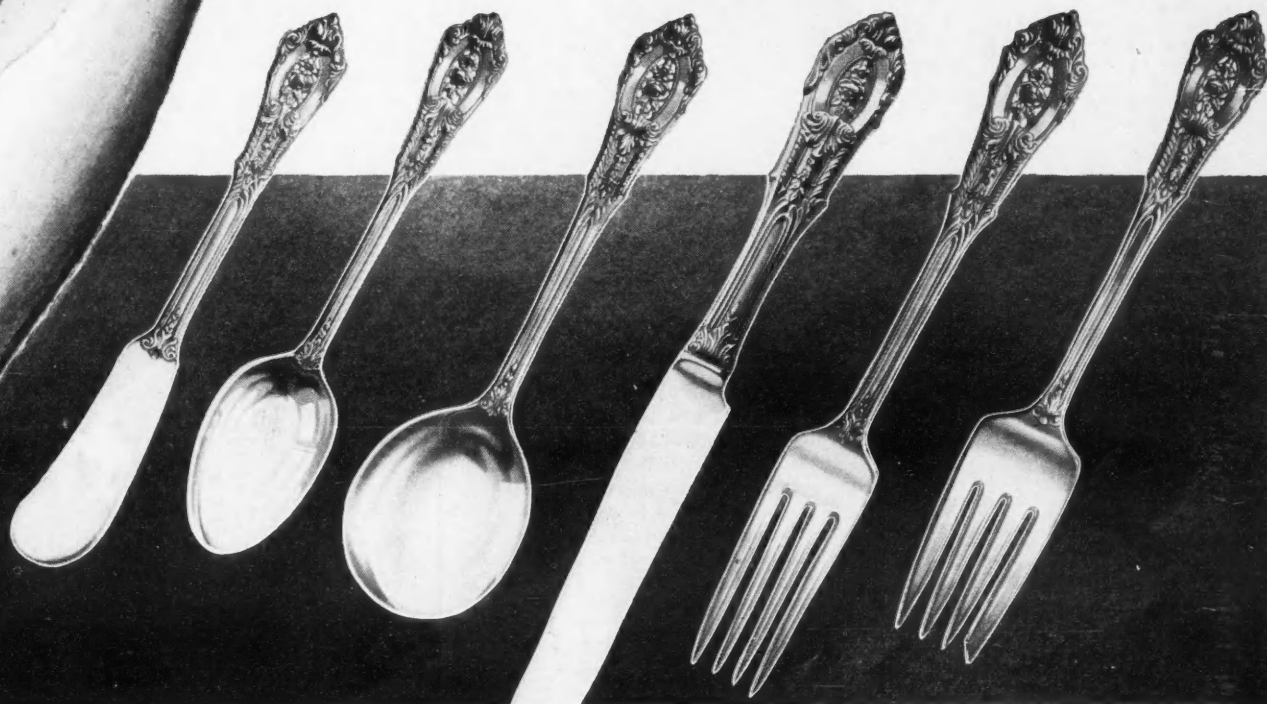
*to-day I bought my
third place setting of
Wallace Rose Point.
what a thrill!*

BEHOLD a gay, young sophisticate with the wisdom of a dowager. Unlike many of her acquaintances whose desire to possess a complete service of Sterling ended in wishful thinking, she adopted the plan of purchasing place-settings at regular intervals to assure final achievement.

And with taste to match her soundness of judgment, she naturally set her heart on Rose Point Sterling by Wallace. Reflecting, as it does, the image of the Rose in full blown splendour, delicately entwined with exquisite lace, Rose Point creates a subtle elegance and luxuriousness of rare sophisticated charm. This is Third Dimension Beauty, exclusively Wallace.

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A six-piece place-setting (as illustrated) consisting of small teaspoon, dessert knife, dessert fork, butter spreader, cream soup spoon and salad fork, can be bought for a surprisingly small amount.



Helen Campbell's Page

SEPTEMBER — except September morn—has never had much publicity. Not like June, when every day is supposed to be a rare one. Or April when some folks think raindrops are violets and everybody longs to be in England. The only thing September gets credit for is 30 days—and I think the poetic boys have been missing a bet.

But I remember when I didn't like September; that was when the Little Red Schoolhouse bell tolled for me.

Now don't anyone try to tell me ever again that schooldays are the happiest of all. Just thinking about those 'rithmetic exams makes me break out in a cold sweat. Imagine—after all these years! (No I will *not* say how many; can't a girl have her secrets!)

You agree with me, don't you, that a good knife is about as important a piece of equipment as you can have around the house. Think of the coring, paring, slicing and snipping that goes on in the kitchen. Great cut-ups—the ladies!

Sheet anchorage: It's my considered opinion that a short sheet is responsible for more nightmares than all the ghost stories ever told or all the cheese rarebits ever eaten at midnight. How can you dream sweet dreams with your toes exposed to chilly breezes or your chin tickled by a blanket? Best size for a good tuck-in and a generous turn-back is 104 inches. Torn length, that is; hems come off this.

I try to keep up with the times—I really do. But I *would* like a rocker in the kitchen and another on the front porch.

And it must have been nice in the old days when a girl could have a bit of meat on her bones and be considered a "fine figure of a woman."

Statistics prove it. The female of the driving species is not so deadly as the male.

I'll never hear the last of it—that patchwork quilt I told you I was starting. But how can I begin till I know what pattern would look nicest and have enough snippings and get the scissors sharpened and all the rest of it? Anyway, can I help it that I'm allergic to needles?

I think I'll get a scrapbook and collect wise sayings instead. Such as, look to the ant, thou slug-

gard; the first seven years are the hardest; a bird in the hand—and so on. Favorite so far: take it easy, baby.

The squirrels these days are as busy as only a squirrel can be. And the birds are holding a series of conventions in that big elm at the bottom of the garden. To map their route and settle details, I suppose, of their trip south. I don't understand bird talk, but it sounds sometimes as though one group is exercising its power of veto. Or it may be this year's fledglings are asking a powerful lot of questions—you know how young 'uns are.



I'm all for everyone learning French. Especially radio announcers. Or else be content to call "lingerie" underwear.

The ugly duckling won't turn into a swan, but it beats all what stuffing and roasting will do for its appearance. Who wants to eat a swan anyway? But an oven-tanned, orange-basted, parsley-garnished duck—now there's a duck of a dinner.

Good gravy! Anyone can make it, but not everybody does. And some folks don't even take the trouble to heat the gravy boat.

Now's the time, in these parts, for geraniums to return to winter quarters. Set them in your brightest window; geraniums are great sun-worshippers.

Pears baked whole, chilled and served with a nip of camembert; fresh ripe pears and a cheese and cracker assortment; pears poached with orange or lemon slices in a sugar syrup—three fine autumn desserts and three of my reasons for welcoming September.

Like I said—in July—I'd cheerfully pass up half the postwar wonders I've read about for a few spring clothespins. Well, now I have them! Thanks to Jean, in Prince Rupert, who mailed me not one but *three* dozen and thereby won my eternal regard. A thrill it was to find in my morning's mail a neat little package that rattled when I turned it over . . . and shook it . . . and wondered what could be in it . . . and whom it came from (you know how women are). But a bigger thrill to open it and find snappers I'd vainly been seeking in every shop in town! I rushed right off and washed my nylons. People are nice. Especially Jean.

And love and kisses to Essie—out where the oranges grow. From California came the trickiest lot of clothespins you ever did see. They're green and blue and all colors—and as businesslike as they are handsome. And do they ever look snappy on my line!

If the frost isn't on the pumpkin it soon will be; does that remind you to take up your rolling pin?

Apple pie and cheese is one of those timeless alliances which every cook knows about. But not everyone has thought of cheese as a running mate for a spice-flavored, lattice-topped pear pie, served, not hot, but just comfortably warm. There's an idea for the culinary matchmaker.

King Coal! The merriest souls I meet nowadays are the fellows with a ton or two in the cellar.

I'd be grateful for that R in this month if oysters had ever heard of price ceilings, and acted accordingly. But just you wait, my fine beasties, just you wait; haven't you ever heard that what goes up must go down—even prices.

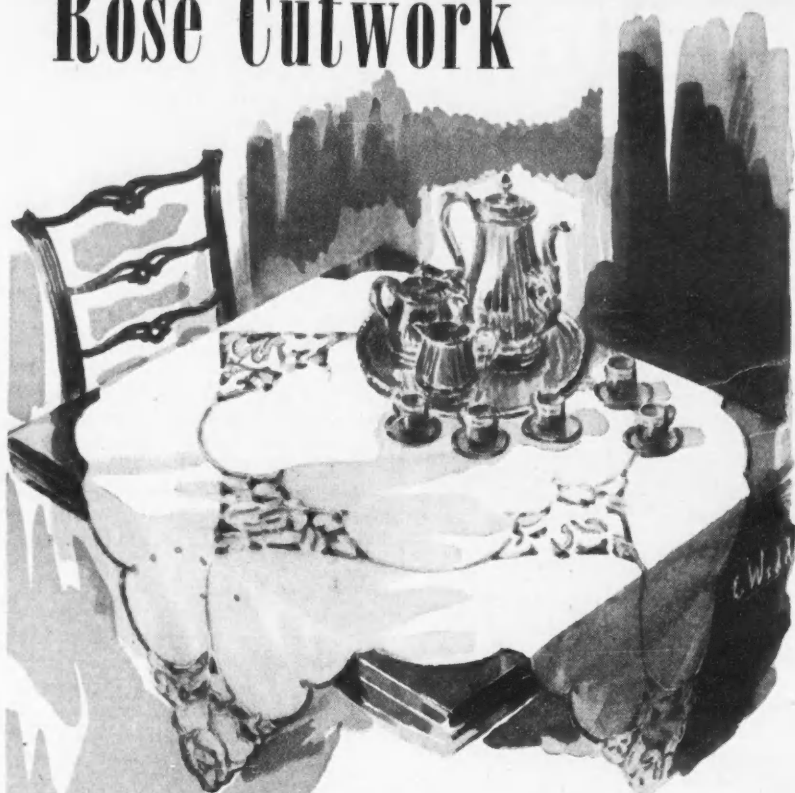
It used to be that any smart person could tell which side his bread was buttered on. Now hardly anyone can—not at my table anyway.

Neighbor of mine—Bermuda-born and Bermuda-raised—has lent me one of her treasures. It's a cookbook from home, "Bermuda's Best Recipes," each contributed by one of the Island's best cooks. Among the soups and salads, the cakes and puddings and thirst quenchers, there are nine—no less—Cassava Pies. Cassava Pie, as you gather, is a specialty there; Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without it—not to a Bermudian. No use telling you how it's made; you haven't any cassava roots in your back garden. And if, like my neighbor—the plutocrat!—you pack the bags and fly Bermuda-ward at the first snowflake, why the Bermudians will make it for you. By the way, how do you look on a bicycle?



What do you think—more clothespins! This time from "A Reader." Not a clue as to her name, and not even a postmark to tell me where these couple dozen dandies came from. Now if that isn't hiding a light under a bushel! But, whoever you are, wherever you are, dear reader, may all your washdays be bright and sunny and may you find a box of soapflakes whenever you need them; that's the wish I send you—along with many many thanks.

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I Meant to Tell You

Continued from page 81

"I know. He makes the fellows seem so immature," Margie said dreamily. She opened a cabinet drawer and found a dust cloth. "I'll dust and vacuum," she offered, and wandered out.

Karen leaned against the sink and stared out of the window. It had started to snow. Steady, damp and heavy, good packing snow, and it looked as if it might keep up long enough to make the park toboggan slides ready for use. She wondered if Margie would be out yelling

her head off with the gang if that happened, or if she would really care more about being with Philip. He wasn't, Karen was sure, the type to share her with the gang.

She was more than ever sure of it when he dropped in, straight from the garage, that evening. Sure too that, rationalize as she might, she had more reason for her instinctive distrust than just the fact that she'd seen him before under questionable circumstances. The way he looked at Margie . . . that swaggering arrogance . . . even if she'd never seen him before in her life she would detest him. She was passionately

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Try Birding

Continued from page 33

bluebird another species. The only thing in all this that is liable to confuse you is the frequently occurring term, "subspecies." This simply means that within a single species there may be variations due to difference in climate or other factors, variations that are not great enough to constitute a new species. So they are called "subspecies." For instance, the eastern belted kingfisher, the slaty blue bird with the great ragged crest that you've often seen diving after minnows in streams. This species or "kind" of bird is divided into two subspecies: the eastern belted kingfisher and the western belted kingfisher. The latter, which is a bird of the West Coast, differs from the eastern variety only in that the wings are of a slightly different proportion.

On this system of classification rests the technical naming of birds. You'll learn the birds by their common names, but knowing the scientific names as well often helps to keep things straight.

It's easy. Each bird is given a double-barrelled name. The first word is that of the genus to which the bird belongs, the second is that of the species. That's all there is to it. The English sparrow is *Passer domesticus*. *Passer* is the genus, *domesticus* the specific name. Get it?

The only other thing for you to understand (though it certainly isn't compulsory) is the way this system works in the case of a subspecies. Obviously, where there is a variation, there must be some sort of standard. Thus, where there is more than one variety or "subspecies" within a certain species, one variety is picked as the "standard" or "type" form. Usually the first variety recorded is the type form, which is given precedence in nomenclature, and is identified by repeating the specific name. So the eastern belted kingfisher becomes *Megasceryle alcyon alcyon* to distinguish it from the western belted kingfisher, *Megasceryle alcyon caurina*.

Now, for Pete's sake, don't let all this stop you from going out looking at birds. It just adds to the fun for some people to know the scientific names. It does for me. And you can startle the gizzard out of your friends with them. Although if you are a woman—and you should be if you're reading Chatelaine—I don't recommend quoting large names like *Astur atricapillus striatulus* or *Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis* around any normally constituted male. He's liable to fluff you off. If you see any birds when you're with the boy friend, better confine your comments to "oo's" and "aw's." You can look up their names later when you're back in curlers.

Matter of fact, all there is to bird watching is to go out and watch them.

You will learn all that I can tell you yourself, and probably a lot more.

Once you get the habit, you won't be able to stop. It's like eating peanuts. You won't be able to go for a walk without spotting a magnolia warbler, a chipping sparrow, a kingbird, a ruby-crowned kinglet. You'll begin to notice all sorts of interesting birds outside your kitchen window. It's a funny thing, but the birds seem to pop up everywhere for people who know them by name.

If you live in a city where there's a Museum of Natural History, you can get all kinds of help there. The mounted specimens give you a good opportunity for leisurely, detached study, and, speaking from my own experience with the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, the men in charge are about the most obliging you could come across. They will patiently answer all your questions and pull out trays full of prepared skins of every species you can name. The Royal Ontario Museum provides a check list of all the birds ever seen within 20 miles of Toronto.

Birding, as a hobby for kids, has obvious advantages over staging miniature gang wars, hold-ups and murders. Lots of youngsters in my day became interested in birds through colored cards that came with chocolate bars. It might be a public service if some manufacturer started the idea again.

Many people keep a notebook on their bird observation, and, if making notes adds to your enjoyment of the hobby, go to it. Jot down such things as the earliest arrival and the latest departure of species you observe; the length (approximate); any bright colors or patches; shape of bill; whether it has a supercilious line, an eye ring, wing bars or white in the tail; whether it keeps on or near the ground, or up in the trees; whether its actions are quick or slow; whether it is alone or with other birds. Note where it was seen—in dry woods, swamp, pasture; the date that it was seen. Try to spell out its note or song. Make a record of what it appeared to be feeding on.

All in all, birding is a good hobby. You can't, so far as I know, make any money at it, yet it offers something that money can't buy, although countless people have wasted fortunes, ruined their health and exasperated psychiatrists trying to obtain it. It offers a way to forget yourself.

I'm writing this article at a cottage on Lake Simcoe. Since I started, without moving from my table, I've seen a Baltimore oriole, a ruby-throated hummingbird, a grackle, a cardinal, a chipping sparrow, a mourning dove, a flicker, a yellow warbler, a pewee, a brown thrasher, a barn swallow, a goldfinch and a catbird. And I think I hear a scarlet tanager over toward the store where in a few minutes I have to go for milk. Maybe if I slip these binoculars into my pocket . . .

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stretched in front of her, so that he saw her as he'd seen her that night, her white dress rumpled around her, the shoe she'd been pulling on dropping from her toes, flinging herself against the wall. And he remembered. She could see it in his yellow eyes.

She watched him fearfully while she reached for her slipper, pulled herself to her feet. She'd have to go on downstairs, try to get past him into the study. She had to reach the telephone, now or never. She could see that in his face.

He blocked her way as she reached the bottom step, looking at her and nodding. "So it was you! I knew I'd seen you somewhere before. You just now recognized me, too, didn't you?"

"I—I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered, hoarsely. "I'll call Margie—she will drive you home—"

"Oh, no!" He held her easily, effortlessly. "So she isn't here. Where's your husband?"

"Here," she said instantly. "Upstairs."

"That's a lie!" But he glanced uneasily upward. Suddenly his bruising fingers left her arm to close over her mouth and she was swept under his other arm as easily as if she had been a sack of flour. He opened the door and dragged her out into pitch darkness, into a blanket of falling snow that made the street lights useless. His strangling hold did not relax until they were in the car and speeding dangerously out of town.

When, at last, he put both his hands on the wheel, she grabbed for the door handle, but he reached, with unbelievable quickness, to strike her wrist with the side of his hand. She slumped back, sick with pain.

"What are you going to do?" she gasped. The tiny dashlight showed her the sudden snarling gleam of his white teeth.

"What do you think?"

"You're insane!" That was it. That was the spine-chilling quality she'd felt about him. He was insane . . . or she was. Crazy. Or asleep, having a nightmare. She'd had Philip on her mind so much, and she was half sick, feverish . . . David had tucked the covers about her, but she was having a chill, dreaming she was in a speeding car on a snow-blanketed highway with the cold night air torturing her feverish body . . . you always dreamed like that when you were cold in the night and couldn't wake up . . . about snow and darkness and danger.

She whispered, "A nightmare. It's too fantastic to be anything else." A person just couldn't be picked up like that in her own front hall, carried out bodily and stowed in her own husband's car, right in the middle of the most respectable part of the city . . . "Nightmare."

"What?"

He was still there. Well, even in a nightmare you tried to escape. You tried to think what to do.

"You—you're mistaken," she told him. "I never saw you anywhere but at our house. Even if I had I wouldn't tell. How could I? I wouldn't tell where I was, would I?"

He laughed grimly. "You saw me, all right."

"Even if I did—even if I told . . . why should they believe me? It would

just simply be my word against yours."

"Fingerprints," he said briefly. "They've got them, but they don't know whose they are. Whether they believed you or not they'd check. I would have got rid of you a long time ago if I'd known where to find you."

As simply as that. How could it be real? But she couldn't wake up . . . and she was so cold! She pulled her heavy robe tighter around her, pushed her shaking hands into the pockets. The aching right one touched the cigarette case. Maybe if she smoked . . .

It was the way he tensed as she drew it out. She would never have thought of it herself. She was too dazed. But when his eyes widened and narrowed and his right hand left the wheel she moved instinctively, jamming the case against his ribs. Her teeth were chattering so she could scarcely get the words out, but he understood her. "Turn around!"

"I can't—here. See those deep ditches on each side?"

She wouldn't look. Dazed or not, dreaming or not, she was about to escape and he couldn't trick her. "Turn—turn around!"

The yellow eyes gleamed as he looked at her and she moved back a little, fearful of a sudden thrust of his elbow that would knock her pitiful weapon from her numb hand, but she kept it pointing at him and he began to slow down a little, watching her shaking hand.

"Look out!" he said. "It will go . . ."

She had jumped when he spoke so suddenly, and her finger had closed around the trigger. A cigarette popped out, struck his arm, rolled down into his lap. She could see his eyes on it, see the gleam of them as they raised to the case in furious comprehension, then turned to the road as he pressed down again on the gas pedal. She raised the case and smashed it flat against his face. The big car went to the edge of the road and, just as she managed to open her door, tipped over the side.

She was smothering. She was drowning in snow. Even after she'd struggled out of the deep snowbank where she'd been flung, and cleared the clinging snow from her face, she still seemed submerged in it, it was coming down so thick and heavy in the black windless night. Thick and heavy enough to cover her completely during the short time that she lay senseless on the front porch, so that Marge and Barbara stumbled over her.

She never again doubted or discounted tales she heard about the added strength and cunning that came to a person in delirium. If she'd been in her right mind she could never have reached home, she was sure of it. As it was she never remembered anything except floundering eternally out of one snowdrift into another, struggling endlessly to escape from horror.

Five or six weeks passed before she knew that she need not have run from Philip. That Philip could never harm her or anyone else again. David knew when he came home an hour later, to find the house empty except for Barbara, who had stayed after she and Margie had frantically bundled Karen into the jalopy and Marge had raced for the hospital; had stayed to keep on trying to reach David at the office,

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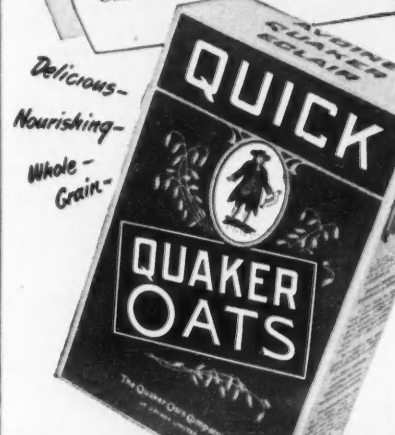
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glad that Barbara and Pete were there and that Margie, into whom David's "fancy" schools had instilled a code of manners, if nothing else, refused to leave them to go out with Philip.

She was right . . . Philip didn't fit in with the others and didn't want to. Odd that David should actually like him! She would have thought that David would be the first to object to Margie's taking a serious interest in someone like that.

And what could she do, besides manage unobtrusively to keep Margie from being alone with him as long as she could? Even if she told Margie about seeing him that time . . . Margie wouldn't see it as sordid and disgusting. To her it would be romantic and thrilling. And if she told David? If she told David . . . the whole foundation would drop right out of their lives.

There was nothing she could do and she might as well stop fretting about it. Only she couldn't, of course. She had been the one to insist on bringing Margie home. Even if she weren't so fond of her she would still feel responsible, and Philip, with his swarthy secretive face and his insolent assurance, haunted her dreams.

Until the week before Christmas, a day of leaden skies and falling snow. Margie had gone downtown to shop, with Barbara, right after lunch, but Karen had stayed in. She had been feeling achy and feverish all day and she was on the hearth rug before the fire when Margie phoned to say that Barbara wanted her to have dinner downtown and stay down until nine.

"The stores are open until then, most of them," she said. "Will that be all right with you, Karen, or do you need me? You sound hoarse. Are you feeling worse?"

"No, I'm all right. It's only a little cold and besides there's nothing I want. Your father will be home in a little while now, so don't worry about me." She hung up and went back to her place before the fire. David found her there, later, and scolded her for not insisting that Margie stay home with her.

"You're coming down with the flu," he said gloomily, and made her go up to bed. It was pleasant to be fussed over, and David was so sweet and cross. He brought up a tray for them both and ate hurriedly. He had to go back to the office, he said. Work had piled up until he'd have to work two or three evenings to get cleared up. "And leave you here sick and alone!" he grumbled.

"Darling, I'm not really sick—it's just a little cold," she laughed. "I'll be perfectly all right—why shouldn't I be?"

"Well, there's no help for it, I guess. I'll just have to go. Work's been piling up ever since Jerry left. We couldn't get anyone to take his place."

He brought some aspirin, still grumbling, and she swallowed two obediently. "Why did Jerry quit?" she asked idly, before she thought, then laughed at herself at the way her stomach muscles knotted because she'd forgotten and asked about him. She needn't worry about things like that any more. "You said he was in a sort of jam when you came home last summer, but I never thought to ask you about it," she said, deliberately, casually.

"Oh, it wasn't exactly a jam," David said, finishing his coffee. "But he was



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questioned in that murder case and the old man didn't like it . . ."

"Murder?" Karen sat upright, clutching his sleeve. "What murder was Jerry mixed up in? When?"

He stared at her. "Why, you know—that woman who was strangled in an apartment near his. They never did find out who did it. Just before we left to see Margie—the night before."

"I didn't know!" Karen pulled at the neck of her robe. Something seemed to be shutting her wind off. "How—how was Jerry mixed up in it?"

"Why, darling, it was in all the papers! You must have known. He wasn't mixed up in it. He was just thoroughly questioned. Seems there was a fellow across the hall came in and found Jerry had been having some drinks with somebody—there was a glass with some woman's fingerprints—but they weren't the dead woman's and, anyway, she was killed in her own apartment. Some guy got tired of her, they figured. The old man did some preaching about the way Jerry lives . . . said he wouldn't have been questioned if he hadn't been carrying on with women . . . you know the old man. Made Jerry sore . . ." He bept and kissed her. "I've got to run, darling. I've got to try to catch a bus. I left the car in Marge's boy friend's garage . . . carburetor's flooding again. He said he'd try to get it fixed tonight, and I told him to bring it over here and Marge could drive him home. If he comes before she gets back or before I do, you just stay in bed. He can leave it out in front or he can drive it home. I don't want you catching any more cold."

"David! David!" She tried to catch his lapel, but he was already across the room. "You called Jerry that night, remember? Was it after that?"

"What? Oh. No, I guess it was before . . . I don't know. They didn't find out about it till late the next day. Woman lived there alone. Somebody thought it was funny the light burned all day, or something. Why don't you read the papers once in a while?"

And he was gone. Karen shuddered back under the covers, shaking so hard she made the bed shake. An apartment near Jerry's . . . the apartment below Jerry's she knew. The one with the lighted window . . . and Philip climbing out . . . and Philip was coming here tonight. Marge would be driving him home . . . She sat up and rummaged on the night table for her cigarettes, managed to get one lit, and stuck the case in her robe pocket as she thrust her feet into slippers.

The nightmare she had outrun that night, racing home to David's arms, had caught up with her. She was caught in it, leaden-footed, helpless, choking, but she fought to get to the stairway, downstairs, to the phone. She'd only reached the top step when the doorbell rang, and rang again. Philip. She'd have to get him into the living room, where he couldn't hear . . . she'd have to manage some way to get into the study, lock the door, call the police.

She was halfway down when he opened the door himself and walked in. Once again he was below her, looking up . . . she saw him through a haze, as of rain. Her knees gave way and she sank onto a step, swaying to one side, clutching the railing. One slipper fell off and one foot was bare,

Child Health Clinic

Measles
Chicken Pox
MUMPS

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

MANY parents are too casual about measles. They feel it is one of the necessary evils of childhood. It certainly is unfortunate if your child catches it before he passes his second birthday, because little youngsters often develop pneumonia following it and some of them die of this combination. In fact you should do everything you can to avoid having any child under four years of age contract measles.

Unfortunately the early, very infectious stage of measles is much like that of a bad cold. The child sneezes, his nose runs and he often has a cough. Usually his eyes are red and watery and he has some fever. After three or four days of this, the rash appears, usually first on his forehead or behind his ears. When the rash is at its peak his face becomes swollen and he develops more fever and usually his eyes are sensitive to light. The rash gradually spreads over his body. Soon it begins to disappear and his fever drops.

What can we do to prevent the spread of measles? The incubation period of measles is 10 to 14 days. That is, 10 to 14 days elapse after a child has been exposed to measles before he develops the disease. If there is measles in your neighborhood and your child apparently catches a cold, treat that cold as if it were the early stage of measles until you're sure it isn't—in other words keep him in the house and in bed if he is feverish. If he really has measles, the rash will soon appear and you will have done your share in limiting its spread. If on the other hand you had let him out, when he had these early cold-like symptoms, he might have given measles to all his playmates. If there is much measles about, you'd be wise to keep your preschool children by themselves in your own back yard until the situation improves. If one of your older children develops measles, you'll have a hard time saving your younger children from getting it. Of course you will put the patient off in a room by himself—you will allow no one but yourself and the doctor to go into this room—you'll wash your hands in his room before you leave it and then use some hand disinfectant—you will sterilize his dishes with boiling water—burn his paper handkerchiefs and take every precaution you can to save the little youngsters from catching measles from him. Possibly your physician

may wish to give your preschool children an injection that will make their measles, if they catch it, less severe.

How should you look after a measles patient? The child should be kept strictly in bed in a well-ventilated but warm room. The room should be warm at night as well as in the daytime. Call your doctor. Rashes aren't easy to diagnose and a child with measles needs the best of care, medical and otherwise.

If the light bothers the child's eyes he may wear dark glasses if he so desires. The room doesn't need to be really dark, but as bright glare or light will likely bother him, these should be avoided. If he is more comfortable in a darkened room, arrange that for him by all means. Don't allow him to read—probably he won't want to anyway. Sponging his eyes with boric acid solution, two or three times a day, may increase his comfort. (Exact directions for making this solution will be found on the box.) Applying a little vaseline along the edges of his eyelids will help to prevent them from sticking together. A mouth wash will make his mouth feel better. Daily sponges with tepid water will help to keep him more comfortable. Hot baths do not hasten the course of the disease and are better avoided, as he might become chilled as a result. Ask your doctor about his food. He should have plenty of fluids and usually a light diet is allowed if he will eat it.

When he becomes convalescent it is extremely important to keep him in bed for three days after his temperature is normal. That seems a long time—but make it three full days as this helps to avoid dangerous complications.

Good care during measles is a means of safeguarding your child's future health. After your child has quite recovered, take him to your physician so that he can make sure that the disease has not left any bad after-effects on his lungs, eyes, ears or elsewhere.

Fortunately second attacks of measles are extremely rare.

Chicken Pox

Chicken pox is a common infectious disease among children. It is so contagious that most people catch it before they grow up. Once you have had it, you are safe from further at-

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and, finally, to wait until he got home so she could tell him what had happened. But neither David nor anyone else could tell Karen about Philip, or about anything, for weeks.

A dozen times or more, after she'd drifted at long last back to consciousness of what was going on about her, she'd heard David reproach himself because he'd obligingly gone with an officer to identify his wrecked car—and to identify the man who lay crushed beneath it. If he hadn't, he said over and over, he would have been home at least an hour sooner . . . probably before Karen had gone outside, for some reason, and fainted on the porch. Or, anyway, before she'd lain there so long that she almost died of pneumonia.

Nobody expected her to remember why she'd gone out. Nobody asked any questions, even after she was able to answer. She waited for the questions, but they didn't come. She watched David's face every time he came to the hospital, waiting for what he must certainly know to show in his eyes. How could a thing like that happen to her, and David not know? She'd been out of her head! Surely she'd said something! All that time when she hadn't known where she was, what she was doing or saying? The long black hours when she'd lived that nightmare over again? There must be someone, somewhere, who'd seen her—as she had seen Philip that other night? After she finally realized that he did not know, after she'd told herself that she must tell him, she still held her breath, each time she saw him, while she searched his face to see if he had learned how she had deceived him, lied to him, all this time.

There was never anything in his face or his manner but tender humble adoration. He had so nearly lost her and he'd had so many dark uncertain nights to remember all the times he'd made her unhappy. He had never been so close, so dear, as during the weeks she spent in the hospital. She simply could not bear to shatter that fragile happiness. She hadn't the strength.

April, and their first anniversary, came and went and still David and Margie treated her as if she were made of spun glass—and she felt as if she were. She had been home from the hospital nearly two months and still she could not bring herself to mention Philip. She told herself firmly that she did not feel to blame for his death. How could she be? She'd fought only to save her own life—and Philip had deserved to die. Margie, in spite of her grief and shock, was infinitely better off with him dead. Margie was safe now.

She went over it in her mind, over and over and over. There was nothing else she could have done, except let him kill her. And, little by little, the nightmare began to fade. She could reason with herself. What had she done that she couldn't bear to tell? She'd left the house, furious, shamed, and bitterly hurt, and she'd gone to Jerry's apartment. She'd climbed out of the window and sneaked down the fire escape. And then she'd lied about it. Those were the facts. What would David, with the legacy that Sheila had left him, make of them? She couldn't face the answer to that question. The way things had turned out, David had

✦ Continued on page 99

"Jimmy's a messy eater!"



JANET POWER
Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

"OUR little boy is just learning to feed himself, and I have to do such a lot of cleaning up after every meal. He doesn't mean to be untidy, I suppose, but the table and the floor get simply spattered with food.

My own clothes get messy too—and I just don't know how to cope with this bad habit. Can you help me?"

Well, Mother, this is a problem you won't have to cope with, very long! You see, Jimmy will gradually develop good eating habits—mainly from imitating yours! But you can make things easier for yourself during this difficult time!

Put newspaper on the floor under the child's table and chair; cover the table with easily-washed oilcloth; and save your own clothes with a big apron or wear a wash dress. An unbreakable dish for Jimmy is a good idea and, if you give him small quantities of food at a time, there won't be the same temptation to spatter it around—for you to clean up.

Of course you want to teach Jimmy good manners—but don't make his meals a turmoil because of this training. Never comment on his bad manners, but do praise him when he shows signs of improvement! Be patient with him always and you'll soon see him developing proper manners!

Trouble at Breakfast?

Does your child dislike breakfast?—object to whatever you put in front of him? Often there's a good reason for these morning tantrums—perhaps the food isn't attractive enough! That won't happen when you serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies—children love to listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop that Rice Krispies make when you pour milk on them. And when kiddies taste Rice Krispies—mmmm, they'll be back for MORE! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Made in London, Canada.

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-19, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"Peter was getting spoiled"

writes Mrs. C. J. Stoffels

"When our little boy was old enough to play in his high-chair, he would throw his toys on the floor continually—just to see us pick them up and wash them off! So finally we tied several toys to his chair with strings almost long enough to reach the floor. He became delighted with this new game and pulled the toys up himself. We now know that he's not being spoiled by attention—and everyone is happy!"

I Meant to Tell You

Continued from page 96

learned that Jerry had entertained a visitor in his apartment that night—and that he'd refused to reveal her identity. He had, obviously, never connected it with her. If he were forced to now, what would his reaction be?

She would have to start all over again, where she'd started at the beginning. Only this time she'd have, perhaps, an insurmountable handicap. And she kept putting it off. Waiting until they had had a few more months of complete happiness; waiting until Margie's future was secure.

Margie had met her future the next August, not quite eight months after her seventeenth birthday. On their way to spend their vacation camping, as David had promised, they had stopped in Karen's home town, and there Margie had met Wayne Elliott, home on convalescent leave after being wounded and just before being discharged. Karen had known the Elliotts all her life. She shed tears of happiness and relief when she knew that 20-year-old Wayne was, indisputably, the one for Margie.

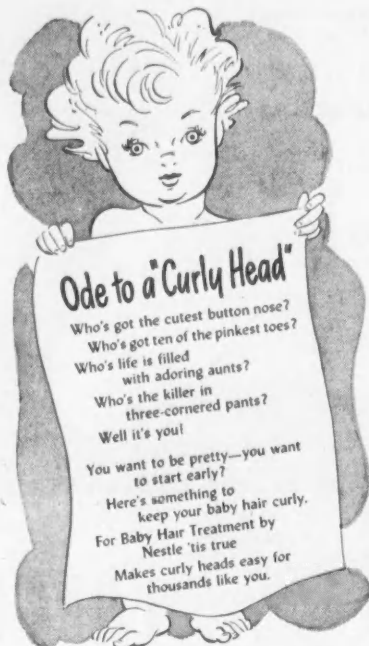
David was incredulous. "You mean you're actually in favor of those kids marrying now?" he had demanded, but he'd accepted, as he put it, the inevitable when Karen and Margie had ganged up on him. He'd never really understood, as Karen understood, Margie's impulsive romantic nature nor realized how much her earlier hit-and-miss sort of life had developed it. He hadn't shared the weeks of desperation Karen had lived through, watching Margie in love with a man like Philip. He gave in only because he trusted Karen's judgment as he trusted her, now, in everything, and Wayne and Margie were married in January, on her eighteenth birthday.

It had been since then, with David and herself alone in the house, that the happiest months of their marriage had been spent. And it had been during those months that she had actually forgotten all about that cigarette case, at last. Working subconsciously—for she'd never consciously determined to forget—her mind had buried the whole thing in its deepest, darkest corner.

HER COLD fingers relaxed and the case slid to the floor. All that time it had been lying out there in the ditch or on the edge of the field, just waiting for David to find it today. The rest of that winter, spring, summer, autumn, another winter, another spring, and summer, and autumn, and now it was winter again.

All that time. Waiting to betray her. She'd driven by it dozens of times . . . she must have, for it couldn't have been more than a couple of miles from town. She must have passed and re-passed that spot. But she had never known, she had never recognized it, for it remained a nightmarish distorted thing in her memory.

And the cigarette case had lain there, waiting for David. David, who surely remembered the spot where he had gone to identify his own wrecked car . . . and Philip's body. David, who would surely begin—no, who had surely completed putting two and two together, at last.



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The fire was out. It was completely dark and she was cold. She shuddered, uncontrollably, and instantly David's hands slid under her arms, pulling her up.

"Here! You're shivering!" he scolded. "Don't you go getting a chill!" He lifted her into his lap, spread his jacket over her, laid his cheek against her hair.

"Been dreaming, eh, sweetheart?" he murmured. "Me, too. Thinking about the evening I gave you that fool case . . . how lovely you were, standing there playing with it like a little kid, looking at me and waiting for me to make a pass at you, and me swearing I wouldn't. Swearing I wouldn't fall for you, when, of course, I already had, hopelessly. You were so darned beautiful," he said sheepishly, "and so young and sweet. I just couldn't believe that you could really love me. It took me so darned long to really believe it!"

"David," she lay unmoving, hardly breathing, in his arms. "David—where did you find it?"

"What, the case? Oh, out of town a ways. Right about where we had that flat when we started out on that camping trip, remember? You must have dropped it then. It's been there about that long, anyway. Caught on the edge of a culvert—got knocked into the ditch and washed there, probably. I just happened to kick it up. I'd ducked under there to keep the wind from blowing all my matches out when I tried to light my pipe."

It meant nothing to him. Nothing! What on earth had possessed her to think it would? Just because he had found her cigarette case she'd made up her mind that their life together was over! How utterly silly. As if the case could tell him anything! And she'd told him nothing, not even in that first moment of shock! She'd sat silent and numbed, thinking.

Nothing was changed! The dear familiar room . . . David's arms tight around her . . . she hadn't lost it! She needn't lose it!

"Margie and Butch going home from the hospital tomorrow, eh?" he asked, and she nodded, against his cheek. "Those kids sure are happy, aren't they? Funny, the way you were so sure they would be okay, right from the first. I was doubtful, but she was determined to have him—and you were just as determined as she was!"

Karen laughed, giddy with relief, and his arms tightened around her.

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" he asked. "Gosh, when I think about you—so soft and pretty and sweet, and just about as big as a half a pint of cider, wading into my life that way . . . loving me in spite of everything . . . straightening me out, straightening Marge out . . . Oh, Karen, what if I'd lost you!"

"You didn't, dear. You won't. We won't ever lose each other," she said slowly.

What a fool she'd been, sitting there, sick, as if he'd hit her . . . she'd gone through years of torture in those few minutes. She'd never do that again!

"David"—she sat erect on his knees—"David . . . about my cigarette case . . . I always meant to tell you . . ."



Never neglect a finger cut

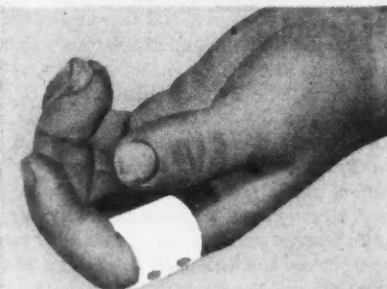


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tacks—you don't come down with it twice. Usually the patient with chicken pox isn't very sick, although he may be very uncomfortably itchy. You should keep him in bed, in a room by himself and away from the rest of the family, until your doctor sees him, because there is a chance that it may be a mild case of smallpox that he has. The rashes in these two diseases are rather similar, but smallpox is a very dangerous disease, whereas chicken pox is usually slight. Don't take it for granted that your child has chicken pox—have your physician examine him to make sure that it isn't smallpox. One mild case of smallpox may start a dangerous epidemic.

Chicken pox is caused by a tiny germ, called a virus. Although your child may feel a little out of sorts for a day or so before the rash appears, usually the rash is the first intimation that he is ill. It appears as small red lumps or pimples, mostly on the trunk, back and face. In a few hours little water blisters appear on the lumps and later they become scabs. Several crops of lumps appear during the first two or three days. These too go through the water blister stage and finally become scabs. The patient usually has a fever that lasts for several days. Complications or serious after-effects are rare in chicken pox. There is an interval of 14 to 16 days and sometimes even longer, after a child is exposed to the disease before the rash appears.

What should you do for a child with chicken pox? As soon as he feels ill or the rash appears, he should be kept home from school and put to bed. He should not return to school until all the scabs have fallen off. Every precaution possible should be taken to prevent him from scratching the pocks, because of the danger of their becoming infected and because it results in scars. Keeping the fingernails short helps to reduce scratching, especially in the young child. Keeping the skin clean by one or two daily sponge baths makes skin infections less likely. The rash is very itchy. A home remedy that will lessen the itching can easily be made by mixing three teaspoonfuls of baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) in a glass of water. Dab this generously on the rash with a piece of absorbent cotton.

Smallpox and chicken pox are entirely different diseases, although the rashes are rather similar. Vaccination will prevent smallpox, but has no effect on chicken pox. On the other hand, the fact that a child has had chicken pox will not save him from catching smallpox. What is needed to protect him from that very dangerous disease is vaccination. See that all your children are vaccinated. It is a good plan to have this done when they are about one year old.

Mumps

Mumps is another disease that is caused by a filterable virus—which means that the organism that causes it is so tiny that it can pass through a fine porcelain filter. These organisms cannot be seen with even a very powerful ordinary microscope. This

virus is present in the saliva or spit of the mumps patient and so mumps can be spread by sneezing, coughing, the use of a common drinking cup (for instance in the bathroom) or by any means that results in the spread of saliva from one person to another. Mumps is commonest between the ages of 5 and 15 years, but does occur in adults too. It isn't very catching—so that one or more of the children may escape, provided you keep the "mumpy" one well isolated from the others. The incubation period—that is the interval between the time of exposure and the development of the disease—is rather long, usually between two and three weeks.

Generally the first symptom that is noticed is pain, near the angle of the jaw, below the ear. Moving the jaw or swallowing sour food makes the pain worse. Sometimes the child first has a day or so of fever, headache and lack of appetite. Then one or more of the salivary glands begin to swell. There are three pairs of these glands and their function is to produce the saliva which starts the digestion of starch in the mouth and makes the mouthfuls of food slippery and therefore easy to swallow. One pair of these glands is under the edge of the jaw—one on one side and one on the other. The second pair is under the tongue. The third pair is the largest and each of them is situated below and in front of the ear. They are the ones that most frequently become swollen in mumps. Occasionally only one of these glands swells but usually both do so. As a rule one gland swells first and then the other becomes swollen a few days later. In either case the swelling increases for a few days, then becomes stationary and finally decreases in size again. Sometimes all six of the salivary glands swell up and occasionally only the smaller glands under the jaws and the tongue are swollen. Usually the patient is feverish for a few days and it hurts him to swallow. Often his mouth feels dry. Complications are rare in children but they are much commoner in adolescents and adults, especially among males who may develop inflammation in the reproductive or sex glands.

What should you do if your child catches mumps? You should keep him home from school and strictly by himself in his own room for two weeks after his first symptom appeared. While he is feverish and when there is considerable swelling he should be in bed. If the pain is severe, hot or cold compresses should be applied, according to the patient's preference. His food should be in liquid form, because this is easier to swallow. The frequent use of a mouth wash will probably help keep his mouth more comfortable.

If you suspect that one of your children is developing mumps you should call your doctor.

Your Question Box. Dr. Robertson will be pleased to answer questions on child care and training. Address your letters to the Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



"Listen Mommy, ordinary soaps are too strong and not pure enough for my tender skin. That's why I'm asking you to save all our Baby's Own for me, until there's a larger supply."

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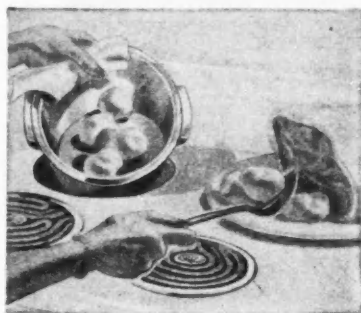
Here's why it's **IMPORTANT** to see the

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC RANGE

Before you decide on any range!



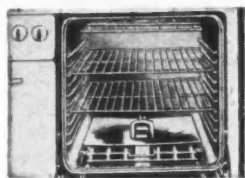
If you've thought all electric ranges more or less alike, there's an important demonstration you must see! It's important from the standpoint of your investment in money, in convenience, in cooking results, that you visit a Frigidaire dealer before you decide on any range and see the Frigidaire Electric Range. Here are the reasons:



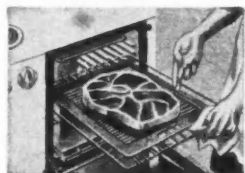
THERMIZER Deep-Well COOKER—Frigidaire's big 5½ quart deep-well cooker is one of the greatest time and money-savers you ever saw. Ideal for thrifty cooking of whole meals—meats, vegetables, and dessert, all at one time, or for cooking cereals, soups, fresh vegetables, dried fruits and stews perfectly. Easy to clean and keep clean. Cooks a whole meal for less than one cent! Also usable as a small oven for baking potatoes, apples, custards and similar foods.



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5 PRACTICAL COOKING SPEEDS ON ALL SURFACE UNITS



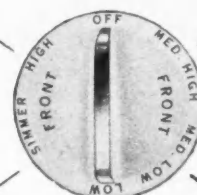
HIGH

Super speed for fastest boiling, to bring foods to cooking temperature quickly... or whenever you want intense heat.



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Who Wants Work?

IF THERE is such a thing as a typical Canadian girl, she was, in appearance, it. Clear complexion, good teeth, neat hair-do, clothes simple, well-cut and worn with confidence. You could tell by looking at her that a B.A. degree, still damp with printer's ink, was in the picture shop for framing, and that cousins and aunts had been very proud indeed when she walked in the graduation procession across the campus.

But all that was now behind her. She was ready, she said, to enter the big world of business, to sell her talents to the bidder who would be the shrewdest and thus naturally the highest; she could write, she had the creative gift (her essays and verse had been admired all through high school and college), and the next important move was to find the perfect position where inspiration would be allowed to soar and the menace of a rut would be permanently by-passed. *Could she use a typewriter?* Oh no—that would hardly be necessary for the job she had in mind; surely every editor, every advertising writer, had a stenographer! And (she explained) to spend the next few months learning typing would not only use up valuable time, it COULD possibly lead to a dull routine job where she might be buried for YEARS. After all, she had decided on her career, and she must see that it started right . . .

It was as simple as that. No mention of work, of application to a given task, of fret and worry to be worthy of it, of the extended effort, the deep individual anguish that must always parallel any human being's accomplishments. There, we thought (as the door closed behind her), goes a third-generation Canadian endowed by her forefathers with everything she needs—looks, health, brain, comfortable circumstances—except the one attribute they prized, the capacity to work and a concern to utilize that capacity.

Who, we wondered, started this notion that careers, full, ripe, ready to be plucked, await the 21-year-olds as soon as they set aside their textbooks? The movies, perhaps, with their quick dissolves from struggle to fame, with nothing to indicate the years between except a purer jawline, an enigmatic smile and a carefully elaborated hair style. Or could it be the modern educational system with its new emphasis, so valuable in many ways, on vocational guidance and early specialization? It couldn't derive from home influences surely—hardly in Canada, where daily life is earnest though not necessarily grim, where we have as yet no social class completely freed from the compulsion to work, and where few young persons normally alert to dad's office worries and mother's household routine would be expected to cherish, at voting age, such fairy-tale illusions.

Yet the myth continues to grow. The young college graduate described above is not an exceptional case; she is representative of a group, already too large, who take their academic training on the assumption that it is the final preparation, and whose plans for the future leave out the one thing needful: the apprenticeship of hard work. Lacking that there can be no career, no success story, no glow of achievement.

Young people today could do with a little serious appreciation of work—the kind of work that demands and drives and nevertheless satisfies. Carlyle had the right idea when he wrote: "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."

Mary-Elta Macpherson

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